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"NINETTE."



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## WHY THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

KETURAH was in the kitchen making a chicken-pie of the Plymouth Rock rooster, whose domineering disposition had become unendurable.

She had been making pop-overs, which would soon come out of the oven, in all the crispness, and flakiness, and general toothsome-ness which made Keturah's pop-overs famous; so the kitchen was not a bad place to be in, just now. But Keturah had her apron on her head, and that was a sign that she was in the doleful dumps, and small boys and girls had better keep out of the way. That apron of Keturah's cast a shadow over the whole house, especially when Aunt Kate and Uncle Rufe had gone to Boston, and Keturah had all the small fry under her thumb.

Sam put his nose in at the crack of the kitchen door, and sniffed. The pop-overs allured, but Keturah's apron waved a warning, and Sam, being a wise boy, retreated.

Polly was in the garden hanging out the clothes. Sam, looking out of the hall window, saw her, and wondered if a blackbird had nipped her nose, it was so red. But the next moment a big tear dropped past it, and he saw that she was weeping, and there was her lover, Jake Pettibone, beating a hasty retreat, looking very sheepish. Keturah had "shooed" him off, just as she "shooed" the chickens. Keturah was Polly's aunt, and had been "more 'n a mother to her," as she was always reminding her.

Sam did wish that Polly had more spirit, and would n't allow her lover to be "shooed" away. Jake was such a good fellow, and owned such delightful boats.

Ike was down by the currant-bushes, now, dig-

ging worms for bait, preparatory to going fishing with Jake. Sam had been invited to go, but Keturah would n't let him, because it might rain, and he had had the croup when he was six months old. (This was the very worst attack of doleful dumps that Keturah had ever had.)

Kitty was in the garden, too, trying to put salt on a robin's tail; somebody had told her she could catch a robin so, and she believed it, because she was only a girl; and she did n't care if she could n't go fishing, for the same reason. It was almost as well to be a girl, as to be a boy, under Keturah's thumb; and Aunt Kate would be away for three weeks more, and there was no hope that Keturah would come out of the doleful dumps, and be her usual good-natured self—unless that provoking old clock should get over its mysterious habit of striking One, and unless she should find her saffron-colored silk stockings!

For Keturah was superstitious; she believed in signs and omens, and nobody could reason, nor laugh, nor coax her out of the belief. Nothing could induce her to begin any undertaking on Friday; she would not burn egg-shells, lest she should come to want; and, if she spilled salt, she was sure she should quarrel. If she saw the new moon over her left shoulder, or the first robin on a low bough, ill-luck was certain. If a mirror was broken, or a whip-poor-will sang on the roof, somebody in the house would die before the year was out. If a fork or a pin that was dropped stood up on the floor, or Casabianca, the cat, washed his face, she made preparations for company. She carried a horseshoe in her pocket to ward off



witches, and a potato to ward off rheumatism. She was always hearing mysterious noises, and was very scornful when anybody suggested rats. When she saw a "calico" horse, she wished, and she was sure that she would get her wish; and she always made a bow to the new moon, that it might bring her a present.

Uncle Rufe and Aunt Kate—who were like the best of parents to their little, orphaned nephews and nieces—were always telling them, privately, that Keturah's signs were all nonsense, and they must not listen to them; but so many signs "came true" that Ike and Kitty more than half believed Keturah was right. Did n't Ike have that fight with Neddy Forrester the very day that he spilled all his salt at breakfast? And did n't he get his velocipede, and Kitty her walking doll,—presents from Uncle Jack,—only two days after they bowed to the moon? Sam declared it to be his belief that they would have had the presents, even if they had failed to pay their respects to the moon, and, as for the salt, Neddy Forrester had been threatening to "whip" Ike for a long time.

Sam was almost ten, and Aunt Kate had told him that she depended upon him to teach the other children not to mind Keturah's nonsense.

But he did quake, inwardly, whenever Keturah heard very strange noises, and prophesied dreadful things. However, he had n't quaked half so much since Keturah had twice called him to the door, in the evening, to see a ghost in the garden; and one ghost was the Bartlett pear-tree, all blossomed out white, and the other was a stray white cow that had taken a fancy to the cabbages! Then Sam had concluded that there was something as substantial and commonplace as a pear-tree or a cow at the bottom of all ghost stories, and he had felt sure that Keturah could n't scare him again—but it was queer that that clock should strike One!

The disappearance of Keturah's saffron-colored silk stockings—which had been given her by her first and only lover, a sailor, who was drowned on his second voyage—was not so unaccountable. Keturah had a great many bundles and budgets; she was, as she declared, "uncommon savin'," and hoarded all the scraps that would otherwise have found their way to the rag-bag. Sam suspected that in one of Keturah's budgets the saffron-colored silk stockings, which she felt sure had been spirited away as a warning of impending evil, were hiding themselves.

But what *could* make that clock strike One?

It was a tall old hall-clock, that had been in the family for generations; it had not been in working order for years, and was supposed to have outlived its usefulness. Some people admired it very much, but the children thought it very ugly,

with its great gilt griffin on the top, and its gilt claw feet, just like a beast. Keturah had always felt there was something queer about that clock.

And now it did seem as if there was something queer about the clock; for it had struck, on five or six occasions, just one loud, solemn stroke, which could be heard all over the house.

It struck the very first night after Uncle Rufe and Aunt Kate went away, between nine and ten o'clock at night. Sam and Ike were awakened, and got out of their beds to see what was the matter. Keturah was as white as a sheet, wringing her hands, and bewailing that something was going to happen, whereupon Ike got back into bed, and covered his head with the clothes.

Sam slipped into his pantaloons, so as to be ready for emergencies, and crept down two or three stairs. He peered over the balusters at the clock. A moonbeam fell exactly across the griffin's head. It did n't wink, but its eyes flashed like coals of fire.

I am sorry to say that Sam followed Ike.

Keturah said that something dreadful must have happened to Uncle Rufe or Aunt Kate. But the next day she received a telegram, saying that they were well, and had had a very pleasant journey.

And Sam thought that something might have jarred the clock, and made it strike, and he wished he had n't covered up his head with the bedclothes. If he'd only had time to think, he'd have marched boldly up to the clock, and found out what was the matter! He lay awake for more than an hour, mourning that he, the man of the family, should have let the others think he was afraid.

He was awakened by another stroke of the clock. There was a faint glimmer of dawn creeping in at the window—not enough to give the cheerful courage that comes with morning, but just enough to make the furniture take on ghostly shapes.

Instead of going boldly down-stairs, Sam sat up in bed, with his teeth chattering; and when the door-knob turned slowly, and the door opened softly, Ike or even Kitty could not have popped down under the clothes more quickly than he did!

It was only Keturah. Sam felt wonderfully re-assured when he heard her voice, and he emerged from his retirement, and assumed as easy and confident a manner as a boy *could* assume while his teeth were chattering.

"That clock wa' n't never struck with hands!" announced Keturah, solemnly.

"Of course it was n't the hands that made it strike," began Sam, but his feeble attempt at a joke was promptly frowned down by Keturah.

"I felt in my bones that something was a-goin' to happen, even before them saffron-colored silk stockin's was spirited away," said she, in a doleful voice, and with many shakings of the head. "And,



as if them stockin's wa' n't warnin' enough, there 's that old clock, that haint been wound up nobody knows when, and with its insides all gi'n out, anyhow, a-strikin' out loud and solemn enough to wake the seven sleepers of Christendom! I haint no expectation that we shall ever see your aunt and uncle ag'in!"

"I say, Keturah, if I were you, I 'd go down and take a look at that clock! You might find out what makes it strike," said Sam.

"I sha' n't meddle nor make with the works of darkness, and I 'd advise you not to, neither," said Keturah.

Sam scarcely needed that advice. He felt even less like investigating the matter than he had the night before. Even in the broad, cheerful daylight he gave that clock a wide berth.

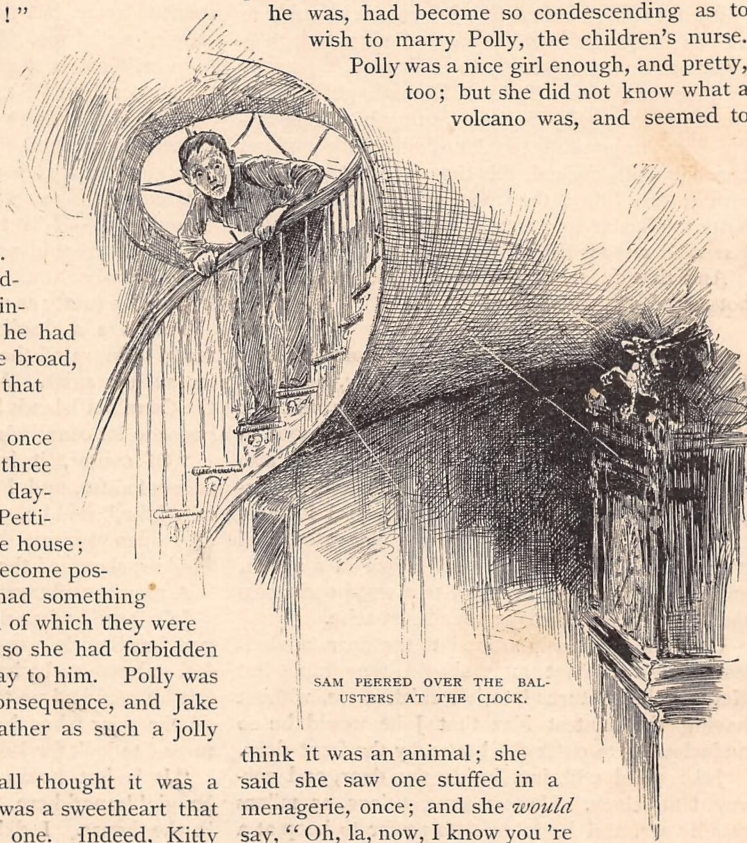
After that, the clock struck, once or twice, every night; and three times it had struck in the daytime,—each time when Jake Pettibone, Polly's lover, was in the house; and from this, Keturah had become possessed of the idea that Jake had something to do with the impending evil of which they were warned by the clock. And so she had forbidden Polly to have anything to say to him. Polly was almost broken-hearted, in consequence, and Jake was as much under the weather as such a jolly sailor could be.

Sam and Ike and Kitty all thought it was a great shame. If there ever was a sweetheart that was worth having, Jake was one. Indeed, Kitty had resolved to marry him, herself, when she should grow up, if Polly did n't—unless Ike and she should keep a candy store, for which enterprise she was willing to forego matrimony. Jake had been "'round the world and home again," when he was only a boy. He had seen cocoanuts, and bananas, and dates, growing; he had been down in the ocean, and brought up great branches of coral, and shells that looked as if they were made of pure gold; he had been on intimate terms with monkeys, and wild men, and alligators, and earthquakes, and volcanoes; he had been half cooked by cannibals, scalped—in a mild way—by Indians, and had had a piece of his arm bitten out by a shark; he had been on a fishing expedition to "the Banks"; had killed, with his own hands, a shark as big as—well, I am obliged to confess that the size of that shark varied with each time that Jake told the story; but it was never smaller than

a whale, and it was once as large as the fabulous sea-serpent; he had caught a cod-fish so heavy that it nearly sank the vessel; had got wrecked, and escaped drowning only by a hair's breadth.

After all those good times, he had settled quietly down in Northport, and, wonderful man as he was, had become so condescending as to wish to marry Polly, the children's nurse.

Polly was a nice girl enough, and pretty, too; but she did not know what a volcano was, and seemed to



SAM PEERED OVER THE BAL-  
USTERS AT THE CLOCK.

think it was an animal; she said she saw one stuffed in a menagerie, once; and she *would* say, "Oh, la, now, I know you 're jokin'!" while Jake was relating his most thrilling adventures, which was very disagreeable.

To say nothing of his past greatness, Jake was now the proprietor of three boats; in one, he went fishing; the other two he kept to let. If there could be a happier or prouder position in life than Jake's, Sam and Ike would like to know what it was.

The fishing vessel was "as tidy a craft as you often run afoul of," as its owner often remarked, and the children were very fond of going fishing in it, although, to tell the truth, there was a fishy smell about it, which grew very strong just about the time the water began to break up into hills, and the boat began to make dancing-school bows, and you began to wish you had n't come. The little pleasure-yacht, the "Harnsome Polly," was "desarvin' of her name, and more 'n that you could n't say." That was Jake's opinion. The children thought Polly ought



to be very proud and grateful for the honor of having such a beautiful boat named for her. Jake's third boat was only a row-boat, named the "Racer," which he had made for himself; but it was everything that a row-boat ought to be, and he often lent it to Sam and Ike to row in, by themselves.

It will readily be seen that Jake was a valuable as well as a distinguished friend, and his marriage to Polly was an event greatly to be desired, especially as Jake threatened, if Aunt Keturah persisted in "cutting up rough," and preventing him from seeing Polly, to go off to the Cannibal Islands, and get himself wholly cooked, this time, and eaten; a harrowing possibility, the thought of which caused Kitty to dissolve into tears, and made Sam and Ike lose their zest for fishing, even, for a whole day.

And that queer, ridiculous old clock was at the bottom of all this trouble!

As Sam, looking out of the hall window, saw Jake being "shooed" away from Polly, he beckoned to him, slyly. He wanted to see whether that clock would strike as soon as he set foot in the house, as on former occasions, and he also wished to cheer Jake a little, lest he should, in desperation, set sail at once for the Cannibal Islands.

Poor Jake's round, rosy face was elongated until it looked like the reflection of a face in a spoon, and its jollity had given place to a woe-begoneness that was enough to make your heart ache.

He came cautiously around to the door, anxious lest Polly's vigilant aunt should espy him; but Keturah had returned to her chicken-pie, without having the faintest idea that Jake would be so audacious as to enter the house by the front door.

Jake stood still, just inside the door, and surveyed the clock. He was superstitious, as sailors usually are, and he seemed to prefer to keep at a respectful distance from that clock.

"She's an onaccountable cre'tur', now, aint she?"

Sam understood that he meant the clock, for Jake had a way of considering clocks, as well as vessels, as of the female sex.

"But it did n't strike, Jake! It did n't strike One when you came in!" exclaimed Sam.

"She did n't, that 's a fact!" said Jake, brightening a little. "Mebbe she 's gi'n over her pesky tricks. I don't see what nobody 's got ag'in' me to go to bewitchin' on her like that, anyhow!"

"I don't think it has anything to do with you, Jake. It strikes every night, and you are not here then," said Sam.

"But it 's kinder cur'us that she don't never set up to strike in the day-time, unless I be here. But there is folks, Sammy, that says none o' them things don't happen without nateral causes, and if there is a nateral cause for that there clock's per-

formances, I 'd gin somethin' harnsome to find it out! For there haint nothin' but jest clearin' up this here mystery that 'll ever fetch the old woman 'round"—with a nod toward the kitchen. "As for them saffron-colored silk stockin's,—she says, mebbe I haint got nothin' to do with their bein' sperited away, but that pesky clock's strikin' is a warnin' ag'in' me. Well, if Polly 'n' me has got to part, there 's the Cannibal Islands for me, and the sooner I 'm off the better!"

"Oh, Jake, don't go!" cried Sam, in distress. "Perhaps we shall find out what makes it strike. I 'm going to try!"

"Sammy, if you will find out, and fetch Keturah 'round, I 'll—I 'll take you mackerelin' clear'n outside the shoals, and I 'll—Sammy, I 'll make you a row-boat that 'll beat the 'Racer' all holler, and as pretty as new paint can make her!"

This was a dazzling offer, indeed! Sam felt ready to brave all the ghosts he had ever heard of, for such a prize. And to keep Jake away from the Cannibal Islands!—though he must be a great goose to let cannibals eat him, just for Polly.

"Of course, it is nothing but what can be accounted for, and I 'll find out for you, for nothing, Jake," said he, grandly. Just at that moment a sudden breeze, blowing through the open window, slammed the hall door.

A moment afterward the clock struck One!

Jake's ruddy face actually changed color, and he gazed at Sam in awe-stricken silence. Sam did n't feel so brave as he had felt a few moments before, but he marched up to the clock, and had his hand on the door when he heard Keturah's voice. He turned to look for Jake, but he had vanished.

"It 's jest because that Jake Pettibone was hangin' 'round here, though he did n't set his foot in the house. I did n't send him off none too soon, for it 's as true as preachin' that that warnin' has got somethin' to do with him! Sakes alive, child, you aint a-touchin' of it! Come right away, this minute; it 's a-flyin' in the face o' Providence to meddle with such things!"

Sam was not at all sure that he would have opened the clock door if Keturah had not appeared, for he felt very queer and "shaky."

His heart sank. He had a "presentiment," like Keturah. He felt sure that he should never have a boat that could beat the "Racer," that Polly would die of a broken heart, and the cannibals would dine off roasted Jake.

"Hickory, dickory, dock, A mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck one, and down he ran, Hickory, dickory, dock!"

Sam awoke in the dead of the night, with this poem of Mother Goose running in his head. It



had, in some way, mingled itself with his dreams. It was no wonder, for Kitty was continually repeating Mother Goose's poetry, and the clock, which was in everybody's mouth, figuratively speaking, had probably put that verse into her head. Indeed,

tiresome old lady, whose poetry was of very little account—by which it will be seen that Sam's literary taste was poor. But now it occurred to him that a mouse *might* make a clock strike One, if it got in and frisked about among the works.



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Sam remembered, now, that he had heard her singing it over and over the day before. It had not suggested any idea to him then; he only wished that he need not hear quite so much about clocks, and he thought that Mother Goose was a

A mouse might be the "nateral cause" that Jake would give so much to find. Sam might possibly make a discovery that would bring Keturah out of the doleful dumps, keep Jake from the cannibals, dry Polly's tears, take them all mack-



ereling out beyond the shoals, and last, but not least, give him a row-boat of his own that could beat the "Racer" all hollow.

He must be a queer boy who would not dare something with a chance of gaining all that.

He might wait until morning to investigate, but Keturah seemed to know, by instinct, when anybody went near that clock, and she would be sure to interfere, and, besides, he could n't wait.

He slipped out of bed and lighted his candle (Keturah did not allow him to have a lamp, lest he should break it and set the house on fire), and he stole softly down-stairs. The one small candle had very little effect upon the darkness of the great hall. There seemed to be shadowy shapes in every corner, and the stillness was awful. It required all the courage that Sam could muster to force himself to go forward.

But at last he did stand before the clock, with his heart in his mouth, and his hand trembling so that he could scarcely hold the candle. You may think it strange that he was afraid, but you have n't heard Keturah talk about ghosts and witches until your blood ran cold. Sam knew there were no such things, just as well as you do, but he felt very "shivery."

It was not too late to turn back; but that was not the kind of boy that Sam was.

He thought of the boy that stood on the burning deck, of Daniel in the lions' den, and, queerly enough, of the Plymouth Rock rooster that *would* fly around after its head was cut off. People do think of queer things at great crises, you know.

Then, with a bold little jerk, he opened the clock door.

The clock struck One!

The stroke came in the midst of a rushing and scrambling noise, and Sam saw a mouse's tail whisking out of sight!

Sam put his head inside the clock, and there, down in one corner, was a nest, full of tiny mice, scarcely as large as your little finger! And what do you suppose the nest was made of? A great quantity of bits of paper came first, but sticking out at the side was a strange something that caught Sam's eye. He pulled, and out came—just as true as you live—Keturah's saffron-colored silk stockings!

Sam was a brave boy, then, you may be sure! You could n't have made him believe that he ever had been otherwise; and happy?—if he had had anything to set the candle on, he would have

turned a somersault, then and there. As it was, he had to content himself with uttering a shout; it was what Ike and he called a Camanche war-whoop, and it raised the whole household.

Keturah came first, with her night-cap strings flying, a Bible under one arm, and a horseshoe under the other. Ike came next, in his night-gown, with his hair standing upright, from terror, but tugging his velocipede along, because, as he afterward explained, "if everything was going to smash, he was going to save that, anyhow." Then came Kitty, half awake and sobbing; and Polly brought up the rear, her face as white as her curl-papers.

Keturah sat down flat on the hall-floor, when she heard Sam's report, and saw her saffron-colored silk stockings, soiled and tattered, but still her precious treasures.

"Seein' that wa' n't a warnin', I'll never believe in warnin's no more!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, don't! please don't, Keturah!" cried Sam. "Nor hear raps nor have doleful dumps—"

"Nor turn ag'in' poor Jake!" interrupted Polly.

"It was just because he is big, and stepped heavily, and jarred the clock, and scared the mouse, that the clock struck One when he came here! Don't you see?" cried Sam.

"I'm a foolish old woman, and I'm free to confess I'd ought to put more trust in Providence, seein' things mostly turns out to be jest what you might have known, and as nateral as life!"

With this not very clear confession, Keturah retired. She dropped her horseshoe on the way, and did n't stop to pick it up!

Keturah wanted to let Casabianca have those wee mice, but Sam begged them off; he thought it was mean to take the advantage of such little bits of things, and he declared they should have a fair chance for their lives. But the next time that they went to look at them,—lo and behold! their mother had carried them all off! She evidently thought a quieter tenement was better suited to a growing family.

And so the clock never struck again.

That new boat is a beauty. Sam and Ike agree that the "Racer" "is n't anywhere" beside it.

The Cannibal Islanders will have to go hungry for a long time, before they make a meal off Jake.

If you'll believe it, Keturah washed, darned, and patched those saffron-colored silk stockings, and danced in them at Jake and Polly's wedding!



## THE ORIGIN OF DANTZIC.

*(A West-Prussian Legend.)*

By A. M. COOK.



"THE TOWNS-FOLK STORMED AGAINST THE IRON-BOUND GATE OF THE CASTLE." [SEE PAGE 514.]

ON the spot now occupied by the great commercial port of Prussia, the strongly fortified city of Dantzic, there stood, in ancient times, a little fishing-town named Wicke.

The inhabitants of this place supported themselves mostly by trading in eels and smoked herrings; there were, however, a good many soldiers in the town, and their presence made the fishermen turbulent and quarrelsome. When, as had been their custom from time out of mind, all the townsfolk assembled, with their wives and children, to celebrate their ancient festivals, and kindled great fires, around which they danced, there was pretty sure to be a disturbance and a fight before the frolic was over, and not unfrequently it ended in the death of one of their number.

The "grundherr," or landed proprietor of Wicke—that is, the nobleman to whose estate the village and all the surrounding country belonged—was a man of high rank, but very uncertain temper. His name was Hagel, and he had built for himself a large castle, made entirely of wood, and situated upon the top of a high hill that was called, from him, "The Hagelsberg." But of neither castle nor village can the smallest trace now be found.

Hagel was a powerful and hard man, for whom his dependents felt no affection. He punished the slightest offenses with great severity, and it must be confessed that the rough conduct of the villagers too often gave him an excuse and opportunity. But he was not only severe, he was also unjust, and insisted upon having, as a sort of tribute, the best



of all that the people obtained by their fisheries, in addition to their labor in cultivating his land.

people were their tenants and dependents. Sometimes they paid their rents in produce, sometimes by their services, sometimes in both, but within certain limits. Money they seldom used—it was too scarce. Their condition depended entirely upon the character of the landlord, who in different countries had different titles, but all signifying the same thing,—the “lord,” or “owner,” of the soil.

However dissatisfied a peasant might be with his landlord, he could not move away and go to another. Peasants never thought of such a thing. In the first place, they could not go unless by the consent and permission of the man under whom they were living; and then the landlord who would treat them the worst would be most unwilling to part with a good tenant. So that for peasants to remove was a sort of disgrace, for it at once raised the suspicion that they bore a bad character, and had, perhaps, been sent off. Therefore, they got along as they best could, and lived and died where their forefathers had lived and died before them,—often in the same house.



THE ENTRANCE OF THE WIEKER-WOMEN BEARING WEDDING-GIFTS. [SEE PAGE 514.]

Even the women had to do their share whenever extra help was wanted at the castle, and as the work up there seemed to have no end, there was a general alarm whenever the boigt (or steward) of Hagelsberg was seen coming down to the village, for no one could tell who or what would be wanted next.

But, before going on to tell the rest of the story, I must stop and explain to the little American reader that in those old times in Europe the country people, or “peasantry,” as they are called, did not own their farms, as most American farmers do. Nowadays, some of the richest own their land, but in former days the whole country belonged either to the king or to some great man, and the

still is but little change, not, in these days, because they might not remove if they wished, but simply from habit and custom. Now that all parts of Europe are governed by good laws, the landowners have no longer such absolute power over their tenants as they had in what are called the “feudal” times,—an expression which means the times when affairs were in the very state just described. Besides this, the peasants feel a natural pride in having lived for many generations on the same estate, and therefore they are very unwilling to remove, unless driven to it by the most urgent necessity.

Now to return to the legend.

For ten long years the “Wiekier,” or inhabitants



of Wieke,—with impatience and murmurs, it is true,—had borne the weight of the yoke laid upon them by their grundherr. But at last it got to be past bearing, and they determined to put an end to his oppressions, either by force or stratagem. They would much have preferred to use force, for to their honest, manly hearts there was something mean and small in stratagem; but it was only too evident that they would not be able to accomplish their purpose in that way. For how could they, undisciplined villagers, hope to make their way to the top of the Hagelsberg, in the face of the strong garrison within the castle-walls? And if they gained the summit, how could they effect an entrance through bars and iron-bound doors and armed serving-men, to get at the tyrant hidden within? Muskets and cannon were things altogether unknown in those days; arrows shot upward would only fall back, and perhaps injure those who sent them. So they came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for them but to try stratagem.

It was again time for one of their great festivals, the remains of the old heathen worship of their ancestors, but which their descendants still continued to observe for mere amusement and frolic. The evening before the festival they always assembled to light a huge bonfire,—formerly kindled in honor of their gods,—and all the night they danced around it with songs and all sorts of wild antics. Accordingly, on this occasion, they ascended to the usual place,—the open space in front of the castle. The selection of this spot anciently had been made as a mark of respect to the

nobleman who owned the castle, implying a degree of valor and heroism on his part so great as to entitle him to a share in the honors offered to their deities. This compliment custom obliged him to acknowledge by sending out to the revelers a cask of beer, which, with loud shouts and hurrahs, they drank to his health.

The Wicker had long fixed upon the present festival as the time for carrying out their plan of vengeance; and when the appointed day came, they ascended the Hagelsberg, as they had often done before, built and kindled their bonfire, began



THEY THREW OFF THE DISGUISES AND RUSHED UPON HAGEL AND HIS MEN. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

their dance, and seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. But scarcely had the cask of beer



made its appearance when they seized upon the serving-men who brought it, and having secured and fastened them, made a rush toward the castle, hoping to effect an entrance through the gate, which still stood open.

All were armed with swords and axes concealed under their clothes, and not a doubt was entertained of their success, for no one in the castle could have had the least suspicion of their intentions; but the watchman on the tower happened to detect the flash of some of their weapons just in time to spring forward and close in the face of the assailants the iron-bound gate, against which they now stormed in unavailing fury. The raging towns-folk were finally obliged to retire, having accomplished nothing but the capture of the two serving-men, about whom Hagel cared not a straw.

Sorely against their own wills, they were now under the necessity of keeping themselves quiet until another opportunity should offer for carrying out their plans. But the outbreak had taught the oppressor some respect for the courage of the villagers, whom he did not think it wise to imbitter by further exactions. He even began to believe that it was worth his while to make some efforts to conciliate them, and therefore he determined to give his daughter Pechta in marriage to one of the most distinguished among them, hoping by this means to form with them a bond of mutual interest which they would be slow to break.

Now, it was a custom that the bridegroom, attended by his friends and family, should go with great rejoicing to carry away the bride from the home of her parents, and take her to the great square in the center of the village, where the company were assembled to witness the betrothal. Hagel knew this well, but, still mistrusting the Wieker, was not willing to allow any large body of them to come together up the hill and into the castle. He therefore gave orders that the mother of the bridegroom should come in his stead to carry away the bride, and intimated that she could bring with her as many young maidens for her attendants as she might choose.

Accordingly, on the day appointed for the ceremony, a long train of women, laden with rich presents for the noble bride, slowly and wearily ascended the Hagelsberg. Hagel, on his part, received them with the most flattering cordiality, and conducted them to the great hall of the castle, where a numerous and richly dressed company was assembled, musicians were in attendance, and the bride in her marriage robes awaited the villagers.

The master of the house and the bride's mother

immediately led off the "ehren-tez" (literally the honor dance), and the principal members of the castle household, whose duty it was to fall in at a certain point and follow their movements, began to seek among the newly arrived damsels for partners. But at that moment the pretended young women, throwing off their disguises and grasping the weapons concealed beneath, rushed upon the unwary Hagelsbergers, with so much promptness and vigor that few escaped with their lives. Hagel himself was slain, and with his dying breath exclaimed: "O dance! O dance! How hast thou betrayed me!" Not long afterward, the great wooden castle of the oppressor was demolished and burned to the ground.

The country at this time was subject to Subislaus, the first Duke of Pomerellen, who was threatened with a war by King Waldemar, of Denmark. As Subislaus had no fortified city in which he could make a stand against the enemy, he called upon his subjects to erect the necessary fortifications in their several towns, promising them land and timber for the purpose, together with whatever else they might need. He made them such representations of the advantages which they, as towns, would derive from these defenses, that the inhabitants of Wieke were quite captivated by the idea, and offered to build and fortify a town themselves, if Subislaus would give them for it as much land as they could inclose with their arms.

The duke did not exactly understand what it was they wanted, but he unhesitatingly granted their petition for so small a bit of land, and appointed a day for them to come to select and measure it off. At the time named, the inhabitants of Wieke all assembled—men, women, and children, old and young, masters, mistresses, and servants—no one was left out, not even some strangers who happened to be spending a few days among them; and, forming a circle around the spot chosen, they took hold of hands and stretched out their arms to the utmost. The space thus encompassed was very large, but Duke Subislaus had to keep his word, cost him what it might.

But the Wieker kept theirs also, and in an incredibly short time the given ground was covered with houses and strong defenses.

In remembrance of their agency in building it, and of the cry that accompanied the death of their oppressor and left them at liberty to give their aid to their good duke, they called the new city "Tanz-Wieke," which has since been corrupted into its present name—"Dantzic."





AN old man who lived by a gate,  
On the passers-by promptly would wait;  
And when no one would ride,  
He would open it wide,  
And march through himself in great state.

## KING MIDAS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

HEARD you, O little children,  
This wonderful story told  
Of the Phrygian king whose fatal touch  
Turned everything to gold?

In a great, dim, dreary chamber,  
Beneath the palace floor,  
He counted his treasures of glittering coin,  
And he always longed for more.

When the clouds in the blaze of sunset  
Burned flaming fold on fold,  
He thought how fine a thing 't would be  
Were they but real gold!

And when his dear little daughter,  
The child he loved so well,

Came bringing in from the pleasant fields  
The yellow asphodel,

Or buttercups from the meadow,  
Or dandelions gay,  
King Midas would look at the blossoms sweet,  
And she would hear him say:

"If only the flowers were really  
Golden as they appear,  
'T were worth your while to gather them,  
My little daughter dear!"

One day, in the dim, drear chamber,  
As he counted his treasure o'er,  
A sunbeam slipped through a chink in the wall  
And quivered down to the floor.



"Would it were gold," he muttered,  
"That broad, bright yellow bar!"  
Suddenly stood in its mellow light,  
A Figure bright as a star.

Young and ruddy and glorious,  
With face as fresh as the day,  
With a wingèd cap and wingèd heels,  
And eyes both wise and gay.

"O have your wish, King Midas,"  
A heavenly voice begun,  
Like all sweet notes of the morning  
Braided and blended in one.

"And when to-morrow's sunrise  
Wakes you with rosy fire,  
All things you touch shall turn to gold,  
Even as you desire."

King Midas slept. The morning  
At last stole up the sky,  
And woke him, full of eagerness  
The wondrous spell to try.

And lo! the bed's fine draperies  
Of linen fair and cool,  
Of quilted satin and cobweb lace,  
And blankets of snowy wool,

All had been changed with the sun's first ray  
To marvelous cloth of gold,  
That rippled and shimmered as soft as silk  
In many a gorgeous fold.

But all this splendor weighed so much  
'T was irksome to the king,  
And up he sprang to try at once  
The touch on every thing.

The heavy tassel that he grasped  
Magnificent became,  
And hung by the purple curtain rich  
Like a glowing mass of flame.

At every step, on every side,  
Such splendor followed him,  
The very sunbeams seemed to pale,  
And morn itself grew dim.

But when he came to the water  
For his delicious bath,  
And dipped his hand in the surface smooth,  
He started in sudden wrath;

For the liquid, light and leaping,  
So crystal-bright and clear,  
Grew a solid lake of heavy gold,  
And the king began to fear!

But out he went to the garden,  
So fresh in the morning hour,  
And a thousand buds in the balmy night  
Had burst into perfect flower.

'T was a world of perfume and color,  
Of tender and delicate bloom,  
But only the hideous thirst for wealth  
In the king's heart found room.

He passed like a spirit of autumn  
Through that fair space of bloom,  
And the leaves and the flowers grew yellow  
In a dull and scentless gloom.

Back to the lofty palace  
Went the glad monarch then,  
And sat at his sumptuous breakfast,  
Most fortunate of men!

He broke the fine, white wheaten roll,  
The light and wholesome bread,  
And it turned to a lump of metal rich—  
It had as well been lead!

Again did fear assail the king,  
When—what was this he heard?  
The voice of his little daughter dear,  
As sweet as a grieving bird.

Sobbing she stood before him,  
And a golden rose held she,  
And the tears that brimmed her blue, blue eyes  
Were pitiful to see.

"Father! O Father dearest!  
This dreadful thing—oh, see!  
Oh, what has happened to all the flowers?  
Tell me, what can it be?"

"Why should you cry, my daughter?  
Are not these blossoms of gold  
Beautiful, precious, and wonderful.  
With splendor not to be told?"

"I hate them, O my father!  
They 're stiff and hard and dead,  
That were so sweet and soft and fair,  
And blushed so warm and red."

"Come here," he cried, "my darling,"  
And bent, her cheek to kiss,  
To comfort her—when—Heavenly Powers!  
What fearful thing was this?

He sank back, shuddering and aghast,  
But she stood still as death—  
A statue of horrible gleaming gold,  
With neither motion nor breath.



The gold tears hardened on her cheek,  
The gold rose in her hand,  
Even her little sandals changed  
To gold, where she did stand.

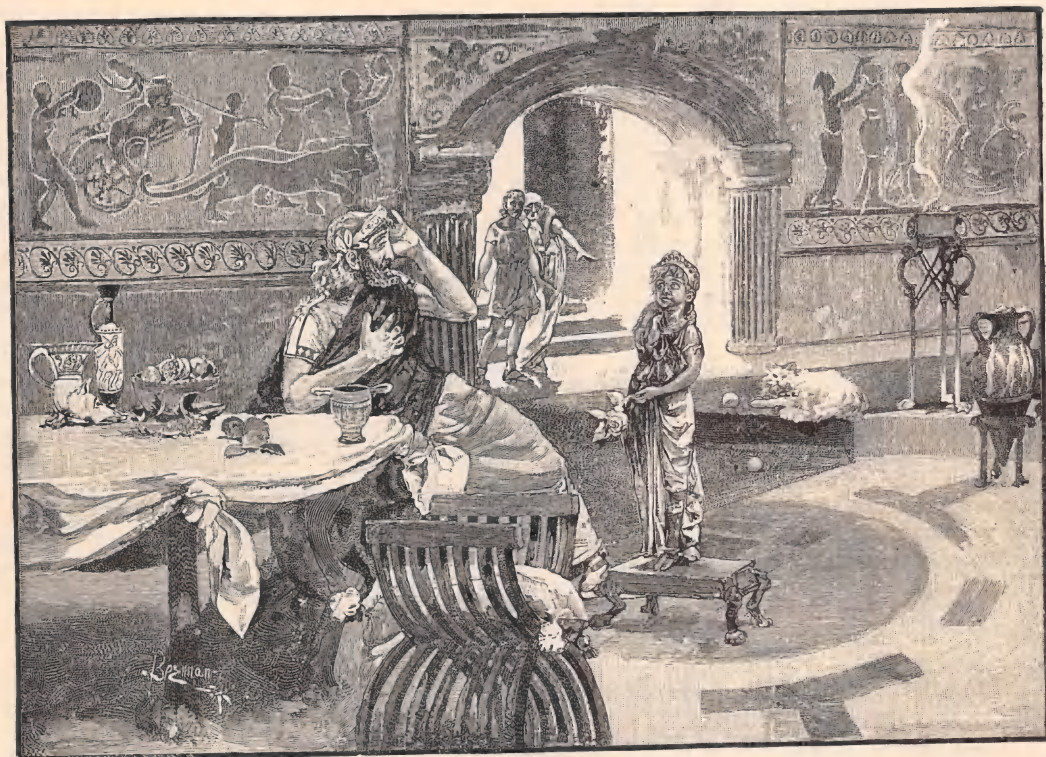
Then such a tumult of despair  
The wretched king possessed,  
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,  
And sobbed, and beat his breast.

Weighed with one look from her sweet eyes  
What was the whole world worth?  
Against one touch of her loving lips,  
The treasure of all the earth?

The Stranger listened—a sweeter smile  
Kindled his grave, bright eyes.  
“Glad am I, O King Midas,  
That you have grown so wise!

“Again your wish is granted;  
More swiftly than before,  
All you have harmed with the fatal touch  
You shall again restore.”

He clasped his little daughter—  
Oh, joy!—within his arms,  
She trembled back to her human self,  
With all her human charms.



Then came that voice, like music,  
As fresh as the morning air,  
“How is it with you, King Midas,  
Rich in your answered prayer?”

And there, in the sunshine smiling,  
Majestic as before,  
Ruddy and young and glorious,  
The Stranger stood once more.

“Take back your gift so terrible!  
No blessing, but a curse!  
One loving heart more precious is  
Than the gold of the universe.”

Across her face he saw the life  
Beneath his kiss begin,  
And steal to the charming dimple deep  
Upon her lovely chin.

Again her eyes grew blue and clear,  
Again her cheek flushed red,  
She locked her arms about his neck.  
“My father dear!” she said.

Oh, happy was King Midas,  
Against his heart to hold  
His treasure of love, more precious  
Than a thousand worlds of gold!



## THE STORY OF THE SECRETARY BIRD.

BY PAUL FORT.

IT must not be supposed that the Secretary Bird, which has its home in South Africa, received its name because it is in the habit of writing letters for other birds, or attending to the correspondence of any living creature. On the contrary, there is no other reason for his singular name than the fact that he has behind one ear a tuft of feathers, somewhat resembling a quill pen stuck behind the ear of a clerk. This bird has another name—that of Snake-Eater—which seems much more suitable; for the most remarkable thing about the Secretary Bird is his habit of feeding upon large snakes. He is a good-sized bird, with long, powerful legs, like those of a crane. When he attacks a snake, which he does with great swiftness and apparent fury, his usual way of killing it is to stamp it to death with his feet. There are many birds which eat small snakes, but it is very unusual for any of the feathered tribe to pick out large serpents, and feed exclusively upon them.

There is a story told about the way the Secretary Bird came to be a snake-eater, which is, I am quite sure, nothing but a mere fable, but which may be of interest to those who have heard of the peculiarities of this curious and interesting creature. The story runs as follows:

There was a time when the Secretary Bird lived on fish, like the other long-legged and crane-like birds, and he was so well satisfied with this fare that he never cared for any other kind of food.

One day, a large Secretary Bird was standing in the water, on the edge of a river, busily engaged in fishing. When he saw a fish pass by, he would dart down his head and seize it in his bill, which was strong and hooked, like that of a fish-hawk. As soon as he had caught a fish, he would wade ashore, and there eat it. While he was thus engaged in fishing, a large serpent came winding his way along the river-bank, and, as soon as he perceived the bird, he stopped to see what it was doing. When the Secretary Bird came out of the water to eat the fish, the Snake remarked:

"Friend, it seems to me you would make a pleasanter meal if you would toss your fish upon the bank as fast as you catch them, and then,

when you have enough, come out and eat them at your leisure."

"I should like that plan very well," said the Secretary Bird; "but if I should toss a freshly caught fish upon the bank, he would flop into the water as soon as I had gone to catch another. Thus I should always be catching fish, and eating none."

"There need be no trouble of that kind to-day,"



THE ANGRY BIRD ATTACKS THE SNAKE.

said the Snake; "for, if you will throw the fish on shore, I will see that they do not get into the water again."

"Thank you very kindly," said the Secretary Bird. "If you will do that, it will save time, and I shall soon catch enough fish for a dinner."



"I shall be only too glad to oblige you," said the Serpent.

Thereupon the Bird waded into the river, and as soon as he caught a fish he threw it ashore, where the Snake took care that it did not get into the water again. When the Bird thought he had caught enough fish, he came on shore and saw the Snake slowly moving away.

"What is your hurry?" he cried. "Stop and take dinner with me. I have now caught twelve fish, and as I had eaten some before you came, six will be all I shall want. You can have the other six, and we can take a pleasant meal together."

"I am very much obliged to you," said the Snake, still moving away; "but I do not believe that anything could induce me to eat a fish at present. I have no appetite at all for such food." And he glided into the bushes, and was lost to sight.

"He need not be so dainty," said the Secretary Bird to himself; "for fish is very good food, indeed; but, since he will not accept my invitation, I shall have all the more dinner for myself. But where *are* the fish?"

The Secretary Bird looked anxiously about, on the shore and in the grass, but he could find no sign of the fish he had caught. At length he came to a little pile of twelve fish-tails lying behind a bush. The Snake did not like fish-tails, and had bitten these off before eating the fish. Instantly the truth flashed through the mind of the Secretary Bird.

"That wretched Serpent!" he exclaimed. "He has, indeed, taken good care that my fish shall not escape into the water. He has eaten them, one by one, as fast as I threw them on shore. I never heard of such an infamous trick. But I will be revenged on him. I will find him, no matter where he has hidden himself." So saying, the angry Bird rushed away in pursuit of the crafty acquaintance who had taken care of his fish.

The Snake, who had made an unusually heavy

meal, felt very lazy and sleepy; and when he had gone a little distance from the river, he crept among some tall grass and reeds, and coiled himself up to take a nap. But the Secretary Bird was not far away, and he saw a movement among the tall reeds.

"There he is!" he shouted, and he dashed toward the place.

In a moment he had pounced among the reeds, and attacked the Snake with great fury.

"You infamous creature!" he cried. "I will teach you how to deceive a bird of my standing." And in spite of the Snake's efforts to get away, he stamped upon him and pecked him until he had killed him.

"You have cheated me of my dinner," said the angry Bird, "and it would serve you right if I were to make a dinner of you."

So saying,—his appetite whetted by the morning's work,—he began to eat the Snake, and did not stop until he had entirely devoured him.

"Upon the whole," said the Secretary Bird, when he had finished, "I prefer snakes to fish, and I think that for the future I shall make my meals upon these deceitful creatures, who go about playing tricks upon honest folk."

After that, this bird gave up eating fish, and fed entirely upon snakes. He did not trouble himself to catch the little ones, because it took too many of them to satisfy his hunger; but he preferred the large ones, as one of them was enough for a meal. His wife and children soon learned that snakes were easy to catch and good to eat, and they also gave up eating fish.

This Secretary Bird was a very influential member of his tribe, and the new diet soon became quite fashionable; and the descendants of the Secretary Birds of that day have since lived entirely upon large snakes.

It may be noticed, also, that the serpents of that part of the country, remembering, perhaps, this old story, have a great distaste for fish.

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## THE ERRING SCIENTIST.

A STUDENT of great enterprise  
Went out early to see the sun rise;  
But he faced the wrong way,  
And stood there all day,  
Very much to his neighbors' surprise.



# THE RAIN-MAN.



RAIN-MAN, Rain-man, come to-day,  
Shower the meadows fresh and gay  
Give sweet grass to cow and calf,  
Wake the rose and make it laugh.



Dance and fall from out the sky,  
Fill our cistern long since dry;  
Foam the brook up to the brim,  
Swell the pool where ducklings swim.



Wash the strawberries in their bed,  
Make them ripe and round and red;  
Wash the cherries 'neath the eaves,  
Blushing under thick green leaves.

Lay the dust upon the street,  
Send up odors clean and sweet  
From the earth and new-mown grass,  
When the little breezes pass.





Send the doves, that love not rain,  
Trooping to their cote again;  
But the sparrows chatter more  
When you beat upon their door.



Steal into the robin's nest,  
Make the nestlings seek her breast;  
Make the chickens run and hide  
'Neath the mother-wings so wide.

Rain-man, 'neath your cloudy hat,  
Come and clatter, pat, pat, pat;  
O'er the roofs, and chimneys, too,  
Let us hear your tramping shoe.



Put your cloak on, Goodman Gray,  
Come and visit us to-day;  
Pour your buckets down the sky;  
When you're through, we'll shout: "Good-by!"

By AUGUSTA LARNED





"I CAN'T GROW TO BE A GOOD GIRL UNLESS I EAT GOOD THINGS."

## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.\*—EIGHTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

### ANDREA DEL SARTO.

THE true family name of this painter was Vannucchi. He was called del Sarto because his father was a tailor, or *un Sarto*, in Italian. Andrea was born in 1488, and, when quite young, was employed as a goldsmith and worker in metals; but his great desire was to become a painter, and, when he finally studied art, he was untiring in his efforts to learn its rules and to understand its practice. Andrea was the pupil of Pietro di Cosimo, but his style of painting was not like that master's. He seems to have had many original ideas, and to have formed his soft and fascinating manner for himself.

Andrea del Sarto can not be called a truly great painter, but his pictures are sweet and lovely, and would be more pleasing to many persons than those of artists of higher fame. He was very suc-

cessful in his fresco-painting, and was employed in Florence in decorating the convent of the Nunziata, and in a building called the Scalzo; the last was named from the *Scalzi*, Barefooted Friars, who held their meetings in it. These frescoes are considered the finest of Andrea's works, although some of them are now much injured.

Andrea had so much sorrow in his life, that one is moved to think he might have painted better had he been a happier man. He loved his wife devotedly, though she was a selfish and mean-spirited woman, who never appreciated his talents, and seemed only to think of how she could get money to spend in a showy and extravagant way of living. She was even unwilling that he should care for his aged parents, and it was owing to her that he at length deserted them, although formerly he had been a kind and dutiful son.

After a time (about 1518) Francis I., the king

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of France, invited Andrea to go to Paris and execute works for him. The artist consented, and was treated with great consideration in the brilliant French capital. Soon, however, his wife insisted that he should return to Florence. Francis I. was very unwilling to allow Andrea to leave France, where he had engaged already to do many decorative paintings; but Andrea was so much under the influence of his wife that he did not dare to remain. So, when he had made a promise, and solemnly sworn with his hand on the Bible, that he would soon return and bring his wife with him, and remain as long as might be necessary to finish the works he had engaged to do, the king consented. Francis also intrusted to Andrea a large sum of money, with which he was to buy works of art and other beautiful objects for the king.

When Andrea reached Florence, his wicked wife not only refused to go to France, but persuaded him to give her the money which belonged to Francis I. This she soon spent, and, although Andrea had been so weak in listening to her wicked advice, he still was not so base that he could forget the wrong he had done in giving the money to her. He lived ten years longer, and painted many more pictures, but he was always very unhappy. Francis I. never forgave him for his breach of trust; and, to this day, all who read the story of Andrea can not but feel sorrow in remembering how weak he was and how wickedly he came to act, in consequence.

In 1530, Andrea was attacked by a contagious disease; his wretched wife abandoned him, and he died alone, and was buried without a funeral or even a prayer, in the same convent of the Nunziata in which he had painted his finest frescoes. One of these pictures is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is usually called the "*Madonna del Sacco*," because in it St. Joseph is represented as leaning on a sack.

Now, there are so many different pictures of the Holy Family, that they are divided into classes, and such as are called, in Italian, *Il Riposo*, and, in our own tongue, The Repose, all represent an incident of the flight into Egypt, when St. Joseph, his wife Mary, and the child Jesus halted in their journey for rest and refreshment. The legend, in telling of this episode, says that, near the village of Matarea, where they were resting, a fountain sprang forth by miracle; and near by was a sycamore grove, beneath which the family found shade and protection. The story has given a peculiar religious significance to the sycamore tree, by associating it with the mother of Christ; and the

Crusaders were in the habit of bringing branches of it into Europe as sacred mementos of the grove near the "Fountain of Mary," as the spring is called. When I was in Egypt, I visited this spot, which is a few miles from the city of Cairo, and is always pointed out to the Christians by the Arab guides.

The oil paintings by Andrea del Sarto are very beautiful; the finest one hangs in the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence. This is a place of great honor, because some of the most remarkable works of art which exist in any collection in the world are in this same building—such as the "Venus dei Medici," the "Dancing Faun," and other beautiful antique statues, as well as some of the finest pictures by Michael Angelo,



ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Raphael, Titian, Van Dyck, and other great masters. This painting, by Andrea, is called the "Madonna di San Francesco," and represents the Virgin Mary seated on a throne, with the child Jesus in her arms, while St. John the Baptist and St. Francis stand, one at each side.

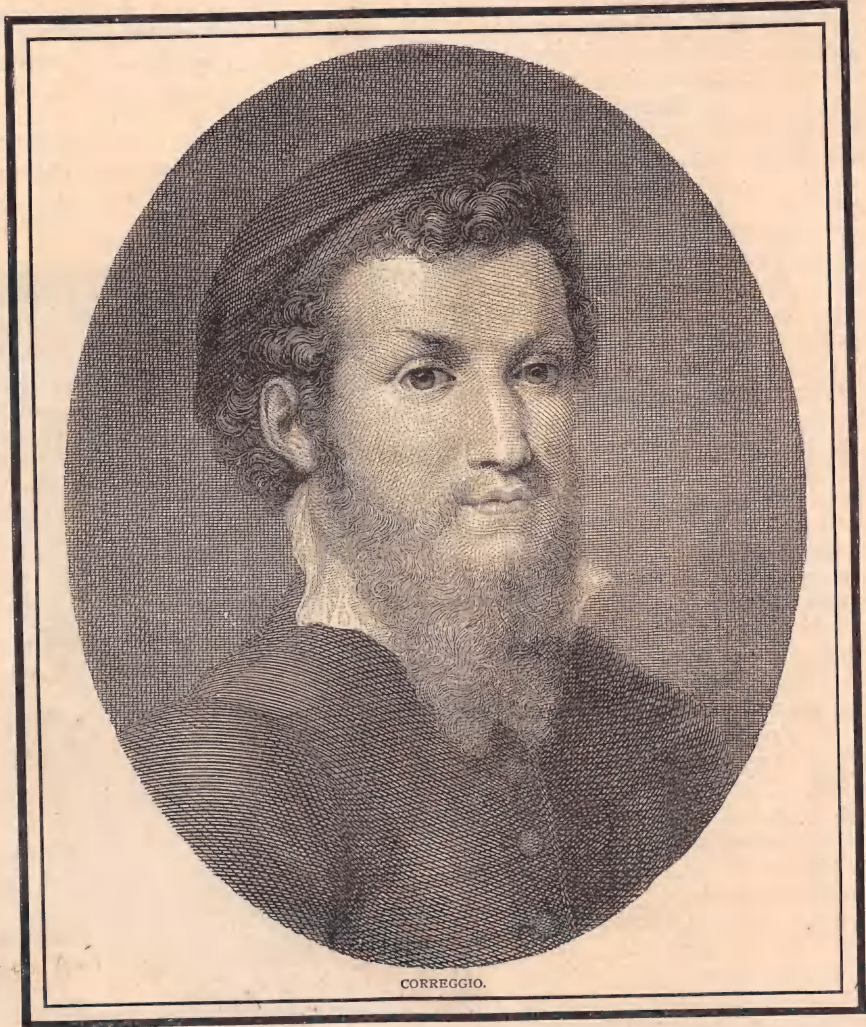
The Madonna with her Child was Andrea's favorite subject, and he represented it in a great variety of ways, and always made sweet and at-



tractive pictures. Occasionally he painted single figures of saints, such as St. Barbara and St. Agnes; one of these is in the Cathedral of Pisa.

There are two churches in Rome dedicated to St. Agnes, besides many others in various parts of the world, and, after the Apostles and Evangelists, she is a very important saint. She is usually

place, and Lieto and Allegri are his family names, and are Italian words which have the same meaning as the Latin word *letus*, or joyful. He was born in 1493, and was so clever that, when thirteen years old, he had not only studied many things such as other boys learn, but had mastered the rudiments of art, so that he could draw very well.



represented in works of art with a lamb by her side, because the lamb is the type or symbol of modesty, purity, and innocence.\*

#### CORREGGIO.

ANTONIO ALLEGRI—for this is the true name of this great painter—is called Antonio Allegri da Correggio, or Antonio Lieto da Correggio. The name Correggio is taken from that of his birth-

place, and Lieto and Allegri are his family names, and are Italian words which have the same meaning as the Latin word *letus*, or joyful. He was born in 1493, and was so clever that, when thirteen years old, he had not only studied many things such as other boys learn, but had mastered the rudiments of art, so that he could draw very well.

\* For list of the principal works of Andrea del Sarto still in existence, see page 527.





GROUP OF SINGING ANGELS. (FROM A PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

grace and movement, and exquisite management of light and shade, which appear in his paintings. I shall now try to explain further what is meant by foreshortening, because it is a very important



element of good drawing, and all who wish to learn how to appreciate the works of others should understand what it is, as also should those who themselves practice drawing. It is especially proper to speak of this in connection with Correggio, as he is often said to be the most skillful of artists, in this particular, since the days of the ancient Greeks.

The art of foreshortening is to make the objects which are painted or drawn on a plane surface look as they do in nature when one is farther back than another, and where one part is thrown out much nearer the eye than others. To produce this effect it is frequently necessary to make an object—let us say, for example, an arm or a leg—look as if it was thrown forward, out of the canvas, toward the person who is looking directly at it. Now, in truth, in order to produce this appearance, the object is oftentimes thrown backward in the drawing, and sometimes it is doubled up in a very unnatural manner, and so occupies a much smaller space on the canvas than it appears to do, for as we look at it, it seems to be of full size.

The picture of "Christ in Glory," painted by Correggio in the cupola of the church of San Giovanni Evangelista, in Parma, photographs of which are easily got, is a fine piece of foreshortening, because the head is so thrown back and the knees are so thrown forward that the figure seems to be of full size; yet, if the space from the top of the head to the soles of the feet, in the painting itself, were measured, it would be found to be much less than the full height of the figure would be if it were represented erect.

Another characteristic of this master is his delicate manner of passing gradually from light to shade, and so softening the whole effect of his work as to produce what is called in Italian *chiaro-oscuro*, which must be literally translated clear-obscure—or a sort of mistiness which has some light in it, but is gradually shaded off into either full light or deep shadow. It is remarkable that, in the early works of Correggio, his peculiar qualities were evident; this is seen in the beautiful Madonna di San Francesco, now in the Dresden Gallery, which was painted when he was but eighteen years old.

When Correggio was twenty-six years old, he married Girolama Merlini, and during the next eleven years he was occupied with his great fresc paintings in Parma and with works in Mantua, to which city he was summoned by the rich Duke Federigo Gonzaga, who reigned there. In 1530, the artist returned to Correggio, where he passed the remainder of his life. In 1533, he was one of the invited witnesses of the marriage of the Lord of Correggio, so he doubtless was much esteemed by that nobleman. In 1534, he died of a fever,

and was buried in his family tomb in the Franciscan convent at Correggio; his grave is simply marked with his name and the date of his death. Correggio had but one son, named Pomponio Quirino Allegri; he also was a painter, but he did not make himself famous.

There are several anecdotes related of Correggio, the father; one is that, when he first saw one of Raphael's great pictures, he gazed upon it a long time, and then exclaimed, enthusiastically: "I also am a painter!" and, I dare say, he then felt himself moved to try if he, too, might produce pictures which should live and bear his name through future centuries.

When Titian saw Correggio's frescoes at Parma, he said: "Were I not Titian I should wish to be Correggio." Annibale Caracci, another great artist, said of Correggio, more than a century after that master's death: "He was the only painter!" and he declared that the children painted by Correggio breathe and smile with such grace that one who sees them is forced to smile and be happy with them.

At Seville, in Spain, there was a large picture by Correggio, representing the "Shepherds Adoring the Infant Saviour," and during the Peninsular War (1808-14), when the people of Seville sent all their valuable things to Cadiz for greater safety, this picture was cut in two, so that it could be more easily moved. By some accident the halves were separated, and afterward were sold to different persons, each being promised that the corresponding half should soon be delivered to him. Great trouble arose, because both purchasers determined to keep what they had, and each claimed that the other part belonged to him; and as they were both obstinate, these half-pictures have remained apart. It is very fortunate that each of them forms a fine picture by itself, and perhaps they thus give pleasure to a greater number of people than if they were united.

It is very interesting to visit Parma, where the most important works of Correggio are seen. He painted much, not only in the church of St. John the Evangelist, but also in the cathedral of Parma, and in the convent of the Benedictine nuns, where he decorated a parlor with wonderful frescoes. Over the chimney-piece is a picture of Diana, Goddess of the Moon, and protector of young animals. Sometimes she has been represented as a huntress, but in this picture she is Goddess of the Moon, which is placed above her forehead. The ceiling of this parlor is high and arched. The pictures on pages 528 and 529, showing in the semicircles a Satyr and Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, will help you to understand how elaborately and beautifully the ceiling is decorated.





ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. (FROM THE PAINTING BY CORREGGIO, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, IN PARMA.)

It is painted to represent an arbor of vines, having sixteen oval openings, at each of which some frolicking children appear, peeping in and out, as if they were passing around and looking down into the room. Each child bears some sign or symbol of Diana. Beneath each of the openings is a half-circular picture of some mythological story or personage, such as "The Three Graces," "The Nursing of Bacchus," "Ceres," "Minerva," "The Suspension of Juno," "A Satyr," and others. All the frescoes in this wonderful room have been so often engraved and photographed that they must be known already to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Some of the oil paintings by Correggio are very famous. Among them is one called the "Notte," or Night, which is in the Dresden Gallery. It represents the "Nativity of the Saviour," and has received its name because the only light in the picture shines from the halo of glory around the head of the infant Jesus. In the same gallery is Correggio's "Mary Magdalene," represented as lying on the ground and reading the scriptures from a book lying open before her on the sward. Probably no one picture in the world has been more generally admired than this.

Another masterpiece is the "Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Louvre, at Paris. According to the legend concerning her, this saint, during the persecution of the Christians in Alexandria, bravely went up to the temple and there triumphantly maintained her cause in argument against the Emperor Maximin, and also against fifty wise men whom he then called upon to oppose her reasoning.

But her courage, wisdom, and saintliness availed not to save her from the rage of persecution, for she was beheaded by the tyrant's order. There are two important saints by this name; one is St. Catherine of Siena, the other, of whom we now speak, is St. Catherine of Alexandria, and when the marriage is represented it always refers to this saint.

The following is a list of the principal works of Andrea del Sarto to be seen in European galleries. PITT PALACE, FLORENCE: Eleven pictures, among which are two of the Holy Family, two of the "Assumption of the Virgin," and portraits of Andrea and his wife, which are attributed to Andrea, but are not positively known to be his work. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Madonna di San Francesco, his own portrait, and two other pictures. DRESDEN GALLERY: Marriage of St. Catherine, Sacrifice of Isaac, and others. PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH: Four studies for the frescoes in the Scalzo at Florence. MUSEUM, MADRID: Portrait of his wife, Sacrifice of Abraham, Holy Family, and others. THE LOUVRE, PARIS: Charity, two pictures of the Holy Family. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: His own portrait. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Holy Family and Saints, St. Barbara.

The following are the principal works of Correggio, known to be still in existence. In the UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: The Repose in Egypt, Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ. MUSEUM, NAPLES: The Madonna della Zingarella, Marriage of St. Catherine, A Pieta. PINACOTECA, PARMA: Madonna della Scala, Madonna della Scodella, Madonna di San Girolamo, called "Il Giorno" or "The Day," and several others. MUSEUM, BERLIN: Leda and Nymphs, and a copy of the Io, which is at the BELVEDERE, VIENNA, where there are several other works of Correggio's. DRESDEN GALLERY: Enthroned Madonna, Virgin and Child in Glory, Repentant Magdalene, "La Notte," a portrait called "Correggio's Doctor," and others. MUSEUM, MADRID: Noli Me Tangere. LOUVRE, PARIS: Marriage of St. Catherine, Antiope Asleep. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: Mercury Instructing Cupid before Venus, Ecce Homo, Holy Family, called "au panier" (a very beautiful picture), Christ's Agony in the Garden. HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Madonna "del Latte," Study of the Assumption, and another small mythological subject.





PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOES BY CORREGGIO.)





PART OF THE CEILING IN THE CONVENT AT PARMA. (AFTER FRESCOS BY CORREGGIO.)



MARY. MARY. QUITE. CONTRARY.  
HOW. DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?



## A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BY KITTY WHITE.

**M**y brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnny's room, and we can have a good talk.

We're in trouble; and this is how it happened:

One day last week, our teacher read us a story about a good little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he had n't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl

heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for nothing.) The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he would n't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father, and got a doctor for him, so he did n't die.

It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it was n't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance we must just go and do likewise.

Well, this morning, when Father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked him for a penny.



And Father, he said we were always wanting pennies, and he was n't made of money; and then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause Father said she could n't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he did n't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything.

Johnny and I did n't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, Johnny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists always wanted teeth, and we'd go to the dentist right away after school, and have it over.

"And then," says Johnny, "if we've made five dollars for Father, perhaps he'll give us our penny, 'cause it'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We could n't hardly wait for school to be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me if you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left? I said, "Your teeth."

After school we walked about till we came to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said, "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes."

We thought he would sit down and ask us all about it, just as the other dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said:

"Let's look at em."

Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said, "You want these two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he did n't holloa.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said, "Not much, and don't you disgrace the family, Kitty White, by howling."

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and looked.

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And did n't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did.

When our teeth were out, we thought the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks.

After a while he said: "It's four dollars."

We thought he had four dollars for us, and held out our hands, but he did n't give us anything. Instead of that, he said: "Have n't you got any money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth, so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he did n't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all right.

So he wrote a letter, and sealed it, and told Johnny to be sure to give it to Father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

When we got home, Johnny said we'd better wait till after dinner to give Father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we'd waited; for the roast beef was too brown, and Father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house, and Mrs. White, my dear, if you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I believe your son uses the carving knife for a jackknife."

We felt so sorry for poor Father that we thought we'd give him his surprise then, so he'd feel better. Johnny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to Father, and I sit next to Johnny. Father took the letter, and said:

"What's this, sir?"

And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa, and see."

Then Father read it, and wrinkled his forehead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he did n't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And Mother said: "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

And Father said that, "What we had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and I come."

We've been in our rooms ever since, and both Father and Mother said they were under the necessity of —

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he does n't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it's over for this time.



## WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

BY A. S. R.

"GOOD for nothing," the farmer said,  
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;  
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,  
To come some day and root it out.  
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,  
To see his corn, to gather his hay;  
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,  
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,  
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.  
He had just been having a dreadful fright,  
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.  
Here it was cool and dark and green,  
The safest kind of a leafy screen.  
The toad was happy; "For," said he,  
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,  
And to and fro with care he wrought,  
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,  
And spun his cables fine between.

'T was a beautiful bridge,—a triumph of skill;  
The flies came 'round, as idlers will;  
The spider lurked in his corner dim,  
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child, perplex  
To know what frolic was coming next.  
So she gathered the burs that all despised,  
And her city playmate was quite surprised  
To see what a beautiful basket or chair  
Could be made, with a little time and care.  
They ranged their treasures about with pride,  
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;  
Honey comes from the idle flowers;  
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,  
May save a life by another morn.  
Wonders await us at every turn.  
We must be silent, and gladly learn.  
No room for recklessness or abuse,  
Since even a burdock has its use.

## PLAY-DAY AT MENTOR.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

ONE very hot day, last July, I left the Lake Shore Railway train at Willoughby, a little station eighteen miles east of Cleveland, in the State of Ohio. Some business took me to Mentor, three miles away, and, while the boy was driving me over there, I thought I should like to make a call for pleasure also. You know that President Garfield lived in Mentor, and you will guess that I wished to call upon his two youngest boys, who were then at the Garfield homestead.

The house does not seem like a farm-house at all. It is more like a dwelling in a village, or in a city, set in a little piece of lawn, and sheltered by three great locust-trees. I knocked at the door, and was asked to enter the parlor. After a little talk, I asked about the boys, and was told that they were in "the office," a little one-story building, back of the house, used by their father for a study, or working-place.

Then I was led out through a long hall, where a tall clock looked down on me, and just outside the

rear door was the office. A narrow path led out to it, and I followed along and stepped upon the floor of the little porch that covered the only door there was, which was the front door. The study was a very small building, with a window on each side of the door, a window at each end, and a window just opposite the door. A mite of a chimney came out of the middle of the roof.

The door was open as I stood on the porch, and I could see four boys playing on the floor. I said to them:

"Well, boys, is this a fort?"

Now the reason I thought it was a fort was that I saw some pieces of white chalk, that the boys had mounted on blocks and set on the floor, so as to look like cannon.

This was all that I could see from the door when I asked the question.

But when I was inside the room, I saw a lot of paper soldiers standing up, and found out my mistake before this answer came to my question:



"Not much a fort. We are deploying troops in the field," said one of the two Garfield boys—whether Irvin or Abram, I forget just now. The other two boys were cousins of theirs, and they were rather younger.

I then looked more closely. Besides using crayons for cannon, they also had brass casters for cannon-wheels, and their soldiers had been cut out of card-board, with jackknives. Small stones, nails, and peas were the bullets and cannon-balls. Small paper flags showed which side was the enemy, and which the American.

"And who is the enemy in this game?" I asked.

"My brother," the elder Garfield replied. "He

upon it an inkstand and pen that had seen better days. The floor was bare and painted.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"We came here on the 2d of July," they said.

"The very day papa was shot."

"And do you like living here as well as in Washington?"

"We like it better here," said they; "because there are more boys, and because we can play out of doors more."

I should say, here, that at the time of my visit a great many people thought the President would get well.

"Now, then," I said, "go on with your fun, and let me see how you fight the battle."



PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S OFFICE AT MENTOR.

does n't want to be, but he has to be, because he is beaten so much."

"But I beat you the other day," chimed in the younger Garfield.

"Yes, and the way you did it was to bring out a lot of soldiers that had been sent to the hospital the day before. That was no fair."

By this time, the boys were again sprawled upon the floor, and ready to begin the battle over again.

While they were picking up the stones to throw, I looked about the room. Several large book-cases were filled with the President's books, and a desk at the back window, opposite the door, had

You should have seen the stormy time that came when I said this. First, one side would throw at the other until all the soldiers were knocked over, and then the other side would begin. This made the enemy beat for a while, and then the Americans. The sport lasted for a long time, and when I went away it was not because I wanted to, but because I had to, in order to take the train on the railway. As I sat in the car, I thought over the pleasant afternoon that I had spent; and I could not help saying:

"Well, after all, boys are boys, and they play much alike, whether Presidents' sons or not."



## STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

## STORY THE THIRD.

## HOW SIEGFRIED FARED TO NIBELUNGEN LAND.

JARL RONVALD smiled good-humoredly on the circle of listeners about the blazing hearth in his castle-hall. For the little family party had asked him to go on with his story.

"I see," said he, "that I shall hardly escape without telling you the whole story of Siegfried, from beginning to end. But I could not do that in one evening. The hero's life was so full of adventures that the telling of them would fill a volume. One of the greatest and most daring deeds that he ever did was to ride through flaming fire into the castle of Isenstein, and awaken the Princess Brunhild from the deep slumber into which Odin, in his wrath, had cast her. But our time will not allow me to tell you much about that adventure. The old Norse story of Sigurd and Brynhild, which you often have heard, is very much like it.

"You are anxious to know what became of the treasure, of which I told you that Fafnir guarded it so long on the Glittering Heath? Well, to please you, I shall relate how, after awakening the Princess, Siegfried escaped from Isenstein and came to the mysterious land of the Nibelungs."

Every one in the castle of Isenstein, from the Princess, whom he had awakened to life, to the lowest kitchen-maid, felt grateful to the young hero for the deliverance he had wrought so valiantly. The best rooms were fitted up for his use; and a score of vassals were set apart to do his bidding, and ordered to be mindful of his slightest wish. All the warriors and brave men, and all the fair ladies, and Brunhild, fairest of all, besought him to make his home there, nor ever to think of going back to Rhineland. Siegfried yielded to their persuasions, and for six months he tarried in the enchanted land of Isenstein, in one long round of merry-making and gay enjoyment. But his thoughts were ever turned toward his father's home in the Lowlands across the sea, and he longed to behold again his gentle mother, Sigelind.

At length he grew tired of his life of idleness and ease, and wished that he might go out again into the busy world of manly action and worthy deeds. And, day by day, this feeling grew stronger and filled him with unrest.

One morning, as he sat alone by the sea-shore, and watched the lazy tide creep up the sands, two ravens lighted near him. Glad was he to see them, for he knew them to be Hugin and Munin—Thought and Memory—the sacred birds of Odin, and he felt sure that they brought him words of cheer from the All-Father. Then Hugin flapped his wings and said: "In idleness the stings of death lie hidden; but in busy action are the springs of life. For a hundred years, fair Brunhild slept; but why should Siegfried sleep? The world awaits him, but it waits too long."

Then Munin flapped his wings, also, but he said nothing. And busy memory carried Siegfried back to his boyhood days in Rhineland, and he called to mind the wise words of his father, Siegmund, and the fond hopes of his gentle mother. And he rose in haste, and cried: "Life of ease, farewell! I go where duty leads. To him who wills to do, the great All-Father will send strength and help."

While he spoke, his eyes were dazzled with a flash of light. He looked, and out of the sea there came dashing up the beach a wondrous creature, such as he had never before seen—a milk-white horse, from whose long mane a thousand sunbeams gleamed and sparkled in the morning light. As the noble steed sprang forward, and stood in all its strength and beauty before the Prince, Siegfried knew that it must be the horse Greyfell—the shining hope which the All-Father sends to those who dare to take in hand the doing of noble deeds. All uncertainty now fled from his mind, for he felt that with such a trusty steed to aid him every hindrance would vanish, and every hardship would be overcome.

Then he looked toward the sea again, and saw, in the blue distance, a white-sailed ship, drawing swiftly near, its golden-dragon stem plowing through the waves like some great bird of the deep. And as, with eager eyes, he watched its coming, he felt that Odin had sent both the horse and the ship, and that the time had come for him to be up and doing. The hour for thriving action comes to us once; if not seized upon and used, it may never come again.

The ship drew near the shore; the sailors rested on their oars. Siegfried and the steed Greyfell sprang upon the deck. Then the sailors silently bent again to their rowing; the flapping sails were filled and



tightened by the strong west wind, and the light vessel leaped from wave to wave as if it were alive, until Isenstein, with its tall towers and green marble halls, sank from sight in distant mist. And Siegfried and his noble steed seemed to be the only living beings on board; for the sailors who plied the oars were so silent and phantom-like that they might have been but ghosts of the summer breezes. As the ship sped swiftly on its way, all the creatures in the sea paused to behold the sight. The mermen rested from their search for hidden treasures, and the mermaids forgot to comb their long tresses, as the radiant vessel and its hero freight sped past them. And even Ægir, the god of the sea, left the brewing kettle in his banquet-hall, and bade his pale-haired daughters, the

around both hero and horse, and they dared not stir, but stood long hours in the silent gloom, waiting for the appearance of the dawn.

At length the morning came, but the light was not strong enough to scatter the thick vapors that rested upon the land. Then Siegfried mounted his steed, and the sunbeams began to flash from Greyfell's mane and from the hero's glittering armor; and the hazy clouds fled upward and away, until they were caught and held fast by great mist-giants, who stood like sentinels on the mountain-tops. As the shining pair came up from the sea, and passed through the woods and valleys of the Nibelungen Land, for that was the name of the mysterious country, there streamed over all that region such a flood of sunlight as had never before



SIEGFRIED SAILS FOR NIBELUNGEN LAND.

white-veiled Waves, cease playing, until the vessel should safely reach its haven.

When, at length, the day had passed, and the evening twilight had come, Siegfried saw that the ship was nearing land. But it was a strange land. Like a fleecy cloud it appeared to rest above the waves, midway between the earth and the sky; a dark mist hung upon it, and it seemed to be a land of dreams and shadows. The ship drew nearer and nearer to the mysterious shore, and, as it touched the bank, the sailors rested from their rowing. Then Siegfried and the horse Greyfell leaped from the vessel and stood upon the land; but, when they looked back, the fair vessel which had carried them was nowhere to be seen. Whether it had suddenly been clutched by the greedy fingers of the Sea-queen, Ran, and dragged down into her deep sea-caverns, or whether, like the wondrous ship "Skidbladner," it had become invisible to the eyes of men, Siegfried never knew. The thick mist and the darkness of night closed over and

been seen. In every leafy tree, and behind every blade of grass, elves and fairies were hidden; and from under every rock, and out of every crevice, lurked cunning dwarfs. But Siegfried rode straight forward until he came to the steep side of a shadowy mountain. There, at the mouth of a cavern, a strange sight met his eyes. Two young men, dressed in princes' clothing, sat upon the ground; their features were haggard, gaunt, and pinched with hunger, and their eyes wild with wakefulness and fear; and beside them was a heap of gold and precious stones, which they had brought out of the cavern. And neither of the two Princes would leave the place, to get food, nor close his eyes in sleep, lest the other should seize and hide some part of the treasure. And thus had they watched and hungered through many long days and sleepless nights, each hoping that the other would die; for the whole inheritance would then become his own.

When they saw Siegfried riding near, they called



out to him and said: "Noble stranger, stop a moment! Come and help us divide this treasure."

"Who are you?" asked Siegfried; "and what is your treasure?"

"We are the sons of Niblung, who, until lately, was King of this Mist Land. Our names are Schilbung and the young Niblung," faintly answered the Princes.

"And what are you doing here with this gold and these glittering stones?"

"In this cavern lies the great Nibelungen Hoard, which our father, long ago, found upon the Glittering Heath. And now he is dead, and we have longed to bring the hoard out of the cavern where it was hidden, in order that we might share it between us equally. But we can not agree, and we pray you to help us divide it."

Then Siegfried dismounted from the horse Grey-fell, and came near the two Princes.

"I will gladly do as you ask," said he; "but first tell me how the King, your father, obtained the hoard of the Glittering Heath, and how he brought it to this Mist Land."

Then Niblung answered feebly, while his brother fell back upon the ground from weakness:

"Our father was, from the earliest times, the ruler of this land, and the lord of the fog and the mist. Many strong fortresses and noble halls had he in this land; and ten thousand brave warriors were ever ready to do his bidding. The swarthy elves, and the trolls of the mountains, and the giants of the cloudy peaks were his vassals. But he did more than rule over the Nibelungen Land. Twice every year he crossed the sea and rambled through the Rhine valleys, or loitered in the wet Lowlands; and, now and then, he brought rich trophies back to his island home. Once on a time, he ventured past the unknown boundaries of Hunaland. Upon a dry and cheerless moorland, which men call the Glittering Heath, he found this treasure, which had been long guarded there by a vile snake-dragon, whom men called Fafnir. A brave young hero slew the monster and gave the treasure back to its rightful guardians, the swarthy elves of the mountains. But the chief of the elves, the dwarf Andvari, had, long before, cursed the treasure; and now the elves dared not touch it, nor possess it, unless some man would take upon himself the dreadful risk of incurring the curse, and should assume ownership of the hoard. This thing our father did. Then the dwarf Alberich and the ten thousand swarthy elves that live in the mountain caves gathered up the treasure and brought it to this cavern, where, with the help of the twelve giants whom you see like sentinels on these mountain-peaks, they guarded it for our father.

"This is the story of the hoard as we know it, although men tell it quite differently. They say that our father obtained it unjustly and by guile from his brother, whose vassals had dugged it from out of the earth, in the sunny valleys of the upper Rhine. But be this as it may, the treasure lies here within, and lo! for many days we have watched it and hoped to divide it equally. But we can not agree."

"What hire will you give me if I divide it for you?" asked Siegfried.

"Name what you will have," the Princes answered.

"Give me the sword which lies before you on the glittering heap."

Then Niblung handed him the sword, and said:

"Right gladly will we give it. It is a worthless blade that our father, last year, brought from the low Rhine country. They say that it was forged by Mimer, the Knowing One, and that in the south-land it is considered a most wondrous blade. Be that as it may, it is of no worth to us; it turns against us when we try to use it."

Siegfried took the sword with joy, for it was his own Balmung.

Forthwith he began the task of dividing the treasure; and the two brothers, so faint from hunger and want of sleep that they could scarcely lift their heads, watched him with anxious, greedy eyes. First, he placed a piece of gold by Niblung's side, and then a piece of like value he gave to Schilbung. And thus he did again and again, until no more gold was left. Then, in the same manner, he divided the precious stones, until none remained. And the brothers were much pleased, and they hugged their glittering treasures, and thanked Siegfried for his kindness and for the fairness with which he had given to each his own. But, one thing was left which had not fallen to the lot of either brother. It was a ring of curious workmanship—a serpent coiled with its tail in its mouth, and with ruby eyes, glistening and cold.

"What shall I do with this ring?" asked Siegfried.

"Give it to me!" cried Niblung.

"Give it to me!" cried Schilbung.

And both tried to snatch it from Siegfried's hand. But the effort was too great for their strength. Their arms fell helpless at their sides, their feet slipped beneath them, their limbs failed; they sank fainting, each upon his pile of treasures.

"O my dear, dear Gold!" murmured Niblung, trying to clasp it all in his arms. "My dear, dear Gold! Thou art mine, mine only. No one shall take thee from me. Here thou art, here thou shalt rest. O my dear, dear Gold!" And then, calling up the last spark of life left in his famished



body, he cried out to Siegfried: "Give me the ring! The ring, I say!" He hugged his cherished gold nearer to his bosom; he ran his thin fingers deep into the shining, yellow heap; he pressed his lips to the cold and senseless metal; he whispered, "My dear, dear Gold!" and then he died.

"O priceless, priceless gem-stones!" faltered Schilbung, "how beautiful you are! And you are mine, all mine. I will keep you safe. Come!

and sun-bright diamonds, and two thin, starved corpses stretched upon them. Some men say that the brothers were slain by Siegfried, because their foolish strife and greediness had angered him. But I like not to think so. It was the gold, and not Siegfried, that slew them.

"O Gold! Gold!" cried the hero, sorrowfully. "Truly thou art the world's curse! Thou art man's bane! But when the spring-time of the new world shall come, then will the curse be taken



"GIVE ME THE SWORD WHICH LIES BEFORE YOU ON THE GLITTERING HEAP," SAID SIEGFRIED.

Come, my bright Beauties! No one shall harm you. You are mine, mine, mine!" And he chattered and laughed as only madmen laugh; and he kissed the hard stones and sought to hide them in his bosom. But his hands trembled and failed, dark mists swam before his eyes; he fancied that he heard the black dwarfs clamoring for his treasure, he sprang up quickly, he shrieked,—and then fell lifeless upon his heap of sparkling gems.

A strange, sad sight it was. Immense wealth, and miserable death. Two piles of yellow gold

from thee, and thy yellow brightness shall be the sign of purity and enduring worth; and thou shalt be a blessing to mankind, and the plaything of the gods."

But our hero had little time for thought and speech. A strange sound was heard on the mountain-side. The twelve great giants, who had stood as watchmen upon the peaks above, were rushing down, to avenge their masters and to drive the intruder out of Nibelungen Land. Siegfried waited not for their onset, but mounted the noble



horse Greyfell, and, with the sword Balmung in his hand, he rode forth to meet his foes, who, with fearful threats and hideous roars, came striding toward him. The sunbeams flashed from Greyfell's mane and dazzled the dull eyes of the giants, who were unused to the full light of day. Doubtful they paused, and then again came forward. But they mistook for an enemy every tree in their way, and every rock they thought a foe, and in their fear they fancied a great host to be before them. One and all they dropped their heavy clubs, and cried for quarter. And Siegfried made each of the giants swear an oath of fealty to him; and then he sent them back to the snow-covered mountain-peaks, to stand again as watchmen at their posts.

And now another danger appeared. Alberich, the dwarf, the master of the swarthy elves who guarded the Nibelungen Hoard, had seen all that had befallen the two young Princes, and when he beheld the giants driven back to the mountain-tops, he lifted a little silver horn to his lips and blew a shrill bugle-call. And the little brown elves came trooping forth by thousands. From under every rock, from the nooks and crannies and crevices in the mountain-side, from the deep cavern and the narrow gorge, they came at the call of their chief. Then, at Alberich's word, they formed in line of battle, and stood in front of the cavern and the bodies of their late masters. Their little golden shields and their sharp-pointed spears were thick as the blades of grass in a Rhine meadow; and Siegfried, when he saw them, was both pleased and surprised, for never before had such a host of pygmy warriors stood before him.

While he paused and looked, the elves became suddenly silent, and Siegfried saw that Alberich stood no longer at their head, but had strangely vanished from sight.

"Ah, Alberich!" cried the Prince, "thou art cunning. I have heard of thy tricks. Thou hast donned the Tarnkappe, the cloak of darkness, which hides thee from sight and makes thee as strong as twelve common men. Come on, thou brave dwarf!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when he felt a shock which almost sent him reeling from the saddle, and made Greyfell plunge about in fright. Quickly did Siegfried dismount, and, with every sense alert, he waited for the second onset of the unseen dwarf. It was plain that Alberich wished to strike him unawares, for many minutes passed in utter silence. Then a brisk breath of wind passed by Siegfried's face, and he felt another blow; but, by a quick downward movement of his hand, he caught the plucky dwarf, and tore off the magic

Tarnkappe, and then, with firm grasp, he held his struggling little enemy.

"Ah, Alberich!" he cried; "indeed thou art cunning! But the Tarnkappe is now mine. What wilt thou give for freedom and life?"

"Worthy Prince," answered Alberich, humbly, "you have fairly overcome me and made me your prisoner. I and all mine, as well as this great treasure, belong rightfully to you. We are yours, and you we shall obey."

"Swear it!" said Siegfried. "Swear it, and thou shalt live, and be the keeper of my treasures!"

And Alberich made a sign to his elfin host, and every spear was turned point downward, and every shield was thrown to the ground, and the ten thousand little warriors kneeled, as did also their chief, and owned Siegfried to be their rightful master, and the lord of Nibelungen Land, the owner of the Nibelungen Hoard.

Then, by Alberich's orders, the elves carried the hoard back into the deep cavern, and there kept faithful watch and ward over it; and they buried the starved bodies of the two Princes on the top of the mist-veiled mountain. Heralds were sent to all the fortresses and strongholds in Nibelungen Land, and they proclaimed that Siegfried, through his wisdom and strength, had become the rightful Lord and King of the land.

Then the Prince, riding on the horse Greyfell, went from place to place, scattering sunshine and smiles where shadows and frowns had been before. And the people welcomed him with glad shouts and music and dancing; and ten thousand Nibelungen warriors came to meet him, and plighted their faith to him. And the pure brightness of his hero-soul, and the gleaming sunbeams from Greyfell's mane, lifted the curtain of mists and fogs that had so long darkened that land, and let in the glorious glad light of day and the genial warmth of summer.

"Did he stay there all the rest of his life?" asked Leif, after a pause.

"Did they leave the treasure buried in the cave?" asked Rollo.

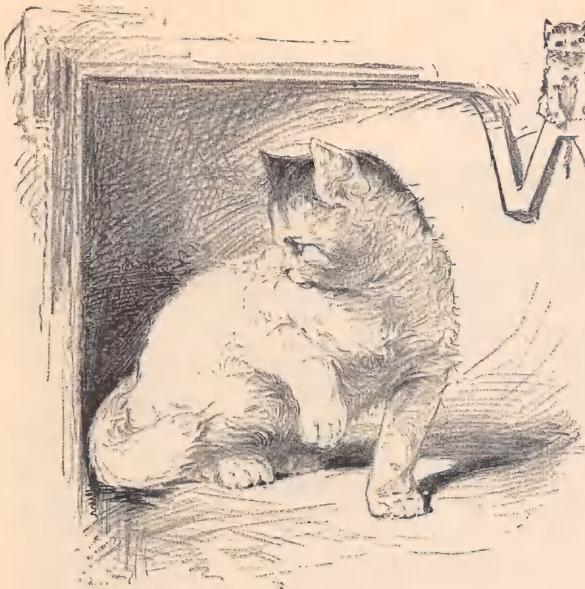
"What became of the fair Brunhild?" asked little Ingeborg. "Did Siegfried ever go back to Isenstein?"

"Yes, tell us all about it!" cried the three together.

"As I have said," answered their father, "one evening will not afford time to tell of all Siegfried's strange adventures. I will answer your questions by telling you one or two stories more; and, with those, you must rest satisfied."

(To be continued.)





# What One Year makes Of a Little Kitten.

By Mrs. Fanny Barrow.

At first, a ball of fluffy fur,  
All black, or gray, or white,  
Trying to catch its little tail  
With all its little might.  
Four pretty little velvet paws,  
That leap, and catch, and pat;  
But presto! in a year you see  
A dignified old cat!





## GRAB-BAG.

By H. H.



A FINE game is Grab-bag, a fine game to see!  
 For Christmas, and New Year, and birthdays, and all.  
 Happy children, all laughing and screaming with glee!  
 If they draw nothing more than a pop-corn ball,  
 'T is a prize they welcome with eyes of delight,  
 And hold it aloft with a loud, ringing cheer;  
 Their arms waving high, all so graceful and white;  
 Their heads almost bumping, so close and so near.  
 The laughter grows louder; the eyes grow more bright.  
 Oh, sweet is the laughter, and gay is the sight—  
 A fine game is Grab-bag! a fine game to see!

A strange game of Grab-bag I saw yesterday;  
 I 'll never forget it as long as I live.  
 Some street-beggars played it,—poor things, not in play!  
 A man with a sack on his back, and a sieve,—  
 A poker to stir in the barrels of dirt,—  
 A basket to hold bits of food he might find,—  
 'T was a pitiful sight, and a sight that hurt,  
 But a sight it is well to keep in one's mind.

His children were with him, two girls and three boys;  
 Their heads held down close, and their eyes all intent;  
 No sound from their lips of glad laughter's gay noise:  
 No choice of bright playthings to them the game meant!  
 A chance of a bit of waste cinder to burn;  
 A chance of a crust of stale bread they could eat;  
 A chance—in a thousand, as chances return—  
 Of ragged odd shoes they could wear on their feet!



The baby that yet could not totter alone  
Was held up to see, and, as grave as the rest,  
Watched wistful each crust, each cinder, each bone,  
And snatched at the morsels he thought looked the best.  
The sister that held him, oppressed by his weight—  
Herself but an over-yearred baby, poor child!—  
Had the face of a woman, mature, sedate,  
And looked but the older whenever she smiled.

Oh, a sad game is Grab-bag—a sad game to see!  
As beggars must play it, and their chances fall;  
When Hunger finds crusts an occasion for glee,  
And Cold finds no rags too worthless or small.  
O children, whose faces have shone with delight,  
As you played at your Grab-bag with shouting and cheer,  
And stretched out your arms, all so graceful and white,  
And gayly bumped heads, crowding near and more near,  
With laughter and laughter, and eyes growing bright,—  
Remember this picture, this pitiful sight,  
Of a sad game of Grab-bag—a sad game to see!





## WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.



ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

A TRAVELER who has recently journeyed in India, a man of science, Mr. V. Ball, gives an account of a very curious matter which before had been somewhat discussed by the celebrated scholar, Mr. Max Müller—that is, the history of “Wolf-reared Children.”

It appears that, in the province of Oude, the wolves are exceedingly destructive. They creep at night from the jungles and mountains into the villages of the poor people, and, crawling into the little huts, will often snatch the babe from the mother's arms, sometimes even without awaking her; or they will pick up an infant that has been left for a moment during the day by the hard-working mother. Wolves are said to have an especial appetite for young and tender infants, and so destructive are their ravages that, in one district mentioned by Mr. Ball, it is estimated that *one hundred* infants are carried off annually by wolves; and the business of smoking out wolves from their dens, in order to find the golden and other ornaments worn by the unfortunate babies, is an extensive and profitable one.

It seems that now and then a wolf captures and carries home an infant to his cubs, and that they do not at once eat the child; perhaps because they have recently eaten a kid or a lamb, or other food.

The baby probably suckles with the young wolves, and the mother-wolf comes to have a wild affection for the child, and he grows up with the wolf-cubs. At length, the mother-wolf is smoked out of her cave, or the cubs are killed or caught, or they are all hunted down, and the wild little human being is caught also—sometimes after he has lived six or eight years among his four-footed companions.

Mr. Ball saw two of these wild children in an orphan asylum at Sekandra, in Oude, and in different orphanages in India there have been others whose history was well known. At first they appear like wild beasts; they have no language, and only keep up a curious whine, creeping around on hands and feet like the young wolves, and smelling everything before eating it, as an animal does. For a time they will eat nothing but raw flesh, and they snatch eagerly at a bone, and gnaw it like a dog. Their hands and the skin of the



OUR ARTIST AMONG SOME WOLF-REARED CHILDREN.

knees are hard and callous from constant creeping, and the fore-arms of one whom Mr. Ball saw had become short from the same habit. A photograph\* was made of one, who, with his open mouth and

\* “Jungle Life in India,” by V. Ball, of the Geological Survey of India. Page 459. London, 1880.



vacant expression, looks like an idiot. Rescued wolf-reared children have a constant desire to get back to the jungles, and to creep into holes, and they have not been able to learn much, nor to become used to civilized habits; and then, too, they die early. It is said, though for this we can not vouch, that when a wolf comes to a house where is a wolf-reared child, he seems to know it by its odor, and never harms it.

The wolf-child has no language; its morals and habits are wolfish; it has drawn into its body wolf-milk; it hates the dwellings and ways of men; it loves creeping instead of walking, and jungles and caves and the forest, rather than fields and cottages and houses. It is a wild beast, but with the brain and soul of a human being. The wolf-child of India has all the capacities and possibilities of any ordinary boy or girl. No doubt, if he were left with his step-mother, the wolf, his brain would make him more cunning than his wolf play-fellows, and he would show the savageness of the beast with the skill of the man. He would become the most dangerous wild animal—worse than tiger or leopard—of the Indian jungles.



A NOON-DAY RESTING-PLACE OF "WOLF-REARED" FOLK.

Did  
think

boys and girls who were born to hunger, and cruel treatment, and who live in miserable dens and holes; who are as ignorant of love and hope, and of the missions, and churches, and schools of this

the children who read ST. NICHOLAS in comfortable homes ever  
that there are wolf-reared children in such a city as New York?—





SWORN FRIENDS.

city as are the infants found in the wolves' dens of the mountains of Oude; who have been taught only in the schools of poverty, vice, and crime; whose ways are not our ways, and who have wolfish habits; whose brain makes them more cunning, more dangerous, than the animal, and who, if they grow up thus, will be more dangerous to this city than wolf or tiger to the villages of India.

But, fortunately for us, these children have not lost our language, like the poor babies of Oude, and, though wolves in human shape have brought them up to crime and sin, they can be saved and made into reasonable human beings.

Would you like to hear how this is done?

Well, here comes one of the wolf-reared children to the office of the Children's Aid Society, in



Fourth street, New York. He has no cap, but his tangled hair serves as a covering for his head; bright and cunning eyes look out from under the twisted locks; his face is so dirty and brown that you hardly know what the true color is; he has no shirt, but wears a ragged coat, and trousers out at the knees and much too large for him; he is barefooted, of course. He is not at all a timid boy, small as he is, but acts as if nothing would ever upset his self-possession, whatever might happen. The benevolent Mr. Macy, who has been dealing with poor children for the last quarter of a century, meets him, and asks:

"Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Haint got no name, sir; the boys calls me Pickety."

"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"But where do you stay?"

"I don't stay nowheres in the day-time, but

and jist now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."

"Pickety, who is your father?"

"Haint got no father, sir; he died afore I knew, and me mither, she drinked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died, and the City Hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

"Yes, sir; I have heared the fellers swear about Him, and I know it's lucky to say something to Him when you sleep out in bad nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"

"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I *should* kind o' like to learn somethin'!"

"Well, Pickety, we'll make a man of you, if you will only try. You will, I see!"

So Pickety is sent by Mr. Macy down to a clean,

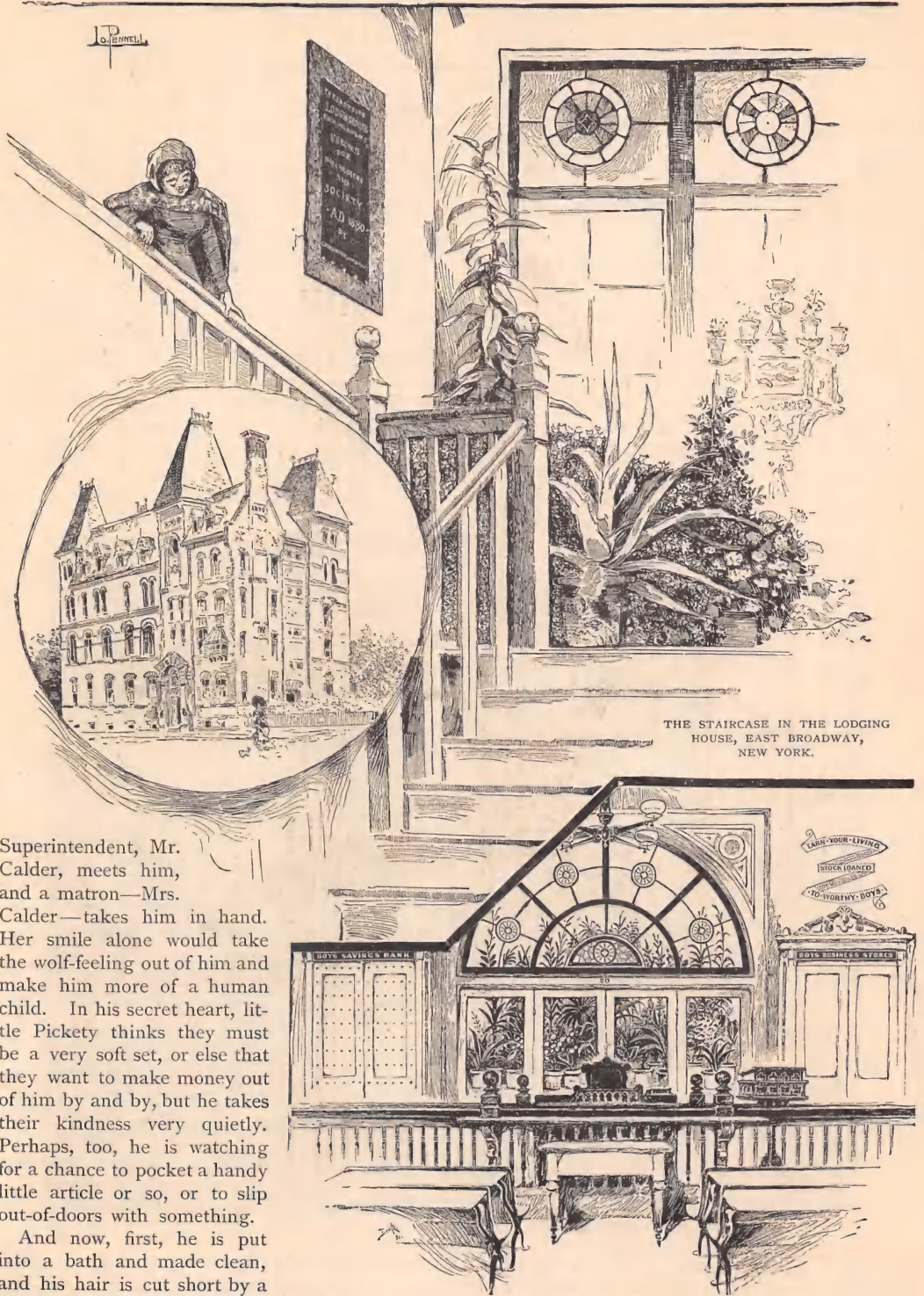


THE EVENING TOILET.

I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steam-gratings in winter, till the M. P.'s [policemen] come along,

beautiful "Lodging House," put up by a generous lady for just such homeless children. It stands at No. 287 East Broadway. A kind, experienced





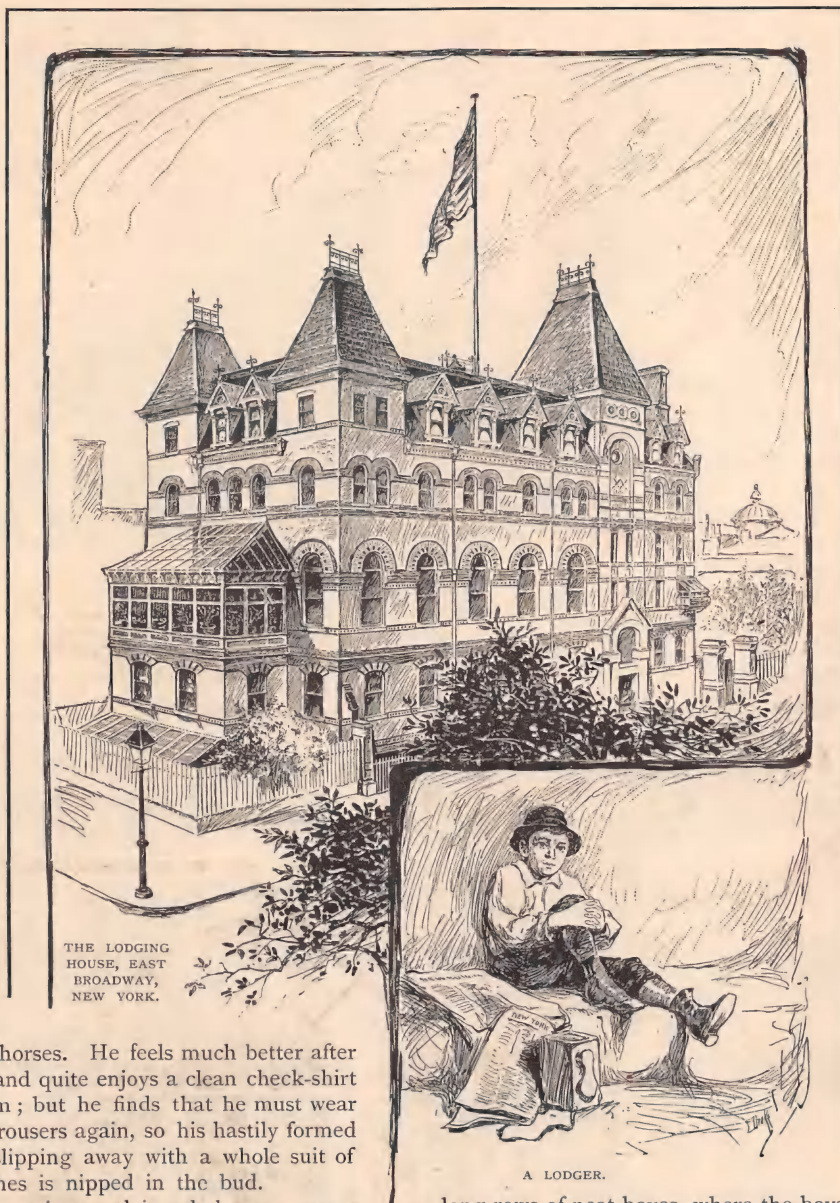
THE STAIRCASE IN THE LODGING  
HOUSE, EAST BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

Superintendent, Mr. Calder, meets him, and a matron—Mrs. Calder—takes him in hand. Her smile alone would take the wolf-feeling out of him and make him more of a human child. In his secret heart, little Pickety thinks they must be a very soft set, or else that they want to make money out of him by and by, but he takes their kindness very quietly. Perhaps, too, he is watching for a chance to pocket a handy little article or so, or to slip out-of-doors with something.

And now, first, he is put into a bath and made clean, and his hair is cut short by a cutter such as those used for

THE EAST END OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.





THE LODGING  
HOUSE, EAST  
BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

A LODGER.

clipping horses. He feels much better after all this, and quite enjoys a clean check-shirt given him; but he finds that he must wear his old trousers again, so his hastily formed plan of slipping away with a whole suit of new clothes is nipped in the bud.

He then enjoys a plain, wholesome supper in company with a number of other boys, who have been in the house longer; and when he sees the sweet face of the matron who is serving them, he finds his feelings change a little, and he almost thinks she is too good for him to try to cheat her.

Presently, he goes up willingly to a large, cheerful school-room. It is the prettiest place he ever saw; there are many lights, and large windows, and beautiful flowers in a conservatory at the end, and pot-flowers at the sides, and a nice library, and

long rows of neat boxes, where the boys keep their books and things.

Every part of this room is as clean as wax-work, and Pickety is very glad he has had that thorough washing; it begins to dawn upon him, too, that the people must be good who have made such a nice room for poor boys. But he still keeps a lookout, lest he should be entrapped in some disagreeable way.

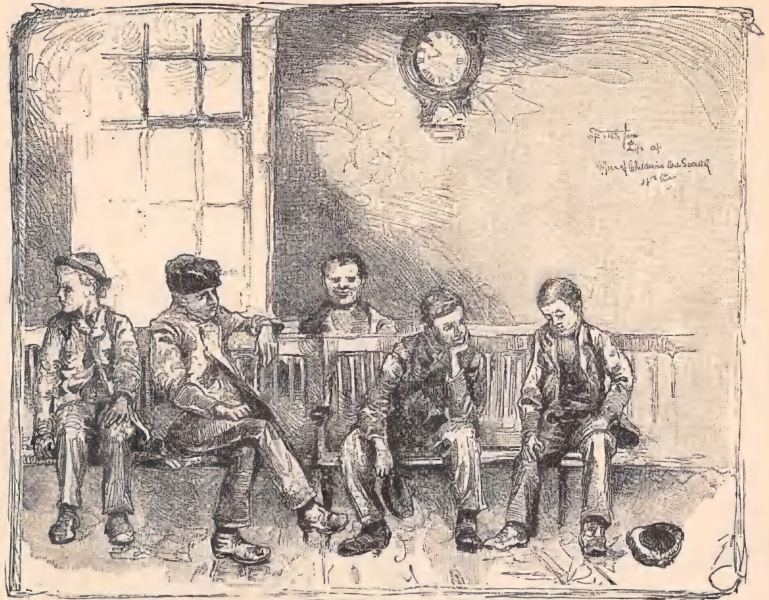
By and by, the Superintendent, a handsome, benevolent-looking man, talks to the boys about



things our little waif never heard of before—of doing right, and making true change in selling newspapers, and not stealing other people's property, and of a God above who is pleased if a street-boy is honest and good. Little Pickety thinks this is meant for him, for only yesterday a customer gave him a ten-cent piece by mistake for a penny, and he never told him, but pocketed the money; and he remembers a poor old woman, whose apples he used to steal, till she had to break up her stand and go to the Island Almshouse; so he feels very uneasy at the Superintendent's words.

After this came the lessons, and for the first time

he was introduced to all the letters, though he had another; and he was very glad to find that he known enough before to tell one newspaper from learned them quickly, and that in counting and



BOYS WHO WANT TO GO WEST, WAITING IN THE OFFICE IN FOURTH STREET.



"THE LARGE, AIRY DORMITORY, CLEAN AS A SHIP'S DECK, WITH WIRE-BEDS ARRANGED ON IRON FRAMES."



sums he was quicker than the others; of course, this was because he had sold papers and so had had to make change so often.

Little Pickety's greatest surprise, however, was when he was taken up to the sleeping-room—a large, handsome, airy dormitory, clean as a ship's deck, with nice, springy wire-beds arranged on iron frames, one over another, like ships' bunks. He saw some boys kneeling down before climbing into bed, and he thought he, too, might say something to the Great Being above, of whom he had heard, and who seemed to care even for such poor creatures as he—and he made his prayer. He had had some intention of ranging around at night and playing some trick, or stealing something, but his new feelings drove the idea out of his head; and, besides, he saw presently that strict watch was kept.

ness, and others had paid for their lodgings and meals (five cents each), and he began to feel he, too, must do something. He did not wish to be a "pauper," nor to have anybody think of him as one, and he saw lads as small as he who said they



A GOOD-NIGHT CHAT.

earned from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and that they bought their own clothes.

One bright little fellow especially excited his envy by declaring that *he* "belonged to the upper ten," as it appeared he slept in the ten-cent dormitory, and had his own special "ten-cent locker" for his clothes, with a private key.

Hearing all this, Pickety at length ventured to speak to the Superintendent, who kindly explained to him that each boy was expected to do all he could to pay his own way, that idle and pauper boys were not wanted there, and that some kind gentleman had supplied money with which to help boys who might wish to start in business.

Pickety knew all about the boot-blackening business, but, as he explained, "a big boy had punched him and stolen all his

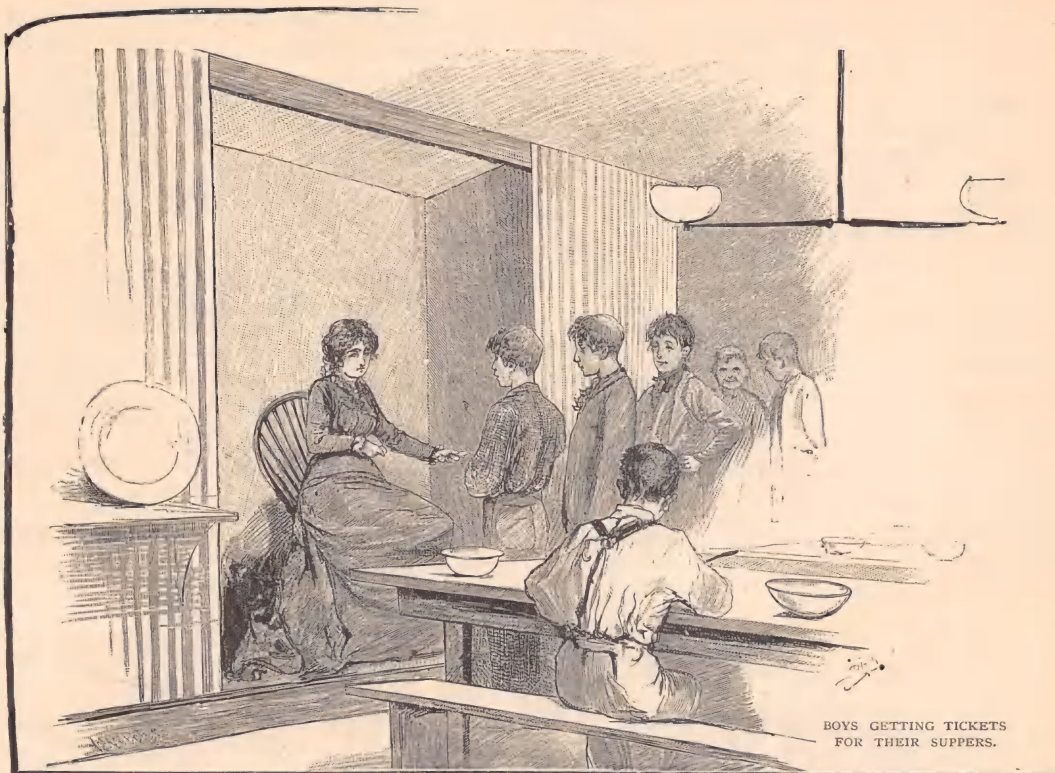
kit." He could sell newspapers, too, but he had been "stuck" with his last lot, and had lost all his money; and after that piece of bad luck he had lived on bits of bread that a hotel-waiter had



THE SAVINGS-BANK.

After his breakfast next morning, he heard that some boys had put their money into the "savings-bank" in the audience-room; and others had borrowed from the fund for starting boys in busi-





BOYS GETTING TICKETS  
FOR THEIR SUPPERS.



THE FLOWER-MISSION.—DISTRIBUTING BOUQUETS TO SICK WOMEN AND CHILDREN. [SEE PAGE 552.]



given him, and once or twice he had been fed by one of the other boys.

Mr. Calder was ready to supply him with a boot-blackening outfit, or to give him checks which would entitle him to so many copies of the *Telegram* or *Daily News*, the boy to return the value of the checks, after a few days, when he should have made some money.

Pickety chose the newspaper checks, and cleared twenty-five cents, and then invested again, and came back at night with fifty cents made, feeling very proud and independent, since he was now able to pay for his lodging and meals.

buy "policy-tickets," and thus take a short path to fortune. Other boys were after him to "go on the lay," as they called it—that



is, to break open stores, and so gain fifty or a hundred dollars at once, instead of working hard every day and all day, for the sake of getting a few pennies. But in the Sunday-evening meetings of the



"MINO" ADDRESSES THE BOYS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

The next day and the next, he appeared at the Lodging House, for he rather liked the place and the people, and, wide-awake as he was, he saw that he got a great deal for his money, and could not hope to do better anywhere else. In a few days he had repaid the loan, had a little capital ahead, and actually found himself rich enough to afford a pair of new trousers.

Then, later, having some money, he was sorely tempted to pitch pennies and make more, or to

Lodging House, Pickety heard a great deal about the sin of stealing and the folly of such "short cuts to fortune," and he began to see how wrong and foolish all these things were; and that he ought to try in his humble way to lead a straight-forward and manly life, and to please the wonderful Being of whom the teacher read in the Testament, and who had lived and died on the earth for men.

So Pickety broke away from bad companions, and, finding that liberal interest was offered in the



savings-bank of the Lodging House, he put his money there; and when, after some months, they would no longer keep it there, because, they said, it was too much to risk, he felt very proud to place it in a big savings-bank in the city.

Little Pickety happened to be sent one day to the Superintendent's sitting-room; he knocked at the door, and heard a harsh voice cry:

"Come in!"

So he opened the door and entered.

To his surprise, he found no one in the cozy, tasteful little room. But a deep, sepulchral voice from a dark corner of the room asked: "Who are you?"

The little street-rover was not afraid of human enemies, but of ghosts he had heard many a fearful story; and he now began to quake in his shoes. Suddenly, however, he discovered, in a cage in the corner, a strange, weird-looking bird, about as large as a crow, dark as night, with a most beautiful metallic luster on its feathers. The bird held its great head sidewise, and, after peering at the boy in a most searching fashion for a minute, it unexpectedly exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest misery:

"*P-o-o-r M-i-n-o!*" and again: "*M-i-n-o w-a-n-t-s a drink of w-a-t-e-r!*" with various other plaintive speeches, which seemed to come from the throat of some stout, heavy alderman. The creature ended by whistling, in not at all a melancholy manner, that lively air called "Captain Jinks."

Pickety ran back in great haste to describe his wonderful discovery to his comrades, when Mr. Calder brought down the cage among them, and it was a source of endless amusement, as it often had been before to other sets of lads. The mischievous boys took special delight in having Mino in the school-room; for whenever the Superintendent had begun a prayer, or was making some serious remarks, the bird was sure to give vent to an unearthly scream, or to call out in its harsh voice: "Who are you?" or otherwise break in upon the sobriety of the occasion.

Pickety was especially touched, one day, by seeing poor sick women and children come up to Mr. Calder's desk for the little bouquets of flowers furnished to the Flower Mission by kind people in the country. The lad knew that these beautiful gifts were carried home to the dark cellars and miserable attics of that neighborhood, and that these bunches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers came like gifts from God, gladdening the bedside of many a sick and dying creature in the poor quarter around the Lodging House.

Pickety had now lost much of his former wolfish, savage nature: he did not wish to go back to his

jungle and den; he had learned to eat with his knife and fork, and to sleep in a bed, like a civilized human being; he was less cunning but more bright, and was kind to other boys; he had begun to have a desire to earn and own something, and to get on in the world. Besides, he had some idea of religion, and a great longing to be considered a manly fellow; and he was beginning to read in books.

At length, one day, the Superintendent called him and told him he could not be always in the Lodging House, for they did not keep boys long, and he must soon strike out by himself and endeavor to make his own way in the world.

The Superintendent also explained to the bright young lad that the best possible employment for a young working-boy in this country was farming, and that there were kind-hearted farmers in the West who would be glad to take him, and teach him their business, giving him at first only clothing and food, but paying him fair wages later on. In this way he would have (for the first time in his life) a home, and might grow up with the farmer's family, and share in all the good things they had.

Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the West, and by and by to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas—which to the New York boy seems the best State in the West.

We have not time nor space to follow his fortunes there: everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months:

"—, —, KANSAS.

"MR. MACY—DEAR SIR: I write you these few lines hoping you are in good health at present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return





A WOLF-REARED BOY.



it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

"The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plough and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals—'cept prairie-wolves, and you can scare *them* with anything.

"If any boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs and dogs. No pegging stones at rag-pickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

"Tell 'Banty' I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from 'Pickety,' and he will know me.

"Yours truly, ———."

He learned his farm-work fast and soon made

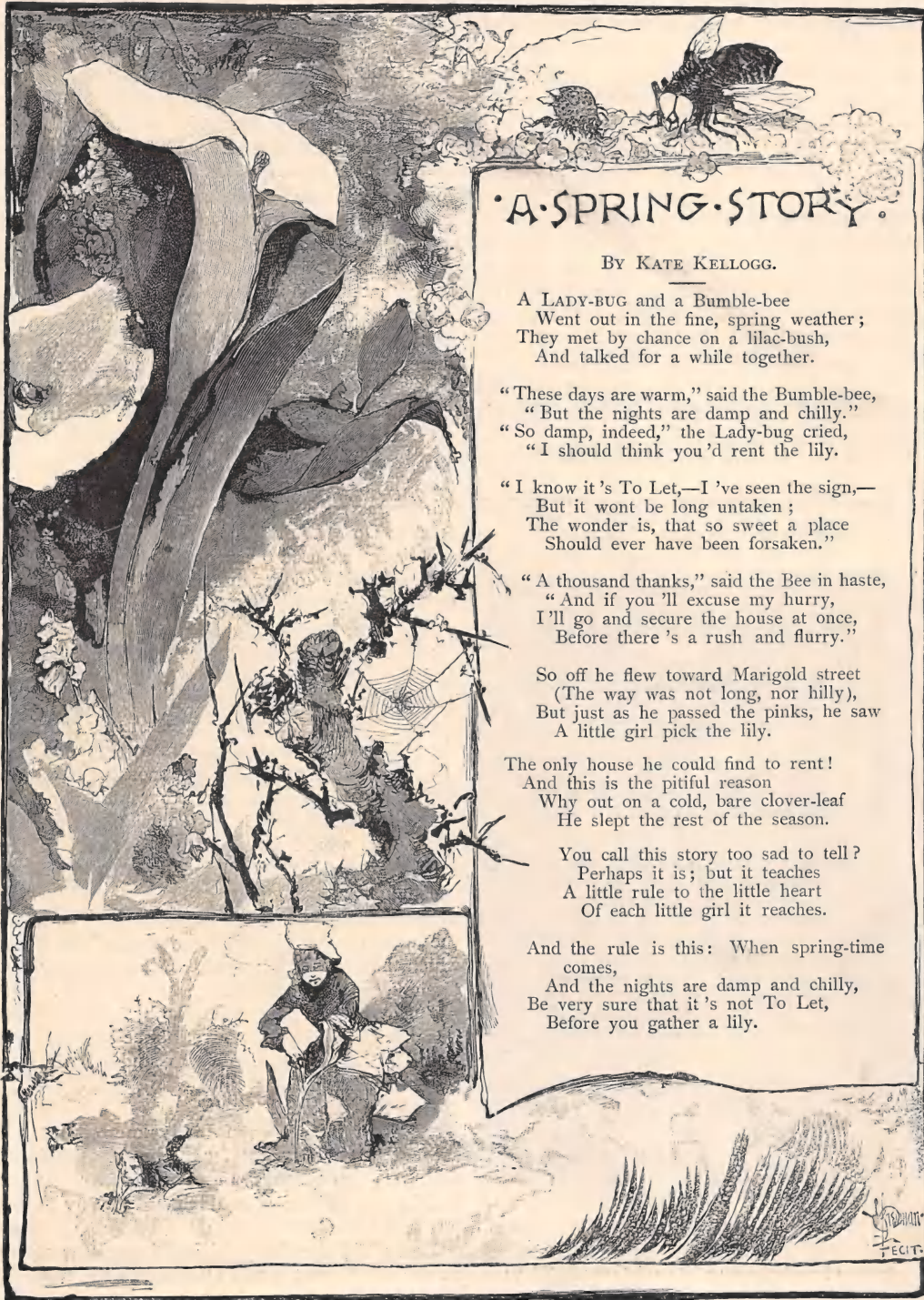
himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too: when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by and by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name he took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the Good Being he had heard of in the Lodging House, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him,—



A THRIVING FARMER ON HIS OWN LAND.





## A SPRING STORY.

BY KATE KELLOGG.

A LADY-BUG and a Bumble-bee  
Went out in the fine, spring weather;  
They met by chance on a lilac-bush,  
And talked for a while together.

"These days are warm," said the Bumble-bee,  
"But the nights are damp and chilly."  
"So damp, indeed," the Lady-bug cried,  
"I should think you'd rent the lily."

"I know it's To Let,—I've seen the sign,—  
But it won't be long untaken;  
The wonder is, that so sweet a place  
Should ever have been forsaken."

"A thousand thanks," said the Bee in haste,  
"And if you'll excuse my hurry,  
I'll go and secure the house at once,  
Before there's a rush and flurry."

So off he flew toward Marigold street  
(The way was not long, nor hilly),  
But just as he passed the pinks, he saw  
A little girl pick the lily.

The only house he could find to rent!  
And this is the pitiful reason  
Why out on a cold, bare clover-leaf  
He slept the rest of the season.

You call this story too sad to tell?  
Perhaps it is; but it teaches  
A little rule to the little heart  
Of each little girl it reaches.

And the rule is this: When spring-time  
comes,  
And the nights are damp and chilly,  
Be very sure that it's not To Let,  
Before you gather a lily.



## DONALD AND DOROTHY.\*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A DISCOVERY IN THE GARRET.

"Is Miss Dorothy in?"

"I think she is, Miss Josie. And yet, it seems as if she went over to the Danbys'. Take a seat, Miss, and I'll see if she's in her room."

"Oh, no, Nora! I'll run up myself and surprise her."

So the house-maid went down-stairs to her work, for she and Liddy were "clearin' up" after the house-picnic of the day before; and Josie Manning started in search of Dorry.

"I'll look in her cozy corner first," said Josie to herself.

Only those friends who knew the Reeds intimately had seen Dorry's cozy corner. Mere ac-

a complete little apartment in itself. It was decorated with various keepsakes and fancy articles — some hanging upon the walls, some standing on the mantel-shelf, and some on the cabinet in which she kept her "treasures." With these, and its comfortable lounge and soft Persian rug, and, more than all, with its bright little window overhead, that looked out upon the tree-tops and the gable-roof of the summer-kitchen, it was indeed a most delightful place for the little maid. And there she studied her lessons, read books, wrote letters, and thought out, as well as she could, the plans and problems of her young life. In very cold weather, a wood fire on the open hearth made the corner doubly comfortable, and on mild days, a dark fire-board and a great vase of dried grasses and red-sumac branches made it seem to Dorry the brightest place in the world.

Josie was so used to seeing her friend there that now, when she looked in and found it empty, she turned back. The cozy corner was not itself without Dorry.

"She's gone to the Danbys' after all," thought Josie, standing irresolute for a moment —

"I'll run after her. No, I'll wait here."

So, stepping into the cozy corner again, but shrugging her pretty shoulders at its loneliness, she tossed her hood and shawl upon the sofa, and, taking up a large book of photographic views that lay there, seated herself just outside the screen, where she would be sure to see Dorry if she should enter the room. Meantime, sitting in the sunshine, a pleasant heat came in upon her from the warm hall; not a sound was to be heard, and she was soon lost in the enjoyment of the book, which had carried her across the seas, far into foreign scenes and places.

But Dorry was not at the Danbys' at all. She was overhead, in the garret, kneeling beside a small leather trunk, which was studded with tarnished brass nails.

How dusty it was!

"I don't believe even Liddy knew it was up here," thought Dorry, "for the boys poked it out from away, 'way back under the rafters. If she had known of it, she would have put it with the rest of the trunks."

quaintances hardly knew of its existence. Though a part of the young lady's pretty bed-room, it was so shut off by a high, folding screen that it formed

Dorry laid the dusty lid back carefully, noting as she did so that it was attached to the trunk by a strip of buff leather inside, extending its entire length, and that its buff-paper lining was gay with



DORRY'S COZY CORNER.



sprays of pink rose-buds. In one of the upper corners of this lid was a label bearing this inscription :

*Kate Reed.  
From Papa.  
October 1849.  
For my Dolly.*

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorry, under her breath, as, still kneeling, she read the words,—“it 's Aunt Kate's own writing!”

“Papa,” ran her thoughts, “that was Donald's and my grandpapa. October, 1849—ten whole years before we were born! when she was a little girl herself!”

Then with reverent hands Dorry lifted the top article—a soft, pink muslin dress, which had a narrow frill of yellowish lace, basted at the neck. It seemed to have been cast aside as partly worn out. Beneath this lay a small black silk apron, which had silk shoulder-straps, bordered with narrow black lace, and also little pockets trimmed with lace. Dorry, gently thrusting her hand into one of these pockets, drew forth a bit of crumpled ribbon, some fragments of dried rose-leaves, and a silver thimble marked “K. R.” She put it on her thimble-finger; it fitted exactly.

“Oh, dear!” thought Dorry, as, with flushed cheeks and quick-beating heart, she looked at the dress and apron on her lap; “I wish Don would come!” Then followed a suspicion that perhaps she ought to call him, and Uncle George, too, before proceeding further; but the desire to go on was stronger. Aunt Kate was hers,—“my aunty, even more than Don's,” she thought, “because he's a boy, and of course does n't care so much,”—and then she lifted a slim, white paper parcel, nearly as long as the trunk. It was partly wrapped in an old piece of white Canton crape, embroidered with white silk stars at regular intervals. Removing this, Dorry was about to take off the white paper wrapper also, when she caught sight of some words written on it in pencil.

“Dear Aunt Kate!” thought Dorry, intensely interested; “how carefully she wrapped up and marked everything! Just my way;” and she read:

*My dear little Delia: I am fourteen to-day, too old for dolls, so I must put you to sleep and lay you away. But I'll keep you, my dear dolly, as*

*long as I live, and if I ever have a dear little girl, she shall wake you and play with you and love you, and I promise to name her Delia, after you. Kate Reed. August, 1852.*

With a strange conflict of feeling, and for the moment forgetting everything else, Dorry read the words over and over, through her tears; adding, softly: “Delia! That's why my little cousin was named Delia.”

And, as she slowly opened the parcel, it almost seemed to her that Cousin Delia, Aunt Kate's own little girl, had come back to life, and was sitting on the floor beside her, and that she and Delia always would be true and good, and would love Aunt Kate forever and ever.

But the doll, Delia, recalled her. How pretty and fresh it was!—a sweet rosy face, with round cheeks and real hair, once neatly curled, but now pressed in flat rings against the bare dimpled shoulders. The eyes were closed, and when Dorry sought for some means of opening them, she found a wire evidently designed for that purpose. But it had become so rusty and stiff that it would not move. Somehow the closed eyes troubled her, and before she realized what she was doing, she gave the wire such a vigorous jerk that the eyes opened—bright, blue, glad eyes, that seemed to recognize her.

“Oh, you pretty thing!” exclaimed Dorry, as she kissed the smiling face and held it close to her cheek for a moment. “Delia never can play with you, dear; she was drowned, but I'll keep you as long as I live—Who's that? Oh, Don, how you startled me! I am so glad you've come.”

“Why, what's the matter, Dot?” he asked, hurrying forward, as she turned toward him, with the doll still in her arms. “Not crying?”

“Oh, no, no, I'm not crying,” she said, hastily wiping her eyes, and surprised to find them wet. “See here! This is Delia. Oh, Don, don't laugh. Stop, stop!”

Checking his sudden mirth, as he saw Dorry's indignation, and glancing at the open trunk, which until now had escaped his notice, he began to suspect what was the matter.

“Is it Aunt Kate's?” he asked, gravely, as he knelt beside her.

“Yes, Don; Aunt Kate's doll when she was a little girl. This is the trunk that I told you about—the one that the diary fell out of.”

A strong, boyish step was heard coming up the garret stair: “Who is it? Run, Don, don't let any one come up here!” begged Dorry.

“It's Ed Tyler,—Hold up, Ed!” cried Don, obediently. “I'll be there in a minute.” Then hurriedly kissing Dorry, and with a hearty “cheer up, little sister!” he was gone.



Don's pleasant tone and quick step changed the current of Dorry's thoughts. More than this, a bright beam of sunlight now shone through the dusty window. Sobbing no longer, she carefully wrapped the doll in the same paper and piece of silk that had held it for so many years. As she arose, holding the parcel in her hand, the pink dress and black silk apron on her lap fell to the floor.

A sudden thought came to her. Dorry never could remain sad very long at a time. She hastily opened the parcel again.

"Lie down there, Delia dear," she said, gently placing the doll on the rose-buds of the still open trunk-lid. "Lie down there, till I put on these things. I'm going to take you down to see your uncle!"

"Wont he be astonished, though!" murmured Dorry, as, half smiling, half sighing, she took off her dress in great excitement, and put on, first the pink muslin, and then the black silk apron, fastening them at the back as well as she could, with many a laborious twist and turn of her white arms, and with a half-puzzled consciousness that the garments were a perfect fit.

The dress, which was high at the neck, had short sleeves, and was gathered to a belt at the waist. Tying the apron at the back, so that the ends of its black ribbon bow hung down over the full pink skirt, she proceeded to adjust the silk straps that, starting in front at the belt, went over the shoulders and down again at the back.

As she did this and perceived that each strap was wide on the top and tapered toward the belt, it struck her that the effect must be quite pretty. Bending, to take up Delia, she saw, for the first time, among the bits of calico and silk lying in the bottom of the trunk, what proved to be a wide-brimmed straw hat. In another moment it was on her head, and, with a quick little laugh, she caught up Delia and ran down the stairs.

Looking neither to right nor left, Dorry sped down the next flight; across the hall, on tiptoe now, and so on to the study door, which stood ajar just enough to admit her slight figure.

Mr. Reed, who sat at the table busily writing, did not even look up when she entered.

"How d' ye do?" she exclaimed, courtesying to her uncle, with the doll in her arms.

He sprang to his feet in amazement.

"Don't be frightened. It's only Dorry. I just wanted to surprise you! See," she continued, as he stood staring wildly at her, "I found all these things upstairs. And look at the dolly!"

By this time the hat had fallen off, and she was shaking her tumbled hair at him in a vehement manner, still holding Delia in her extended arms.



JOSIE MANNING WAITS FOR DORRY.

"Good-bye, Ed!" rang out Donald's clear voice from the piazza, and in an instant he was looking through the study window, much surprised to see a quaint little pink figure folded in Uncle George's embrace, while Dorry's voice was calling from somewhere: "Be careful! Be careful! You'll break Delia!"

Ed Tyler, sauntering homeward, met Josie Manning on her way to the Danbys'. "I think Dorry has gone to see Charity Danby," she said, "and I'm going after her. I've been waiting at her house, ever so long."

"I've been at Don's, too," said Ed. "Just come from there."

Josie laughed. "As if I did n't know that," she said. "Why, I was in Dorry's room all the time. First I heard Don run up to the garret for some-



thing, then you went up after him, and then you both passed down again, and out upon the piazza. I suppose you went to the old carriage-house, as usual, did n't you?"

"Of course we did. We 're turning it into a first-class gymnasium. Mr. Reed has given it to Don outright, and I tell you it will be a big thing. Jack 's helping us. Don has saved up lots of pocket-money, and Mr. Reed gives him all the lumber he wants. Just you wait. But, by the way, Dorry is n't out. Don told me himself she was rummaging up in the garret."

"Why, that 's queer!" was Josie's surprised exclamation. "Then it must have been Dorry who ran down-stairs. It could n't be, though—some one with a hat on and a short-sleeved pink dress went by like a flash."

"Don't you know Dorry Reed yet?" laughed Ed—"she is always dressing up. Why, one day when I was there, she came into Don's room dressed like an old woman—cap, crutch, corked wrinkles and all complete—never saw anything like it. What a little witch she is!"

"I think she 's an angel!" said Josie, warmly.

"A pretty lively angel!" was Ed's response.

But the tone of admiration was so genuine that it satisfied even Josie Manning.

"Well!" exclaimed Donald, noting Dorry's strange costume as he entered the room, after shouting a second good-bye to Ed Tyler.

"Well!" echoed Dorry, freeing herself from her uncle's arms, and facing Donald, with a little jump—"what of it? I thought I 'd pay Uncle a visit with my pretty doll-cousin here" (hugging Delia as she spoke), "and he started as if I were a ghost. Did n't you, Uncle?"

"I suppose I did," assented Mr. Reed, with a sad smile. "In fact, Dorry, I may as well admit that what is fun to you happened, for once, not to be fun to me."

"But it *was* n't fun to me!" cried that astonishing Dorry. "It was—it was—tell him, Don; you know."

There was no need for Don to speak. Dorry's flushed cheeks, shining eyes, and excited manner told their own story—and both her brother and uncle, because they knew her so well, felt quite sure that in a moment Dorothy's own self would have a word to say.

Still folding the dolly to her heart and in both arms, just as she would have held it years before, and with the yearning look of a little child, the young girl, without moving from the middle of the room, looked wistfully toward the window, as though she saw outside some one whom she loved, but who could not or would not come to her. Then she

stepped toward her uncle, who had seated himself again in the big chair, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said earnestly:

"Uncle, I 've been brought nearer to Aunt Kate to-day than ever in my life before, and the lonely feeling is almost all gone. I found a little old trunk, far back under the rafters, with her doll in it, her clothes and her writing, and now I see how *real* she was,—not like a dream, as she used to seem, but just one of us. You know what I mean."

"A trunk, Dorry! What? Where?" was all the response Uncle George made, as, hastening from the room, he started for the garret, keeping ahead of the others all the way.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DORRY ASKS A QUESTION.

DONALD and Dorothy followed their uncle closely, though he seemed to have forgotten them; and they were by his side when he reached the little treasure-trove, with its still opened lid.

Paying no attention to their presence, Mr. Reed hurriedly, but with the tenderest touch, took out every article and examined it closely.

When he came to the diary, which Dorry that day had restored unopened to the trunk, he eagerly scanned its pages, here and there; then, to the great disappointment of the D's, he silently laid it down, as if intending soon to take it away with him.

"May we see that, Uncle?" asked Dorry, softly. "Is n't it right for us to read it? We found out it was her diary—but I put it back——"

Without replying, Uncle George went on with his examination. Finally, replacing the last article in the trunk, he closed the lid with a hopeless air, and turned toward Dorry, saying:

"Dorothy, where is that doll? It must go back where you found it, and the clothes, too."

She handed it to him without a word—all her hope turned to bitterness.

But as he took it, noting her grieved expression, he said:

"Thank you, my dear. You are too old to play with dolls——"

"Oh, Uncle, it is too bad for you to speak so! You *know* I did n't mean to play with it. It is n't a dolly to me—she 's more like—like something with life. But you can shut her up in the dark, if you want to."

"Dorry! Dorry!" said Don, reproachfully. "Don't be so excited."

In a flash of thought, Dorry made up her mind to speak—now or never.

"Uncle!" said she, solemnly, "I am going to



ask you a question—and, if it is wrong, I can't help it. What is the reason that you always feel so badly when I speak of Aunt Kate?"

He looked at her in blank surprise for an instant; then, as she still awaited his reply, he echoed her words, "Feel badly when you speak of Aunt Kate! Why, my child, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Uncle dear, that there is a secret in the house: something you have never told Don and me. It's always coming up and making mischief, and I don't think it's right at all. Neither does Don."

"That's so, Uncle," said Donald, emphatically; "we feel sure there is something that gives you trouble. Why not let us share it with you? Remember, we are not little children any longer."

The uncle looked quickly from one to the other, mentally deciding that the children could be told only the facts that were positively known to him; then seating himself on the corner of a large chest, he drew Don and Dorry toward him.

"Yes, my children," he said, in his own hearty way, as if already a load had been taken from his mind, "there *is* something. It is right that I should tell you, and this is as good a time as any. Put the doll away, Dorry" (he spoke very gently now), "wherever you please, and come down-stairs. It is chilly up here—and, by the way, you will catch cold in that thin gown. What have we been thinking of all this while?"

"Oh, I'm as warm as toast, Uncle," she replied, at the same time taking her pretty merino dress from the old chair upon which she had thrown it, scarcely an hour ago; "but I suppose it's always better to be on the safe side, as Liddy says."

"Much better," said Uncle, nodding with forced cheerfulness. "Down with you, Dot. We'll join you in a minute."

Dorry saw her uncle stooping low to peer into the far roof-end of the garret, as she left them; and she had time to place Delia carefully in her treasure-cabinet, put on the warmer dress, and be ready to receive her uncle and Donald before they made their appearance.

"May we be your guests, Dot?" asked Uncle George, at her door.

"Oh, yes, sir; come right in here," was her pleased response, as, with a conflict of curiosity and dread, Dorry gracefully conducted them into her cozy corner.

"It is too pretty and dainty here for our rough masculine tread, eh, Don?" was Mr. Reed's remark, as, with something very like a sigh, he seated himself beside Dorry upon the sofa, while her brother rested upon one of its ends.

"Well," began Dorry, clasping her hands

tightly, and trying to feel calm. "We're ready, now, Uncle."

"And so am I," said he. "But first of all, I must ask you both not to magnify the importance of what I am going to reveal."

"About Aunt Kate?" interposed Dorry.

"About Aunt Kate. Do not think you have lost her, because she was really, no—I should say—not exactly."

"Oh," urged Dorry, "don't stop so, Uncle! Please do go on!"

"As I was about to say," resumed Mr. Reed, in a tone of mild rebuke at the interruption, "it really never made any difference to me, nor to your father, and it should make no difference to you now. You know," he continued, with some hesitation, "children sometimes are adopted into families—that is to say, they are loved just the same, and cared for just the same, but they are not own children. Do you understand?"

"Understand what, please, Uncle? Did Aunt Kate adopt any one?" asked Dorry.

"No, but my father and mother did; your grandfather and grandmother Reed, you know," said he, looking at the D's in turn, as though he hoped one of them would help him.

"You don't mean, Uncle," almost screamed Dorry, "that it was that—that horrid——"

Donald came to her assistance.

"Was it *that man*, Uncle?" he asked, quickly. "Ben Buster told me the fellow claimed to be related to us—was *he* ever adopted by Grandfather Reed?"

"Ugh!" shuddered Dorry.

Very little help poor Uncle George could hope to have now from the D's. The only way left was to speak out plainly.

"No, not that man, my children; but Aunt Kate. Aunt Kate was an adopted daughter—an adopted sister—but she was in all other respects one of our family. Never was daughter or sister more truly beloved. She was but two years old, an orphan, when she came to us. Grandpa and Grandma Reed had known her parents, and when the little"—here Mr. Reed hastily resolved to say nothing of Eben Slade for the present—"the little girl was left alone in the world, destitute, with no relatives to care for her, my father and mother took her into their home, to bear their name and to be their own dear little daughter."

"When Aunt Kate was old enough, they told her all, but it was her wish that we boys should forget that we were not really her brothers. This was before we came to live in this house."

"Our Nestletown neighbors, hearing nothing of the adoption, naturally supposed that little Kate Reed was our own sister. The secret was known



only to our relatives, and one or two old friends, and Lydia, who was Kate's devoted nurse and attendant. In fact, we never thought anything about it. To us, as to the world outside, she was Kate Reed — the joy and pride of our home — our sister Kate to the very last. So it really made no serious difference. Don't you see?"

Not a word from either of the listeners.

"Of course, Dorry darling," he said, coaxingly, "this is very strange news to you, but you must meet it bravely and as I said be-

understand it all? Don't you see that Aunt Kate is Aunt Kate still?"

"Yes, indeed. I say so, most decidedly," broke forth Donald. "And I am very glad, you have told us, Uncle. Are n't you, Dorry?"

Dorry could not speak, but she kissed Uncle George and tried to feel brave.

"Mamma and Aunt Kate were great friends, were n't they?" Donald asked.

"Yes, indeed. Though they became acquainted only a few months before your parents married and departed for Europe, they soon became very fond of each other."

"Then, Uncle," pursued Donald, "why did n't you know Mother, too? I should think she would have come here to visit Aunt Kate, sometimes."

"As your mother was an only child, living alone with her invalid father, she was unwilling to leave

him, and so Aunt Kate visited her instead. I wish it had been different, and that I could speak to you and Dorothy more fully of your mother, whom I rarely saw. We all

know that she was good and lovely, but I should like to be able to bring her familiarly to your minds. This old home would be all the dearer if it could be associated with thoughts of your mother and happy days which she had passed here with Aunt Kate —"

At this point Mr. Reed was summoned to his study. A gentleman from town had called to see him on business.

"Keep up a good heart, my girl," he said, tenderly, to Dorry, as he left her, "and as soon as you feel like it, take a run out-of-doors with Donald. The bracing air will drive all sad thoughts away."

Dorry tried to smile pleasantly, as she promised to follow his advice. She even begged Don not to wait any longer, assuring him that she would go out and join him very soon.



DONALD AND ED TYLER TRY THE GYMNASIUM.

fore, without giving it undue importance. I wish now that, from the first, you and Donald had been told all this; but indeed your Aunt Kate was always so dear to me, that I wished you to consider her, as she considered herself, a relative. It has been my great consolation to think and speak of your father and her as my brother and sister, and to see you, day by day, growing to love and honor her memory as she deserved — Now, do you not



"That 's a good old Dot," said Don, proudly.  
 "I 'll wait for you. Where 's your hat?"

"No, you go first, Don. I 'll be out soon. I really will."

"All right. Ed 's out there again by this time. You 'll find us in the gymnasium," and off he ran, well knowing that Dorry's heart was heavy, but believing that the truest kindness and sympathy lay in making as light as possible of Uncle George's revelation—which, he felt, was n't so serious a thing after all, if looked at in the right manner.

Dorothy waited until he was out of sight, and then sat down to think it all over.

The result was that when Liddy chanced to pass through the hall, a few moments later, she was startled at hearing half-suppressed sobs.

According to the custom of the house, which made the cozy corner a sort of refuge for Dorry, the good woman, upon entering at the open door, stood a moment wondering what to do. But as the sound of another little sob came from behind the screen, she called out in a cheery voice:

"May I come in, Miss Dorry, dear?"

"Y-yes," was the answer. "Oh, Liddy, is that you? Uncle has told us all about it."

"Sakes alive!" cried Liddy, holding up her hands in dismay—"not told you everything?"

"Yes, he has," insisted Dorry, weeping afresh, as Lydia's manner seemed to give her a new right to consider that an awful fact had been revealed to her. "I know now all about it. I have n't any Aunt Kate at all. I 'm a-all alone!"

"For shame, Miss Dorry; how can you talk so? You, with your blessed uncle and your brother, to say nothing of them who have cherished you in their arms from the day you were a helpless baby—for shame, Miss, to say such a thing!"

This put matters in a new light.

"Oh, Liddy, you don't know about it. There 's no Aunt K-Kate, any way," sobbed Dorry, rather relieved at finding herself the subject of a good scolding.

"There is n't, eh? Well, I 'd like to know why not!" retorted Lydia, furtively wiping her eyes. "I guess there *is*. I knew, long before you were born, that she was a dear little adopted girl. But what of that—that does n't mean she was n't ever a little girl at all. Don't you know, Miss Dorry, child, that a human being 's a human being, and folks care for 'em for what they are? It was n't just belongin' to this or that family made Miss Kate so lovely—it 's what she was herself, and I can certify to her bein' as real as you and me are—if that 's all that 's wanted."

By this time Dorry, though half comforted, had buried her face in the sofa-pillow.

"Not that I can't feel for you, poor dear," Liddy continued, gently patting the young girl's shoulder, but speaking more rapidly—"many 's the time I 've wept tears, just to think of you, longing with all your little heart for a mother. I 'm a rough old body, my dove, and what are your dear good uncle and Master Donald but menkind, after all, and it 's natural you should pine for Aunt. Ah, I 'm afraid it 's my doings that you 've been thinkin' of her all these days, when, may be, if I 'd known your dear mother, which I did n't,—and no blame to me neither,—I would n't always have been holding Miss Kate up to you. But she was a darling, was your Aunt Kate, as you know by her picture down-stairs—don't you, dear?"

Dorry nodded into the cushion, by way of reply.

Liddy gazed at her a moment in sympathizing silence, and then, in a more cheerful tone, begged her to rouse herself:

"It wont do any good to fret about it, you know, Miss Dorry. Come, now, you 'll have the awfulest headache that ever was, if you don't brighten up. When you 're in trouble, count your blessings—that 's what I always say, and you 've a big share of 'em, after all, dear. Let me make you a nice warm cup of tea—that 'll build you up, Miss Dorry. It always helps me when I—Sakes! what 's that?"

"What 's what, Liddy?" said Dorry, languidly raising her head from the pillow. "Oh, that 's—that 's *her*—that 's Aunt Kate's frock and apron. Yes, and here 's something else. Here 's Delia—I 'll show her to you."

And so saying, she rose and stepped toward the cabinet.

"Show me Delia? Merciful heavens," cried Liddy, "has the child lost her senses!"

But the sight of the doll re-assured her.

"Oh, that 's Delia, is it?" she asked, still wondering; "well, where in the world did it come from?"

Dorry told her all about the discovery of the little trunk that had been hidden in the garret so many years.

"Oh, those miserable house-cleaners!" was Liddy's wrathful comment. "Only to think of it! We had 'em workin' up there when you twins were too little to spare me, and I 've never felt easy about it since, nor trusted any one but myself to clean that garret. To think of their pushing things in, 'way out of sight and sound like that!"

This practical digression had a good effect on Dorry. Rousing herself to make the effort, she bathed her face, smoothed her hair, and seizing her hat and shawl, started with a sigh to fulfill her promise to Donald.



And all this time, Liddy sat stroking and folding the little pink dress and black apron.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE GYMNASIUM.

WHEN Dorry reached the "gymnasium," as Ed and Don called it, she could not help smiling at the grand title they had given prematurely to a very unpromising looking place.

The building had been a fine carriage-house in its day, but of late it had been used mainly by Jack as a sort of store-house for old barrels, boxes, wheels, worn-out implements, and odds and ends of various kinds. Its respectable exterior had saved it from being pulled down when the new carriage-house was built. As Donald had planked off one end for his own special purposes,—first as a printing-office, later as a carpenter's shop,—and as Dorothy had planted vines, which in summer surrounded its big window with graceful foliage, it had become the special property of Jack and the D's.

Consequently, when Donald asked Mr. Reed to allow him to sell or send away the rubbish, and, with the proceeds of the sale of the old iron added to his own saved-up pocket-money, to turn the place into a gymnasium, his uncle not only gave free consent, but offered to let him have help and material, in case the young man should fall short of funds—as he most undoubtedly would.

The project was but a few days old at the time of the house-picnic, but being a vigorous little project, with life in its veins, it grew and prospered finely. Sailor Jack entered heartily into the work—the more so as his gallant fancy conceived the idea of some day setting up near by a sort of ship's-rigging with shrouds and ratlines, in which to give the boys lessons, and occasionally disport himself, by way of relief, when his sea-longing should

become too much for him. Plans and consultations soon were the order of the day, and Dorry becoming interested, learned more about pulleys, ropes, ladders, beams, strength of timber, and such things than any other girl in the village.

The building was kept moderately warm by an old stove, which Jack had set up two years before, when Don and Dorry had the printing-press fever (which, by the way, had broken out in the form of a tiny, short-lived newspaper, called *The Nestle-town Boom*), and day after day the boys spent every odd moment of daylight there, assisted in many ways by Dorothy. But perhaps more efficient help was rendered by Jack, when he could spare the time from his horses, and by the village carpenter, when he would deign to keep his engagements.

Above all, it was decided that the new tutor should not begin until after the Christmas holidays, now close at hand.

Under this hearty coöperation, the work prospered wonderfully,

Pretty soon, boys who came to jeer remained to try the horizontal bar or the "horse," or the ladder that stretched invitingly overhead from one end of the building to the other. By special request, Don's and Dorry's Christmas gifts from Uncle were a flying-course, a swinging-bar, and a spring-board. Jack and Don carted load after load of saw-dust from the lumber-mill, and presto! the gymnasium was in full operation.

All of which explains why Josie Manning and Dorothy Reed bought dark-blue flannel, and sent to town for the latest pattern for gymnasium dresses,—why Don and Ed soon exasperated them by comfortably purchasing suits ready-made,—why Dorry's cheeks grew rosier, why Uncle was pleased, why Jack was happy, and why Lydia was morally sure the D's would break their precious necks, if somebody did n't put a stop to it.

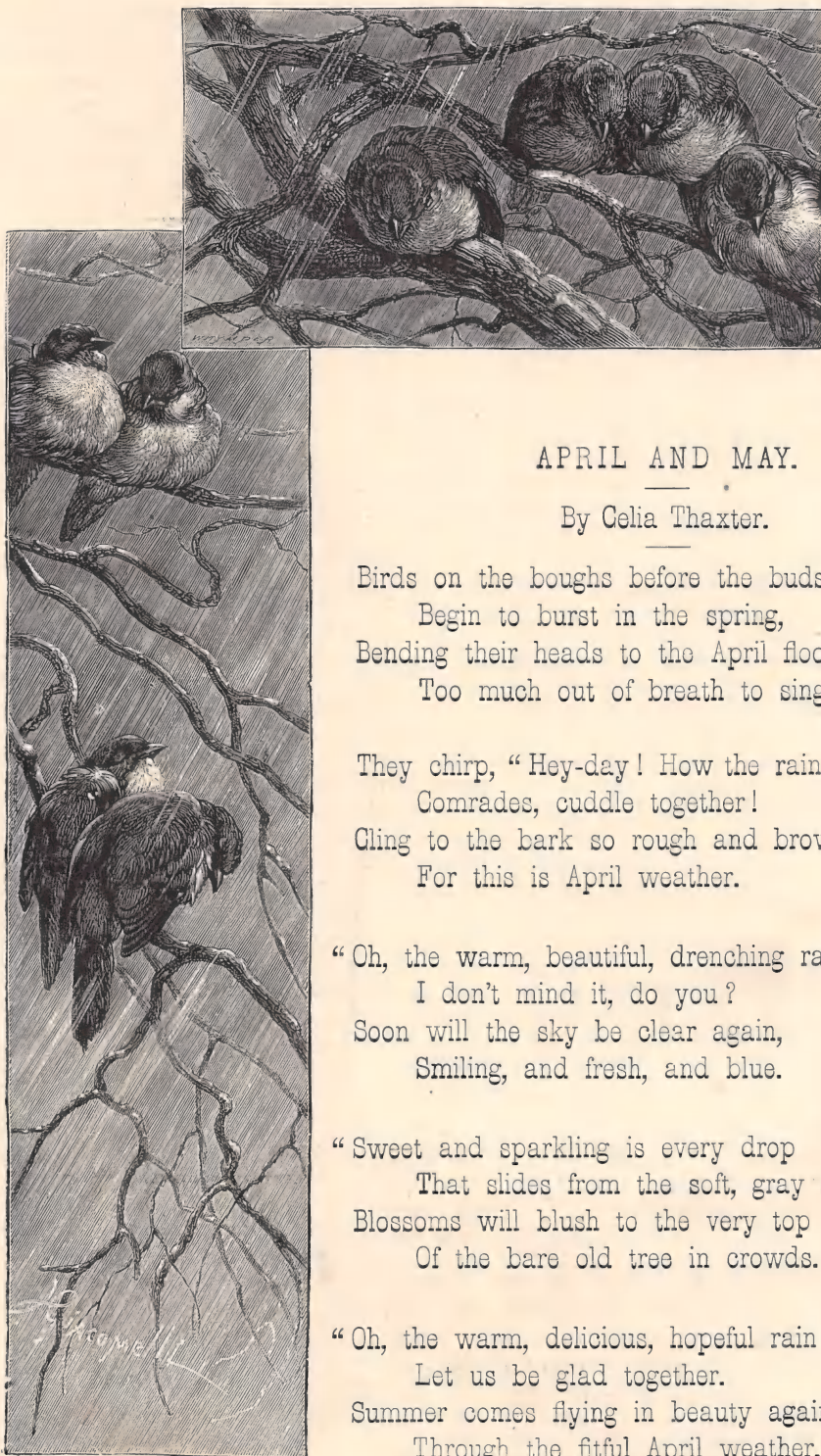
(To be continued.)

## THE MAN FROM PARIS.

THERE once was a man from "Par-ee,"  
Whose reply to all questions was "Oui!"  
When told he 'd go wrong,  
Should he not change his song,  
He replied very much as you see.







## APRIL AND MAY.

By Celia Thaxter.

Birds on the boughs before the buds  
Begin to burst in the spring,  
Bending their heads to the April floods,  
Too much out of breath to sing!

They chirp, "Hey-day! How the rain comes down!  
Comrades, cuddle together!  
Cling to the bark so rough and brown,  
For this is April weather.

"Oh, the warm, beautiful, drenching rain!  
I don't mind it, do you?  
Soon will the sky be clear again,  
Smiling, and fresh, and blue.

"Sweet and sparkling is every drop  
That slides from the soft, gray clouds;  
Blossoms will blush to the very top  
Of the bare old tree in crowds.

"Oh, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain!  
Let us be glad together.  
Summer comes flying in beauty again,  
Through the fitful April weather."



## II. MAY.

Skies are glowing in gold and blue,  
 What did the brave birds say?  
 Plenty of sunshine to come, they knew,  
 In the pleasant month of May!

She calls a breeze from the South to blow,  
 And breathe on the boughs so bare,  
 And straight they are laden with rosy snow,  
 And there's honey and spice in the air!

Oh, the glad, green leaves! Oh, the happy wind!  
 Oh, delicate fragrance and balm!  
 Storm and tumult are left behind  
 In a rapture of golden calm.

From dewy morning to starry night  
 The birds sing sweet and strong,  
 That the radiant sky is filled with light,  
 That the days are fair and long;

That bees are drowsy about the hive—  
 Earth is so warm and gay!  
 And 't is joy enough to be alive  
 In the heavenly month of May!





## MASTER THEODORE.

BY OLD NURSEY.



ITTLEBAT TITMOUSE THEODORE VAN HORN  
 Was the prettiest baby that ever was born.  
 I bathed him and fed him and taught him "Bo-peep,"  
 Rocked him and trotted him, sang him to sleep.  
 Then I bade him good-by, and crossed the wide sea,  
 And it rolled twenty years 'twixt that baby and me;  
 Till at last I resolved I would cross the blue main  
 And hug my own precious wee baby again.

Well, that old ship creaked, and that old ship tossed,—  
 I was sure as I lived that we all should be lost,—  
 But at last we saw sea-gulls, and soon we saw land;  
 And then we were in; and—if there did n't stand  
 My own blessed baby! He came there to meet me!  
 Yes, when we all landed, he hastened to greet me!  
 And wonder of wonders! that baby had grown  
 To be bigger than me, and he stood all alone!  
 "Why, Nursey!" he said (he could talk, think of that!),  
 As he bowed like a marquis and lifted his hat.  
 "Ah, how *did* you know your old Nursey? Oh, my!  
 You 've changed very much, and no wonder," says I;  
 When I spied of a sudden his mother, behind,—  
 Sweet lady! She 'd helped him Old Nursey to find.  
 And he told me, right there, he 'd a sweet little wife  
 And that I should live with them the rest of my life.

So I 'm here, and right happy. You just ought to see  
 The dear little fellow that sits on my knee.  
 He has beautiful dimples and eyes like his Ma,  
 And a nose and a chin just the same as his Pa.  
 Ah, me! He 's a beauty! There never *was* born  
 A prettier babe than this latest Van Horn.

## THE NEW LIGHT.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"It 's too bad that the fairies and giants died so long ago. It does seem as if all the wonderful things happened before there was a chance to see them. If a gnome or a nixie would appear in the woods near the fairy ring, and send word that it would do something, we could go to the telephone in the library, and tell all the boys and girls in the neighborhood to meet at the railway depot and take the train for the woods, so as to be in time to see. That would be something like! They have put an electric light on a tall mast near

the Town Hall. They say you can see it from Perkins's Hill where the fairy ring was found, and that 's more than nine miles from the Town Hall. Perhaps if there were any gnomes or fairies there, they could see it. What do you suppose they would think about it? It is very bright, and it makes the streets look like fairy-land."

You see, the boy who made this long speech was a great talker. He certainly mixed things up in a strange fashion,—fairies and telephones, gnomes and electric lights. He was sure nothing

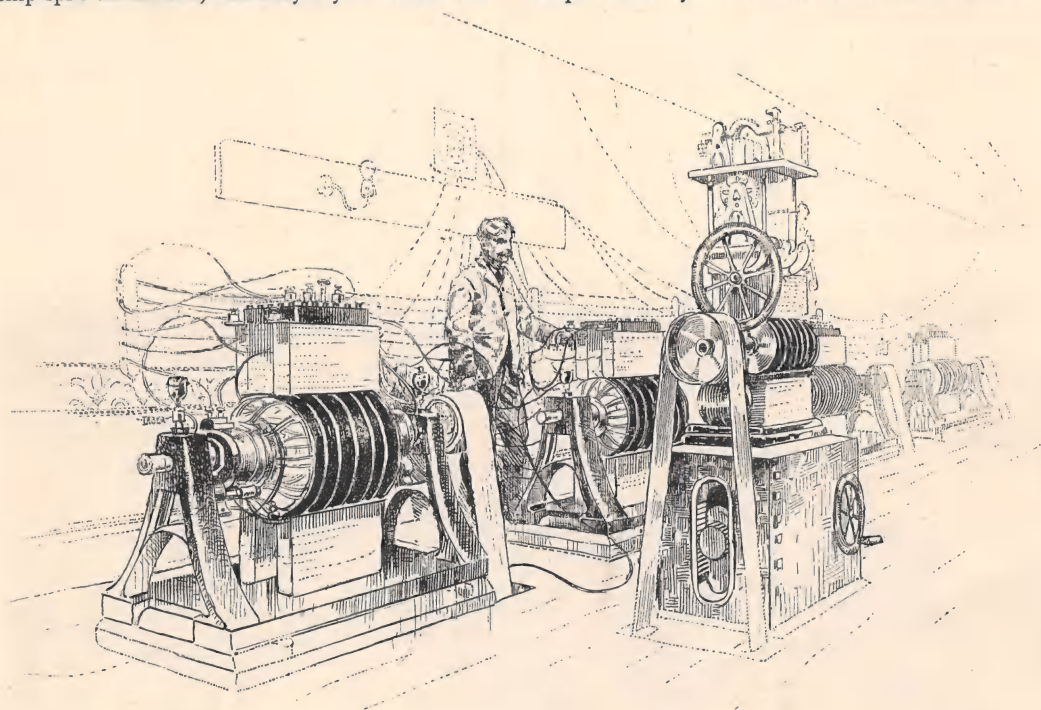


wonderful happens now, and yet he spoke of three things that leave poor Mr. Aladdin quite out of sight. What was the good of his old brass lamp? If you rubbed it well, you could fly away wherever you wished; but there's nothing to show that even the wonderful flying carpet was half as fast as a train of cars. As for talking through a wire ten miles long, there is nothing like that in any fairy story ever written.

There are men and women still living who remember the time when there were no railways. It was at the Centennial Exhibition that the telephone was first shown, and some of you can recall the day the men brought the wires over the top of the house and put up that little box in the library. Now comes this mysterious electric light. It is queer and strange, bright as a small chip split off the sun, and they say the small white

perimenting," and it is in this way that nearly all the strange new things were discovered. Faraday knew the battery would give him sparks and flashes of light. By trying the wires of the battery in a particular way, he found he could make the sparks stand still, while a great and wonderful light flashed up, burning and dazzling, before him. Franklin, you remember, went out one day, just as a thunder-shower was coming, and sent up his kite. The lightning ran down the kite-string and gave him a tiny spark from a key tied to the string. That was a famous experiment, for it proved that lightning and electricity were the same thing.

From Faraday's experiment we learn that a thunder-storm is a grand show, similar to the electric lights that shine in the streets. The lights in the clouds are not steady;—the lightning is not a good lamp to read by. Yet these three are the same—



DYNAMO-ELECTRIC MACHINES, WORKED BY STEAM, AND PRODUCING MAGNETO-ELECTRICITY. [SEE PAGE 570.]

flame is so hot that it will burn up hard metals, like platinum, or tough stones, like diamonds. The gnomes never did anything like that, and, if they could do it, they never said so, or never took the trouble to try. Giants and nixies and gnomes don't amount to much, after all, nowadays.

It was Faraday who first saw the electric light. He was one day at work with his battery, trying experiments. He was continually trying things to see how they would behave. We call this "ex-

perimenting," and it is in this way that nearly all the strange new things were discovered.

Place a needle near the ends of a magnet, and it will be pulled toward it. If the needle touches the magnet, it will stick to the ends. Something draws the needle to the magnet and makes it cling. The attraction of the magnet for the needle we call "magnetism." We can see nothing of it; it has no light and no motion of its own. We can not hear it, and yet we know there is force of some



kind. This force that drags the needle to the magnet we call magnetism. In trying our experiment we have been, as it were, asking a question, as if we said, "Mr. Needle, what would you do if you met Mr. Magnet?" Mr. Needle is not very talkative, but the pointed way he has of clinging to Mr. Magnet speaks more loudly than words. Could he speak, he might say: "There is a force I must obey, and it draws me to the magnet. In nature there is a law of attraction, and in nature nothing ever breaks a law."

Put a two-cent piece in the mouth, on the tongue, and lay a nickel five-cent piece under the tongue, so that the edges of the two coins will just touch. In a moment you will have a curious bitter taste on the tongue. Neither coin by itself will have this taste. When the two pieces touch each other in the mouth, something happens besides their touching. You feel a strange, biting sensation on the tongue. Look at the coins. Nothing seems to have happened to them, yet you feel sure that something did take place when you held them in your mouth.

Another way to perform this experiment is to wind a short piece of fine copper wire around each coin, and then to drop them in a cup of vinegar. Take care that the bundles do not touch each other, and bring the ends of the two wires close

One wire does not have this effect, but, when both wires touch the tongue, something happens, for you feel it plainly. What does this experiment tell us? That here is force of some kind. This kind of force is called electricity. The coins on the tongue or in the vinegar make what is termed a "battery," that is, a fountain, of this force, and the taste on the tongue is caused by electricity.

If, in place of the coins, you use a sheet of copper and a sheet of zinc, each with its copper wire, and if in place of the vinegar a stronger acid, like sulphuric acid, is used, there will be more force, and the electricity will give us light and sounds. If the ends of the wires are brought together, there will be a tiny spark and a low sound, like the snapping of a bit of wood. There is nothing new to be seen or felt in the wires. They are cold, and silent, yet, when they touch, they seem for an instant to be full of crackling fire. If the battery is a strong one, and you place a piece of paper between the ends of the wires, you will find after the flash that a small hole, with blackened edges, has been made through the paper. This shows that there is heat as well as light, for the spark burned a hole in the paper. From these experiments you can prove for yourself that electricity is something that can be tasted, and that it gives light and sound and heat; and yet, it can not be seen.



A RAINY NIGHT.—STREET LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

together. Now, holding the cup in the hand, touch the ends of the two wires to the tongue. Again you feel the strange, biting, bitter taste.

At one time it was imagined that electricity was a kind of fluid, like water, and that it could, in some way, flow through the wires of a battery.





THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A CLOUDY EVENING.

It is better to think that electricity is merely energy displaying itself; but no one can tell what it really is. We can see its light; we can feel it in the hands and arms—as when you touch a Leyden-jar; we can taste it, as you know; and it will burn and give out terrible sounds. We see the lightning strike a barn, and the barn burns down, and we hear the pealing sound when the flash has darted from the black clouds. These things are only the ways in which it shows itself to us, and we say these are displays of energy. The acid in the battery bites and eats up the copper and zinc. This process releases force or energy, and this force gives light and heat and sound. Electricity is the name we give to this strange force that comes from the copper coins in your mouth; that streams from the battery; that flashes from the clouds; and burns with such beautiful fires in the Northern Lights. It is this force that is now used to light the new electric lamps in the streets.

Faraday knew that the battery would give sparks, and he discovered a way of making them stand still and burn like a lamp. After this, for a long time, nothing more was done with the light.

A strange thing was next discovered. If the wire from a battery were wound around a piece of iron, the iron would become a magnet. If the wire were cut in two, so that it did not reach the

battery, the iron would cease to be a magnet, and become mere ordinary iron, for which needles did not seem to care. If the wire were again joined to the battery, the needles found it out quickly enough. Now, here is a curious matter. A piece of iron may be a magnet at one time, and not at another. While the electricity runs through the wire, around and around the iron, the iron is a magnet. When the electricity stops, the iron loses its magnetic power. So it appears that the kind of energy which we call electricity may create magnetism in a rod of iron. We might say, Magnetic force and Electric force are brothers. It seems so; and a magnet made by passing electricity through copper wire wound around iron, we call an electro-magnet, and the attractive power it has over a needle, we call electro-magnetism.

If Electricity is brother to Magnetism, perhaps the magnet can give us electricity? This appears to be so; for if a coil of wire is placed near a magnet, and then made to revolve rapidly, electricity is found in the wire just as if it had come from a battery. Electricity obtained in this new way was therefore called magneto-electricity. Then, working on this discovery, inventors made machines for producing electricity. These machines gave more electricity than could be obtained from a battery, and it was much cheaper to make a steam-



engine turn the new machines, than to put costly metals like zinc and copper into batteries.

These electrical machines are now very common, and it is from them we get the electric force for the new lights. They are called dynamo-electrical machines, because the science of making engines work is called dynamics, and the motion or energy of the engine is used to drive the machines. They are sometimes called "dynamos"—for short—or, as we might say, "work machines."

These "dynamos" are of various kinds, but all are much alike. There is one large magnet, or a number of small ones placed together, and near the ends are set bundles of insulated wires—that is, bundles of wires, each wire being coated with gutta-percha, which shuts in, or insulates, the electricity, and prevents its escaping from the surface of the wire. These bundles of wires are called "armatures," and they are placed on axles, as if they were wheels. The steam-engine is connected with the armature of a machine, and when the engine is at work the armature turns around many hundred times in a minute, close to the end of the magnet. The armature feels the magnetism of the great magnet, and every bit of the winding wire seems to thrill and quiver with electricity.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON AN ITALIAN WAR-SHIP IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Brilliant sparks leap from the ends of the flying wire, and crackling blue flames seem to dance on the copper brushes that touch the armature, as it whirls swiftly around. On page 567 is a picture of one of these strange machines. You can not distinguish the parts of the armature as it spins around and around near the magnets. There must be something going on inside, for the whole machine is hot, as if it were in a terrible excitement over its work. Big copper wires, covered with

cloth, are fastened to the machine, and are carried along the street on telegraph poles. Outside, in the dark, gleam and shine the fiery lamps, looking like baby moons glowing on the lamp-posts, or like clusters of brilliant stars burning on tall masts above the trees in the park.

If we examine one of these electric lamps in the streets, we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing upward from the bottom of the lamp, the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. The man in the picture on the next page is just putting these rods into place in the lamp. Once a day he comes around with a bag of the rods. He takes out the old rods that were burned the night before, and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all the lamps are lighted in broad day, to see that every one is in proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the streets and looked at each lamp. If all are burning well, they are put out till it begins to grow dark. If one fails to burn properly, a man goes to that lamp to see what is the matter. The rods are made of a

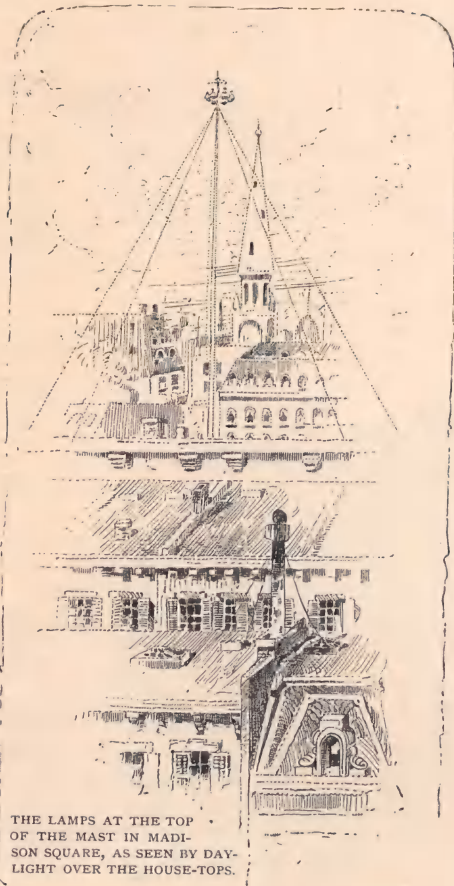
curious black substance, like charcoal, that is called carbon. When the lamp is out, the two rods touch each other. In order to light the lamp, they are pulled apart; and if you look at the flame through a smoked glass, you will see that the rods do not quite touch. There is a small space between their points, and this space is filled with fire. Look at the other parts of the rods, or the copper wires that extend along the streets. They have no light, no heat, no sound. The wires are cold, dark, and silent. If we were to

push the two rods in the lamp close together, the light and heat would disappear, and the curious hissing sound would stop. Why is this? Let us go to the woods near some brook, and it may be that we can understand this matter.

Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep, and without a ripple. We walk beside the stream, and come to a place where there are high rocks, and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth



and silent. It boils and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we



THE LAMPS AT THE TOP  
OF THE MAST IN MADISON  
SQUARE, AS SEEN BY DAY-  
LIGHT OVER THE HOUSE-TOPS.

come to the narrowest part of all. Here, the once dark and silent water roars and foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds and furious leaping and rushing water and clouds of spray. What is the matter? Why is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are the cause. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a grand display of flashing white foam and roaring water-falls, as the waters struggle together to get past the narrow place.

It is the same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp, in silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart, there is a space to be got over, an obstruction, like rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get

over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

One of the pictures gives a good idea of the way some of the lamps are placed on tall masts, high above the trees and houses, and of the curious cone-like effect produced by the rays shining across the rain-drops at night, making each one glisten like a diamond falling out of the sky. Another view was taken from the windows of the tall building in Union Square where ST. NICHOLAS may be found at home; it shows how the masts and lamps look in the day-time. Besides these, we



THE LAMPS LOWERED. FITTING-IN THE NEW RODS.

have a picture of an electric light on board an Italian war-ship in the bay of Naples. These lights are also used on steam-boats on the West-



ern rivers. The pilot moves the light about until it shines on the trees or houses upon the bank, and in this manner picks out his way along the stream.

There is another kind of electric lamp, used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white, and very beautiful.

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, inclosed in glass globes. The electricity, flowing silently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds only a narrow thread on which it can travel to reach the home-going wire, and, in its struggle to get past, it heats

the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. Like a live coal, this slender thread gives us a mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger lamps.

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of electricity is set flowing from a dynamo-electric machine through a wire until it meets a narrow place or a break in the wire. Then it seeks to get past the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and in this way the electric force, although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light.



## COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. S. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF NOD," ETC.

### II. THE NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.

**CHARACTERS:** JENNY, a girl of eight years. JOHNNY STOUT, a boy of sixteen or eighteen years. JIMMY BINGS, a Tramp.

The argument shows that wolves are just as designing, little girls just as heedless and helpful, and the chances of rescue just as possible to-day as at the time of the original Red Riding-hood.

**SCENE:** A neatly furnished parlor. JENNY discovered dusting furniture, arranging flowers, and making things look nice generally.

JENNY, *surveying her work critically:*

There! — my mamma's gone away,  
To be gone, she said, all day,  
And so I am keeping house. Oh, what fun!  
I shall have no time to play,  
But must work and work away,  
And be busy as a mouse, till I've done.

But my mamma said to me —  
Now, what was it? Let me see:

"Jenny, darling, don't go out all the day;  
But keep close at home till tea,  
When I'll come and set you free;  
So just mind what you're about, dear, I pray.

"And keep Bridget right in call;  
And mind this, dear, most of all:  
Don't let in any stranger while I'm gone.  
Lock the windows and the hall,  
And be careful not to fall,  
And don't get into danger here alone."



Well, I 'll try my best, I 'm sure,  
To keep everything secure;  
But I 've no need for Bridget, that I know;  
Girls are *such* a bore about,  
And she might as well go out;  
I 'll just go down and tell her she can go. *[Exit.]*  
*[JIMMY BINGS appears outside at window (or door, if a window is impracticable); he peers in, looks around; then tries the window, opens it, and enters cautiously.]*

JIMMY BINGS: Well, now, here 's a lucky go!  
With that window open so,  
I just skipped right in the house as slick as soap.  
Why, here 's loads of pretty things.  
You 're in luck, old Jimmy Bings,  
And can do a stroke of business here, I hope.

*[A noise outside.]*

Hello! Who 's that coming here?

*[Goes to door, and looks out cautiously.]*

Men? No! Dogs? No! Well, that 's queer!  
Why! it 's only just a pretty leetle gal.  
Jimmy Bings, slip out, and then  
Just walk in here bold again—  
Play your game, and make that little chick your pal!

*[Exit through door cautiously.]* *[Reënter JENNY.]*

JENNY: There! Now Bridget 's gone away,  
And I 'll have a quiet day,  
Fixing everything up lovely while I wait;  
So that Mamma, she will say,  
When she comes back home to-day:  
"What a lady is my little girl of eight!"

*[Enter by door JIMMY BINGS, hat in hand. He makes JENNY a low bow.]*

JIMMY B.: Ah! Good-morning, little miss!  
You look sweet enough to kiss.  
Is your Ma at home this morning, may I ask?

JENNY: Why, sir, no. She 's gone away,  
To be gone the livelong day,  
And I 'm keeping house alone.

JIMMY B.: A pleasant task.  
And you 'll do it, I 'll be bound.  
Well, I 'm sorry Ma 's not 'round,  
For I wanted quite pertickeler to see her.

JENNY: May not I, sir, do as well?  
Is it—anything to sell?  
Pray sit down, sir, so that we may talk the freer.

JIMMY B., *sitting*: Thank you, Miss, I 'll sit awhile;  
For I 've traveled many a mile,  
Just to see your precious Ma, if you 'll believe me.

JENNY: She 'll be sorry, sir, I know,  
When she hears she 's missed you so.  
Can't you tell me, sir, your business, ere you leave me?

JIMMY B.: Well, the fact is, I 'm her cousin!

*[JENNY looks surprised.]*

Oh, she 'd know me in a dozen.  
I 'm her cousin, come to see her, from Nevada.

JENNY, *suspiciously*:  
In those clothes?—Oh, sir,—I fear——!

JIMMY B.: Oh, a railroad smash-up, dear,  
Mussed me up a little—never was jogged harder!

JENNY: Oh, I 'm 'sorry! Are you hurt?

JIMMY B.: Not the least. It 's only dirt;  
But I always am so neat, I quite despair;  
And my wardrobe all is down  
At the Clarendon, in town,

Where I 'm stopping: I am Algernon St. Clair.

JENNY: My, though! What a pretty name!

Well, it really is a shame  
You should have to go to town in such a plight.  
There now, would n't Papa's do?  
Oh, please look the papers through,  
And I 'll run upstairs, and soon fix you all right.

JIMMY B.: No, don't fret yourself, my dear;  
I prefer to have you here,  
Though perhaps I may accept your offer later.  
Is your Pa as big as me?

JENNY, *surprised*: Don't you know him?

JIMMY B.: Well, you see,  
I 've been West so long I 've kind of lost my data.

JENNY: Wont you have a bit to eat?

JIMMY B.: Well, I do feel rather beat.

JENNY:  
Then I 'll go and bring you up a little luncheon.

JIMMY B., *carelessly*:  
Have you silver, dear—or plate?

JENNY: Mostly solid, sir.

JIMMY B.: Fust rate!  
Bring it up, and let me see it while I 'm munchin'.

JENNY, *surprised*: Bring up all the silver, sir?

JIMMY B.: Why, that 's what I come here fur,  
Just to make your dearest Ma a little present,—  
Silver service lined with gold,—  
And if her's 's a trifle old  
I 'll have it all fixed over.

JENNY, *delighted*: Oh, how pleasant!  
I will get it right away.  
My! I 'm glad you came to-day,  
It will be, oh, such a nice surprise to Mamma.

JIMMY B.: Well, I rather think so, too.

JENNY: Now, your luncheon. *[Exit.]*

JIMMY B., *looking after her and rubbing his hands*:  
Good for you!

What a blessed little chick you are, my charmer!  
Just the cream of tender things;  
You 're in luck, old Jimmy Bings—  
Oh, hexcuse me, Mr. Algernon St. Clair!—  
Just you turn an honest penny.  
Now, let 's see if there are any  
Of these things worth my packing up with care.

*[Takes the table-cloth off the table and begins filling it with ornaments, knickknacks, and valuables, looking at each article sharply. Suddenly he stops, both hands full, as if struck by a brilliant idea.]*

Jimmy Bings! Why, that is grand,—  
Here 's a fortune right at hand!  
For contriving little schemes you are the boss.  
Scoop in all the things you can,  
And then, like a prudent man,  
Take the little girl off too—like Charley Ross!

*[Hurries the rest of the things into the table-cloth, stopping occasionally to express his approval of his great plan by sundry slaps and nods. Enter JENNY with a tray of luncheon, nicely set. She stands in the door-way amazed.]*

JENNY: Mr. Algernon St. Clair,  
Why—what are you doing there?

JIMMY B.:  
Only clearing off the things to help you, dear.

JENNY: But the table 's large enough.



JIMMY B.: Oh, well! Just set down the stuff,  
And I'll make the reason very, very clear —  
Brought a lot for me to eat?

JENNY: Bread and cake, preserves and meat.

JIMMY B.: What a handy little chick you are,—

[Nods at her, his mouth full.] That 's so!  
Don't you want to come with me —  
And your little cousins see?

JENNY:  
Oh, no, thank you, sir; from home I can not go.

JIMMY B., *eating rapidly*:

Well, we'll speak of that bime-by.  
Vittles, fust-class—spiced quite high.  
Yes—they're most as good as what I get in town.

[Pushes his plate away.]  
Now, then; I will tell you, Miss,  
What 's the meaning of all this.

[Points to his bundle.]  
Where 's that silver service?

[JENNY opens sideboard and shows the silver service.]

All right—pack her down.

[Stuffing it into the bundle.]

Well, you see, it is n't fair  
That a sister of St. Clair  
Should have to use things when they're worn and old.  
So, I think I'll take them down  
To my jeweler's, in town,  
And just swap 'em off for nicer things in gold.

JENNY: O—h! But that will cost so much!

JIMMY B.: Now, then, Sissy, don't you touch  
On that question, 'cause the new ones I shall buy;  
But I'd like to have you go  
And help pick them out, you know;  
'Cause you know what Mamma likes best, more  
than I.

JENNY: But I really can't leave home.

JIMMY B.: Oh, I think you'd better come;  
For it won't be long before I bring you back.

JENNY, *hesitating*: I have half a mind to go.  
Mamma'd let me.

JIMMY B.: That I know.  
So get ready, while I go to work and pack.

JENNY, *deliberating*:  
She said: "Jenny, do not go."  
But, of course, she could not know  
That her cousin, Mr. Algernon St. Clair,  
Would come here to take me out.  
Oh, I know what I'm about,  
And I'll go along with him, I do declare.

[Goes to closet and brings out her red cloak and hood.]

JIMMY B.: What a pretty cloak and hood!

JENNY: Mamma made them. She 's so good!

JIMMY B.: Good as gold! Just wear them, wont you?  
That 's a dear.

JENNY: But I must n't get them wet.

JIMMY B.: I wont let you; don't you fret.  
I'll take care of them when once we go from here.  
Now, then—are you ready, Sis?

JENNY: Yes—but, then, I must n't miss  
To see everything locked up all safe and tight,  
So that none of those old tramps —  
My! but are n't they horrid scamps? —  
Can sneak in before we both get back to-night.

JIMMY B., *looking at doors and windows*:

Oh, well! Everything 's secure.  
JENNY: Did you look?

JIMMY B.: Oh, yes. I'm sure.  
So let 's both be off at once, without delay.

[Noise outside—Jimmy starts, guiltily.]

JIMMY B.: Hello, there, now! What was that?

JENNY: Where?

JIMMY B.: Out there!

JENNY: It was the cat!

JIMMY B.: No, it was n't.

JENNY: P'raps it 's Mamma!

JIMMY B., *starting for the door*: Get away!

[Door opens suddenly. JOHNNY STOUT bursts in and then stops, astonished.]

JOHNNY: Goodness, Jenny! What 's this mean?

JENNY: What?

JOHNNY: Why this confusing scene?  
Are you moving?

JENNY: No, I'm going out to walk.

JOHNNY: Going out? Whom with? and where?

JENNY, *points to J. B.*: Mr. Algernon St. Clair.

JIMMY B., *loftily*:

So don't keep us here, young feller, with your talk.

JOHNNY, *suspiciously*:

Jenny, who 's that party there? [Points to J. B.]

JENNY, *pouting*: Mr. Algernon St. Clair—

Mamma's cousin, who has come here from Nevada.

JOHNNY: From Nevada!—How you talk!

[Suddenly to JIMMY B.]

Well, my friend, you'll have to walk!  
Pretty quick, sir, too, before I make it harder!

JIMMY B.: Why! You saucy little cub,

Why!—I'll have to thrash you, Bub.

Just you scatter, or I'll help you with my toe, sir!

JOHNNY, *quickly pulling out a pistol from the table-drawer, and pointing it at JIMMY B.*:

Do you see this little toy?

There 's six pills for you, my boy,

Unless you drop that stuff at once and—go, sir!

JIMMY B., *to JENNY, appealingly*:

Look here, Sis, this is n't square!

JENNY, *protesting*: Mr. Algernon St. Clair!

JOHNNY, *contemptuously*:

Mr. Algernon St. Fiddlesticks, my Jenny!

Why, this sneaking fellow, here,

Is just out of jail, my dear!

He 's a tramp, without a single honest penny.

JIMMY B., *stepping toward him*:

That 's a lie!

JOHNNY *levels pistol at him*: Hush! don't you talk.

Drop your bundle, sir, and walk,

Or I'll shoot you like a dog, without objection.

Now, then—go, sir, or I'll fire!

Put your hands up!—higher! higher!

Wait here, Jenny: I'll just sever this connection.

[He backs J. B. out of the room at the muzzle of the pistol; JENNY listens for a while, and then sinks on a chair and cries.]

JENNY: Just a horrid, dirty tramp!

What an awful, awful scamp!

Oh, what shall I say to Mamma? Dearie, dear!

If I'd only minded her

Such a thing could not occur,

And she 'll never trust me so again, I fear.



[*Cries a little longer. Then jumps up, indignantly.*]  
 Oh, but what a horrid bear!  
 Mr. Algernon St. Clair! [*Contemptuously.*]  
 What an awful, awful, *awful* wicked story!

[*Enter JOHNNY.*]  
 Oh, but Johnny, where is he?

JOHNNY: He 's as safe as safe can be.  
 Fast in jail, now, all alone and in his glory.  
 I just marched him to the gate;  
 There I made him stand and wait  
 Till I saw a big policeman come along;  
 Then, when I had told the tale,  
 He just walked him off to jail,  
 And so there your cousin 's locked up, good and strong.

JENNY: Oh, don't say my cousin, please!

JOHNNY: Well, 't *was* just the tightest squeeze!  
 But how *did* he, Jenny, get you in his snare?

JENNY: He was *so* polite and kind!

JOHNNY: Oh, you goosey! Oh, how blind!  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! Mr. Algernon St. Clair!

JENNY: Now, don't laugh, please; for, you see,  
 It *did* seem all right to me;

And I thought he meant to do just what he said.  
 Dear! but what *will* Mamma say,  
 When she comes back home to-day?  
 Oh, I wish, I *wish* that I could hide my head!

JOHNNY: Why, just tell the whole thing out,  
 And say how it came about.

JENNY:  
 Well, I will. And Johnny, I will tell her, too,  
 How *you* came, so bold and brave —

JOHNNY, *interrupting*: Oh, no! that 'll do to save.

JENNY:  
 But I should n't have been saved, dear, without you!

JOHNNY: Never mind, my Jenny, then;  
 But I guess you 'll know again  
 That to mind what Mamma says, alone is good.

JENNY: Yes, I shall!

JOHNNY: And, now it 's through,  
 I shall always think of you,  
 [*Taking her hand.*]  
 Little Jenny, as the NEW RED RIDING-HOOD.

[CURTAIN.]

### “MASTER SELF.”

“THERE was once a lit-tle boy,” said Mam-ma, “and he loved Some-bod-y ver-y much. It is n't a ver-y large Some-bod-y, but it has bright blue eyes and curl-y hair.”——“Why, it 's me!” said Char-lie. “It 's me, my-self.”

“So it is,” said Mam-ma, laugh-ing. “And it 's ‘Mas-ter Self’ whom Char-lie loves best. He even does n't love Sis-ter so much as ‘Mas-ter Self.’ So he keeps all his pret-ty toys and does n't give them up. He loves ‘Mas-ter Self’ bet-ter than Mam-ma, for when Mam-ma says ‘Go to bed,’ and ‘Mas-ter Self’ says ‘No,’——Char-lie likes best to please that naught-y ‘Mas-ter Self.’”

“I wont please ‘Mas-ter Self,’” said Char-lie, and he kissed Mam-ma, and said “Good-night.” Next day, Mam-ma gave Char-lie a bright, new ten-cent piece, and said he might go with Nurse to buy some can-dy.

When Nurse and Sis-ter were read-y, and Char-lie had taken his lit-tle stick, they set out. Char-lie was think-ing. He was think-ing ver-y much, and he was say-ing to him-self: “I don't love ‘Mas-ter Self.’”

He walked qui-et-ly by Nurse's side. Now and then he looked at the mon-ey in his hand; it was ver-y bright and ver-y white. It seemed a long way to the can-dy store.——“What will you buy, Char-lie?” asked Nurse.

“Some can-dy for my-self,” said Char-lie, as they reached the Park.

“Keep close to me while we cross the road,” said Nurse; but just then Char-lie pulled her dress and whis-pered: “Look, Nurse! Look there!” and Nurse saw a lit-tle girl stand-ing near a tree, a-lone and cry-ing.



"What 's the mat-ter with her, Nurse?" asked Char-lie.

"I 'll ask her," said Nurse. "What are you cry-ing for, dear?"

But the lit-tle girl on-ly cried the more, and Char-lie went close to her and said: "What 's the mat-ter, lit-tle girl?"

The lit-tle girl could not speak, she was sob-bing so much. "Don't cry," said Char-lie, in great dis-tress. "It makes me want to cry too."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the lit-tle girl. "I have lost my mon-ey! All my mon-ey." But soon she be-gan to tell Nurse how it was. She was go-ing to get some bread, and she had the mon-ey in her hand,—“and,” said she, “a boy pushed me, and I fell, and lost my ten-cent piece, and I can't buy the bread, and Moth-er will be so an-gry.”

"I 'm glad I did n't lose *my* piece," said Char-lie, squeezing it hard.

"I am ver-y sor-ry for you," said Nurse. "If I were you, I 'd run home and tell Moth-er."

"I can't! I can't!" cried the lit-tle girl. "It was all Moth-er had, and we 're so hun-gry!"

Char-lie held his mon-ey tight-ly. What was he think-ing of, all the time? He was say-ing to him-self: "I don't love 'Mas-ter Self.'" He pulled Nurse's dress, and said: "Nurse, can't you give the lit-tle girl some mon-ey?"

"I have n't my purse, dear," said Nurse.

The lit-tle girl moved a-way, cry-ing. Char-lie walked on be-side Nurse. They were near the can-dy store. He could see the sweets in the win-dow, —sticks and balls and creams! Char-lie turned his head. He saw the lit-tle girl look-ing back too. She was still cry-ing. Char-lie pulled Nurse's dress. "Nurse," he said, "I want to turn back."

"What do you want to turn back for?" asked Nurse. "Here is the store."

Char-lie raised him-self on tip-toe to get near-er to Nurse's ear, and whis-pered:

"I want to please the lit-tle girl and not 'Mas-ter Self'!"

Nurse knew what he meant. She turned back. Char-lie looked once more at the can-dy store, then he ran a-cross the street. When he came close to the lit-tle girl, he held out his bright ten-cent piece and said: "It is for you, and not for 'Mas-ter Self'!"

The lit-tle girl stopped cry-ing and be-gan to smile; then she tried to say "Thank you," to Char-lie; but Nurse said: "Run, now, and buy your bread," and she ran off, aft-er look-ing back to nod and smile at Char-lie.

But Char-lie was even hap-pi-er than she. He walked brisk-ly home and sat on Mam-ma's lap, and told her all a-bout it. Mam-ma kissed him, and said: "Is n't Char-lie hap-py now?"

And Char-lie said: "Yes; be-cause I did n't please 'Mas-ter Self.'"





"IT IS FOR YOU, AND NOT FOR 'MASTER SELF,'" SAID CHARLIE.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH! May is here once more, my darlings, and has gone to work at once, as we knew she would, a-decorating this great, big, lovely Home of ours. She is as busy an artist as you ever saw, just at this present moment, for there are still a good many April-y cobwebs to be swept from the walls before the colors can be put on. But May will make short work of that—bless her!

Yes, May is here—and not too soon for your Jack; no, nor for you neither, my hearties! Here *you* are, too—the girls with new spring dresses and their hands full of arbutus; and the boys with kite-strings instead of sled-ropes in their sturdy grip, and a suspicious creak of marbles in their pockets as they crowd close up to my pulpit. Well, it's a sight for any May to be proud of—and we're all ready for her. So we'll begin with a cheer all round, for the opening of the season.

And now for

#### THE BOTTLE-FISH.

NOT *bottled* fish, my dears, nor a fish made of glass and sold in apothecaries' shops, nor a candy fish shaped like a bottle. No, indeed, but a veritable, live, sly fellow, who, it appears, contrives to be either a fish or a bottle, or both, according to the whim of the moment. Just hear this:

"One day, last summer, when I was fishing in Long Island Sound, where the water was about ten feet deep, and so clear that I could see the bottom perfectly well, a queer-looking fish came creeping slowly up toward my hook. He moved very stupidly, but presently he took the bait and I caught him. He was about five inches long, a little larger around than my thumb, and very prettily colored with green and yellow and black.

"As I took the hook from his mouth he began to grind his teeth, or rather his jaws, together, and at the same time his body was swelling. I found that at each motion of his jaws he was drawing in air, until, instead of being as large as my thumb, he was like the largest orange you ever saw, with a slender bit of body and a tail projecting from one side of it.

"The fisherman with me called him a 'Bottle-fish,' or as he phrased it, a 'Bottle-ey.' When the fish was fully blown up, I laid him on the water, where he floated, back downward, as light as a bubble.

Forthwith he began to blow out the air, but before enough was gone to enable him to go under water, I took him into my hand again. I then held him just below the surface, and on my touching him lightly he swelled as before, only that now he was filled with water instead of air, and of course was now heavy. I took my hand from him, and he came up spouting a stream of water from his mouth clear above the surface. As soon as he had thrown it all out, he turned head downward, went to the bottom, swam straight to my hook, took the bait, and I caught him the second time, apparently not at all troubled by his past experience.

W. O. A."

Queer fellow, Mr. Bottle-ey. Another queer thing about him is that, according to all accounts, he's never found in the neighborhood of Cork. Speaking of animated floating things, what do you think of

#### A LIVING LIFE-BUOY?

HERE is the story of it just as it came to me: "A living life-buoy recently saved a sailor from drowning. A seaman on board a British vessel, sailing to Australia, fell overboard when the vessel was crossing the Southern Ocean, and although a boat was lowered immediately, a long pull was necessary before reaching the sailor. When the boat got near the man, he was seen to be supporting himself in the water by clinging to a large albatross which he had seized on coming to the surface after his plunge. Albatrosses in the Southern Seas are, as a rule, most fierce, and have, in several cases, killed men by blows from their terrible beaks. But in this case the sailor had evidently obtained a good grip of the bird's neck with both hands, preventing it from using its beak, and converting a would-be foe into an unwilling friend."

#### WATCH THE SATURDAYS!

DEAR JACK; I heard something very singular about the weather the other day. One Saturday, when it was raining, a lady who lived in the country said to me, as we remarked about the rain: "The sun *must* shine some time to-day." "How so?" I asked. "Why," she replied, "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some time in the day." After the lady went away, I laughed at what I supposed was a foolish whim, while I watched the rain falling ever faster—but how surprised I was to find, as the hours went on, that the clouds were dispersing, and finally the sun came out bright—all fair at three o'clock. Would the readers of ST. NICHOLAS notice the Saturdays and see if this mystery holds good? Remember, the saying is, not that "it will rain but one Saturday in the year," but that "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some part of the day."

L. B. G.

Follow this up, my youngsters,—keep a record of it, some of you, and report to me next May.

#### A TEN-LEGGED TORMENT.

YOU all have heard about the terrible floods in the South and West, this spring, and how they have made many families homeless, and caused dreadful destruction and suffering. But you may not have heard that lesser floods of this sort are sometimes caused by a ten-legged torment.

My learned brother, Professor Froshey, of New Orleans, calls it "a perpetual nuisance and damage"; and he ought to know, for he has had the honor of its acquaintance during more than forty years. It is the ten-legged craw-fish, or cray-fish, and it brings destruction upon immense tracts of fertile country.

You know that for about three hundred miles of the Lower Mississippi, the rich land at each side is low and flat; but that it has many lovely homes,



broad cotton-fields, and gardens of sweetly scented flowers; and the sunlight glitters and flashes from acres and acres of satin-leaved sugar-cane. In the early spring, when the great stream is swollen with rain and with melted ice and snow from the far north, the water is several feet higher than the land, and is



THE CRAW-FISH.

only prevented from overflowing by high side-banks of earth, or levees, built for that purpose.

Well, it appears that it is through these walls of defense that the craw-fish loves to drive his tunnels; and the earth being soft, the holes are quickly enlarged by the running of the water through them. The sides of some of these tunnels wash away, and one large hole is made, through which a strong stream pours itself upon the plain. Suddenly, the bank caves in, the river plunges through the gap, and the yellow floods spread out and lay waste the farms.

Then comes the long and toilsome labor of mending the levee, and all the while the yet unbroken parts must be watched night and day, so that every leak may be stopped as soon as it shows.

Of course, the river sometimes breaks through its banks without the aid of mischievous Mr. Ten-legs; but he so often is the guilty party, that it is little wonder his victims call him hard names.

The craw-fish in the picture does n't appear to have ten "legs"; but that is what the naturalists call them, saying there is a pair in front with large nippers,—next, a very short pair with small nippers,—then, a long pair with small nippers,—and, lastly, two pairs of thin legs, each with a single point.

#### FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

How does a cat come down a tree? Why don't cats and squirrels descend trees in the same manner? And why can not animals of the dog tribe climb trees?

#### CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM.

THE other day, Deacon Green was poring over a big book he has, and I heard him read, that in old times in England it was the fashion for a servant or an inferior to stand and hold a candle for his master to see by. Hence, the saying, "You can't hold a candle to him," is as much as to say

you are so inferior to that person that you are not fit even to serve him in the capacity of candle-holder.

#### THE OWL'S-HEAD BUTTERFLY.

IN November last, my dears, I told you about the curious Butterfly branch, and showed you a picture of it; and now, here is another butterfly picture, quite as curious in its way. The queer creature shown in this picture is perched head-downward on a branch, the under-part of him turned toward you in such a way as to appear to be the head of an owl peering at you over the branch. In the dim forests of his South American home, this butterfly might easily be mistaken for an owl, for in this position his body outlines a beak, his wings are like the bird's feathers in color, and the big, dark-blue spots that form the



THE OWL'S-HEAD BUTTERFLY.

"eyes" shine almost as beautifully as a dove's neck. The width across the wings is about seven inches, and to think they see an owl with a head of that size must be disagreeable for small South Americans, who may happen to be strolling in the woods at evening.

#### IF SO—HOW?

L. M. D. SAYS, in answer to my January question: "What becomes of all the old moons?"

"I think they turn to new moons."

But if so,—*how?—and when?*





THE BABY ELEPHANT AT HOME.





"MOTHER, CAN'T YOU QUIET THAT CHILD!"

## THE LETTER-BOX.

AS MOST of our readers know, the ST. NICHOLAS pages have to be made-up far in advance of the date of publication; and so it was impossible for us to finish, in time for the April number, the pictures of the new Baby Elephant, which we present on the opposite page. Many of our readers will have seen the delightful little creature himself before this number reaches them, but they will be none the less interested in taking a second peep at him in the comical positions in which our artist caught him. Further than this, all that need be said of him is told in the following interesting letter from a girl correspondent who lives in the city which was the Baby Elephant's birthplace:

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having read all the interesting letters that your contributors have written about their pets, I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about Bridgeport, and its accompaniment, as you might now call the "Baby Elephant." We were so fortunate as to receive a "permit" from Mr. Barnum (only a few are given), which admitted Mamma, a friend, and myself to see this wonderful curiosity. We walked to the show building, and were ushered in with about fifty others, among whom were professors and scientists. The first room was filled with cages, in which were all the animals you could think of. We staid here but a few minutes, being impatient to see the "Baby Elephant," so we went right through that room, to the next, where was a large ring, in which were the "baby" and its mother. It is about the size of a large Newfoundland dog, very playful, and ran all around the ring. I felt of it. It is covered with coarse black hair, which felt just like bristles. It did not know what to do with its trunk, sometimes trying to lift the hay to its mouth, like its mother.

The mother was much annoyed when the keeper touched it; she flapped her ears and trumpeted very loudly. After we had looked to our hearts' content at them both, they were led out of the ring, and eight small elephants were called in. They drilled very nicely, answering to roll-call, lying down and snoring, standing on their heads, and then on their hind legs, etc. After they had performed as much as they knew, they were sent back to their stalls, and

eight large ones were led in. Then followed quite a scene. One elephant turned a hand-organ, three teetered on a board, one standing in the middle. Some stood on barrels,—one sat in a big arm-chair, rang a dinner-bell which stood on a table in front of him, poured the contents of a bottle down his throat, wiped his mouth with a napkin, and then fanned himself. It was very fine, and very funny. After we had seen all we could of the elephants, we went to see the other animals fed. They made the most horrible noises, jumping over one another, and fighting to get the first piece of meat, as they are fed only once a day, and on Sundays not at all—which they do not make any fuss about. I heard a hyena laugh. It was terrible, so we did not stay any longer. The hyena is the ugliest-looking animal you can imagine.

Hoping you will give this a place in your letter-box, I remain, your constant reader and admirer,

SALLIE E. H.

A TOY SYMPHONY for children ought to be a timely recreation at this season, when so many of the grown folk are interested in the May Music Festivals, with their mighty choruses and grand orchestras. So we are glad to print the following little letter, which calls attention to a toy symphony by Romberg. Some of our readers will remember that ST. NICHOLAS already has printed an article concerning "*Haydn's Children's Symphony*" (see the number for May, 1874), and we should be glad to hear that Rudolf Holtz's note had caused both that pretty musical exercise and the one by Romberg to be performed in many households:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Romberg's toy symphony is more effective than Haydn's, though Haydn's is quite as pretty. There are eight toy instruments, first and second violins, a violoncello and piano. It is better to have two first violins, as the toys overpower the string instruments. The first and second movements are very pretty and rather easy, but call for careful playing. The adagio is difficult and not very pretty, but it is very short. The rondo is gay and effective, and is very pretty; it is longer than the other move-



ments. The presto is also lively, and played very quick. The eight toy instruments are the cuckoo, the triangle, the drum, the quail, the schnarre, the trumpet, the rattle, the nightingale. The cuckoo, the nightingale and the quail are the most difficult of the toy instruments. Everything depends on time, because if you come in a moment too early or a moment too late it spoils the effect. I was one of the many performers; we did it in a large room, and the effect was beautiful.

RUDOLF DORAN HOLTZ.

THOSE of our readers who remember the true story of "Rebecca, the Drummer," printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, 1874, will be interested in the following item, which we clip from a newspaper:

Miss Rebecca Bates died at Scituate, Mass., Tuesday, aged eighty-eight years. Miss Bates and her cousin, Abbie, were the heroines in the British "scare," in 1812, when the two girls, hidden behind rocks on the beach, with life and drum sounded the roll-call, and put to flight several boat-loads of troops from a British man-of-war, who were about to make a landing. Miss Bates' cousin, Abbie, is still living, and is eighty years of age.

The article in *ST. NICHOLAS* gave a full account of the two girls' brave stratagem, and was illustrated with a frontispiece showing the "American army of two."

HERE is a very interesting letter from a young correspondent in Philadelphia:

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I had an incident told me the other day, which convinced me that dumb creatures have some mode of communicating. The house of Mr. C., a friend of mine, was troubled greatly with rats, so he brought home a very large rat-trap, which he set with cheese. The next day, Mrs. C. and her daughter saw a very large rat walking up and down outside the trap. The trap having a wire bent open a little, the rat stuck its head in; but he could not reach the cheese, so he pulled his head out and went down his hole, and in a few moments returned with a very slim rat, which went into the trap and got the cheese; and then they both went

down the hole together. This I know to be true. Can any of my friends tell me how they communicate?

Your constant reader, GEO. T. CATHELL, JR.

We gladly print the following quaint and charming little story, just as it was told by a little girl five years old. It was sent to us by her mamma, who wrote it down for her:

#### THE LION THAT TAUGHT SINGING-SCHOOL.

A Lion wanted to teach singing-school.

They asked him what could he sing?

And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."

They asked him what else could he sing?

And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."

They said they did n't want a singing-teacher who could n't sing nothing, but 'cept just one song.

Then the Lion went to a horse-race.

All the other animals were there; the mouse that squeaked, the kitten that mewed, the puppy that bow-wow-ed, the lamb that baa-ed, the pig that yi-yi-ed, the colt that ha-ha-ed, the wolf that boo-ed, and the bear that ur-ur-ed.

The prize of the horse-race was a russet apple.

The mouse thought he'd exprise the other animals, so he ate the apple up. Then all the other animals hollered out, "No fair! No fair!" And the mouse was scared and ran round the track, and the kitten that mewed ran after and ate the mouse up, and the puppy that bow-wow-ed ate the kitten up, and the lamb that baa-ed ate the puppy up, and the pig that yi-yi-ed ate the lamb up, and the colt that ha-ha-ed ate the pig up, and the wolf that boo-ed ate the colt up, and the bear that ur-ur-ed ate the wolf up—and the Lion ate the bear up.

Then the Lion came around again and wanted to teach singing-school.

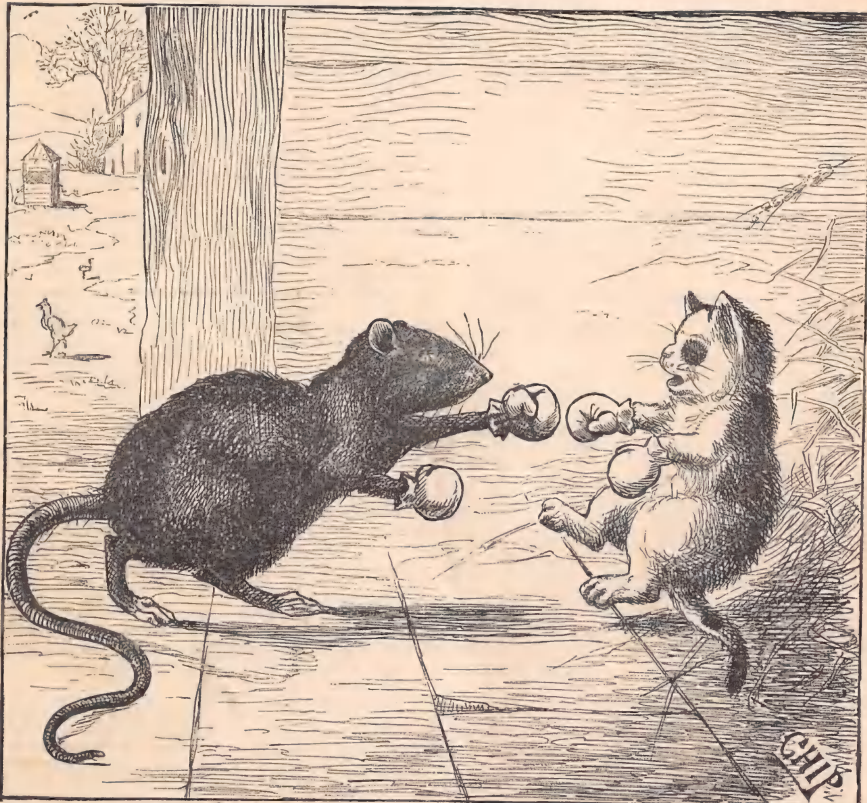
They asked him what could he sing?

And he sang: "Squeak squeak, mew mew, bow wow, baa baa, yi yi, ha ha, boo boo, ur ur, and roo oo oo!"

Then they said, "Your voice has reproved."

And they all let him be their teacher.

MARIA M. C.



KITTEN, WHO HAS BEEN TOLD NEVER TO BE AFRAID OF A RAT: "OW-W! NO FAIR! I WANT TO STOP!"





### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

WITH the twenty-one letters on the five vases, form five words descriptive of the month of May. Two of the words remain unchanged. G. F.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and am a soldier's proverb. My 9-14-26-4-7-28-33 is pursuing. My 30-11-35-47-19-8-20-38-12 has been called the "city of magnificent distances." My 34-39-22 is color. My 48-24-23-36-43-13 is a garden vegetable. My 1-21-18-10-37-31-25-32-40-29 is conversing in a low tone. My 41-6-3-15 is a church dignitary. My 16-42-5 is the noise made by a crow. My 2-27-44-46-17 is the joint on which a gate turns.

S. LIZZIE BARKER.

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

WHEN the right word is set in one of the blanks, the letters of that word may be transposed to fill each of the remaining blanks, and make sense.

— caught a — snake which he put in an empty box, over which he tied a — of his mother's; with the hope that the — creature would not survive to do —.

MAGGIE PHILIPS.

### DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

I	*	*	I
*	2	2	*
*	3	3	*
4	*	*	4

I. ACROSS: 1. A mineral salt. 2. A troublesome insect. 3. Vessels for holding the ashes of the dead. 4. Christmas time. Diagonals, downward from right to left, and from left to right, each name a queen of England.

II. ACROSS: 1. A dandy. 2. Small round masses of lead. 3. A piece of metal bent into a curve. 4. Period. Diagonals, downward, from right to left, and from left to right, each name an article necessary to pedestrians.

"SUMMER BOARDER."

### CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a celebrated Athenian who was twice banished, and who at length died in poverty, 467 B. C.

1. Syncopate a country of Europe, and leave to revolve rapidly. 2. Syncopate fatigued, and leave fastened. 3. Syncopate to color, and leave to gasp. 4. Syncopate a kind of cement, and leave the top of the head. 5. Syncopate an appellation, and leave a thin piece of baked clay. 6. Syncopate a traveling tinker, and leave an instrument for combing wool or flax. 7. Syncopate a Scotch penny, and leave the body or stem of a tree. 8. Syncopate a name by which the white poplar tree is known, and leave having ability. 9. Syncopate speed, and leave to abhor.

ERNEST B. COOPER.

### INVERTED PYRAMID.

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

ACROSS: 1. A cluster of leaves. 2. A sheet of paper once folded. 3. Antique. 4. In spring. DOWNWARD: 1. In foreign. 2. A preposition. 3. Three-fourths of a swimming and diving bird of the Arctic regions. 4. What "flesh is heir to." 5. Succor. 6. To proceed. 7. In foreign.

MABEL WHITE.



ANSWER TO RABBIT PUZZLE IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

### TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. IMPORTANT parts of a ship. 2. A girl's name. 3. To breathe with, a hoarse sound in sleep. 4. Fatigued. 5. Parts of a plant. II. 1. To make choice of. 2. A large basin. 3. To escape. 4. Surrenders. 5. A ringlet.

MABEL R., AND "ALCIBIADES."



## PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to this rebus is a couplet describing the fate which may overtake the heedless.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

## ILLUSTRATED DOMINO PUZZLE.

To-bring-out-the-flowers-we-need good-showers-of-April-rain,  
Of-rain good-showers-for-fragrant-flowers-we-must-obtain.

- We-need good-showers-of-April-rain-to-bring-out-the-flowers.  
For-fragrant-flowers-we-must-obtain-of-rain good-showers.
- The-flowers-to-bring-out-of-April-rain-we-need good-showers,  
Good-showers-of-rain-we-must-obtain-for-fragrant-flowers.

DIAGONALS.—April Fool. Across: 1. Ample. 2. SPoke. 3. McRie. 4. Frall. 5. PeriL. 6. CraFt. 7. FrOwn. 8. TOpic. 9. Lilac.

## EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Music.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Shakespeare. 1. Disk—S-kid. 2. Shoe—H-ose. 3. Daze—A-dze. 4. Leek—K-eel. 5. Bone—E-bon. 6. Host—S-hot. 7. Neap—P-ane. 8. Tide—E-dit. 9. Rave—A-ver. 10. Cork—R-ock. 11. Seat—E-ast.

## CHARADE.—Mint-drop.

INVERTED PYRAMID.—Across: 1. Partial. 2. March. 3. Pie. 4. P.—Diamond.—1. L. 2. LAd. 3. LaTin. 4. DIg. 5. N.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—April Fools. 1. rAfT. 2. uPOn. 3. fROg. 4. fILL. 5. aLSO.

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA.—“This above all,—to thine own self be true.” *Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 3.

## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
When she got there, the cupboard was bare (bear),  
And so the poor dog had none (nun).

RHOMBOID.—Across: 1. Cave. 2. Home. 3. Time. 4. Rede. METAGRAMS.—I. B-ark. D-ark. H-ark. L-ark. M-ark. P-ark. II. D-ine. F-ine. K-ine. L-ine. M-ine. N-ine. P-ine. T-ine. V-ine. W-ine. III. B-one. C-one. D-one. G-one. H-one. L-one. N-one. T-one. IV. B-car. D-car. F-car. G-car. H-car. L-car. N-car. P-car. R-car. T-car. W-car. V-car.

PHONETIC SPELLING-LESSON.—1. Ivy. 2. Piqué. 3. Easy. 4. Essay. 5. Empty. 6. Excel. 7. Essex. 8. Envy. 9. Obe. 10. Array. 11. Aye-aye. 12. Ogee.

RABBIT PUZZLE.—For answer, see preceding page.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from “H. M. S. ‘St. Vincent,’” Portsmouth, England, 5—Maggie Philips, Essex, England, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from “Fire-fly”—A. B. C.—Genie J. Callmeyer—Bessie C. Rogers—Marna and Bae—Frary—Scrap—Effie K. Talboys—John Kirkman—Clara J. Child—Little John, Kittie, and Minnie—Clara and her Aunt—Lyde W. McKinney—Aidyl Airociv Trebor—Ernest B. Cooper—Engineer—Appleton H.—Florence Leslie Kyte.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Little Ida Brown, 3—“Greene Ave.,” 1—W. P. B. Jr., 1—Helen Dexter, 3—Cambridge Livingston, 2—Maidie R. Lang, 1—Somebody, 4—Edward Lytton, 2—Robert Hamilton, 1—Walter A. Hopper, 2—H. M. Folger, 1—O’Flannigan and Huggins, 2—Alice B. Summer, 1—Harry A. Burnham, 2—Jennie and Bessie, 6—V. P. J. S. M. C., 7—Lillian Virginia Leach, 1—Kittie Corbin, 1—E. V. Thorp, 2—Weston Stickney, 7—Margaret W. Stickney, 6—G. H., 7—Livingston Ham, 1—Daisy, 1—Warren, 5—“The Blanke Family,” 12—Minnie B. Murray, 10—Ernest W. Hamilton, 3—Grace and Blanche Parry, 8—Mattie and Kittie Winkler, 4—Ralph A. Hoffman, 9—“Lode Star,” 9—Gilman S. Stanton, 2—Amy and Edith, 9—R. T. L., 12—Mary B. Dykeman, 2—Pollywog and Tadpole, 5—“Alcibiades,” 11—Anna and Alice, 9—Grahame Hume Powell, 2—“Bunthorne and Grosvenor,” 8—“Rory O’Moore,” 2—“Cellea,” 3—Joseph Wheelless, 2—Nellie R. Sandell, 13—Allie C. Duden, 1—Emma D. Andrews, 10—Anna K. Dessalet, 3—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Virginia M. Murray, 10—Freda, 11—“Shumway,” 6—Lulu Graves, 9—Charlie Townsend, 4—Rubie and Marion, 7—Ray Thurber, 5—Delaware and Mary, 7—Harry LeMoyné Mitchell, 3—Ellie Suesserott, 5—J. Ollie Gayley, 2—Algernon Tassin, 6—B. B., 9—Bessie Watson, 2—Anna Clark, 2—J. S. Tennant, 13—W. M. Kingsley, 11—Busy Bees, 11—Sallie Viles, 13—Fred. Thwaites, 14—Charlie Power, 7—Isabel Bungay, 6—“Two Subscribers,” 12—Queen Bess, 13—Professor and Co., 12—“Pat and Kid,” 6—Maud and Sadie, 2—Paul England and Co., 3—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 14—Tommy and Jack, 5—Curdyce, 8—Henry E. Johnston, Jr., 4—Daisy and Buttercup, 9—Mother and I, 6—L. F. Barry, 11—H. M. S. “St. Vincent,” 11. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTEENTH REPORT—APRIL.

THE SWISS cross proposed by Kenneth Brown meets with universal favor, and is hereby adopted as the badge of the Agassiz Association. (See ST. NICHOLAS for February, page 342.) It may be made of any metal preferred, and worn with or without a ribbon. It may be of any desired size, and plain or with engravings of fern, butterfly, and crystal; but it must bear the letters A. A. and the name or number of the Chapter.

## REPORTS OF CHAPTERS.

## MANHATTAN CHAPTER, N. Y. (B).

Since its organization, May 15, 1881, our Chapter has been very prosperous. Beginning with five members, we now number seventeen, and other names are before our committee for consideration. We have a cash balance of \$18.95.

Our cabinet is quite extensive, and we have started a library. All our meetings have been full of interest; sometimes reports are read; and we have had compositions, lectures, and discussions. Besides the members of the Association, a number of persons have become interested in our project, and several donations have been received from them.

EDWARD B. MILLER.

[The Manhattan is one of the banner Chapters.]

Our line of work has been chiefly in answering questions. At every meeting each member is to bring in at least two questions. The answers are filed monthly.

We are going to celebrate Agassiz's birthday. Would it not be a good plan for all the Chapters to do this?

GEO. TERENCE MARSTON, Depere, Wis.

[A most excellent plan, and one adopted last year by only a few Chapters. Accounts of Agassiz's life should be read, poems recited, an excursion and picnic, perhaps, taken. We hope to hear reports from all the Chapters, of some such observance of the 28th of May.]

We have added to our collection a *Tarantula* and its house; gold ore from Colorado; some rubies and pottery from Aztec ruins in Mexico.

NELLIE HUGHES, Cor. Sec., Fairfield, Iowa.

## NOTES BY MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

DEWITT, MICH.

I have kept three caterpillars; one was gray, one white, black, and yellow, and one yellow. No. 1, I found on a cucumber vine; 2, on a milkweed; 3, on a rag-weed. No. 1 ate up No. 2, and the yellow one got away. After the gray one had eaten up the black one, he began to spin a cocoon, but a neighbor's little boy spoiled it. I found four cocoons, but they all died.

HARRY TOWNSEND.

[Truly, the way of the young naturalist is hard! Try again, Harry. If you once succeed in seeing a butterfly come out from his chrysalis, you will be repaid for all your misfortunes.]

Do spiders change their color? Sometimes I see a yellow spider on a yellow lily, and once Mamma found a snow-white spider on white paper. I have found six kinds of snails. One of them lies on bits of coal in the cellar. I call it a coal snail. The only time I saw it move it put out two little black horns. I have seen mosquitoes leave the water a good many times, but I never saw a dragon-fly do it.

IRENE PUTNAM, Bennington, Vt.

[Most boys and girls grow old and die without seeing either mosquitoes or dragon-flies leave the water; yet how many millions of them leave it every summer! Who next will catch them at it?]

I have several tadpoles changing to frogs.

E. G. BROWN, Angola, Ind.

[Then, please tell us what becomes of the tadpoles' tails.]

## EXCHANGES DESIRED.

The Lenox Chapter has for exchange geodes, crystals of tourmaline, quartz, cryolite from Greenland; woods, eggs, and shells, for which are especially desired four or five ounce, labeled specimens of diorite, dolomite, labradorite, and the ores of tin, zinc, and gold. Peacock coal and Florida moss, for sea-side specimens, insects, or minerals.—K. S. M., Box 98, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Clear winged sesia, phanaeus carinifex, Mississippi butterfly, and glass threads, for sea-weed, rare shells, or star-fish.—Inez R. Knowlton, Hope Villa, East Baton Rouge, La.

Labeled minerals and mosses, for good sea-shells. I will send directions for photographing ferns and leaves cheaply at home, if desired.—Catherine R. Way, East Lempster, N. H.

Birds' eggs.—Fred. H. Clark, Box 113, Poulney, Vt. Correspondence and mineral exchanges.—J. F. Glosser, Cor. Sec., Berwyn, Pa.

Bird's-eye maple, white holly, black-walnut, oak, ash, red cedar, butternut, and birch-bark, for other sorts of woods.—Frank Ramaley, Sec. St. Paul (A), 595 Cedar St., St. Paul, Minn.

I have a lot of geodes, from two to five inches in diameter, which I should like to exchange for marine curiosities, sea-shells, corals, whales' teeth, etc.—L. L. Goodwin, Waverly, Bremer Co., Iowa.

[A rare opportunity for those who can offer good specimens in exchange, as we know by experience. The geodes are fine. By the way, what are geodes, and how are they formed? We are sure that not all can tell.]

Drawings of snow-crystals, with accurate record of temperature, wind, etc., for the same.—H. H. Bice, Utica, N. Y.

Petrified shells, for quartz crystals, agates, or tourmaline. Correspondence desired on geological subjects. Ellington (A), N. Y.—W. H. Van Allen, Sec.

P. S.—Everybody here seems to like the Agassiz Association.

[Sensible people!]

Fossil shells and graphite, for other minerals and ores, except iron.—W. H. Van Allen, Ellington, N. Y.

Fossil coral, kianite, pyrites, copper, for fossil ferns, amethysts, crystals, and red corals.—H. W. DuBois, 1527 N. 20th St., Phila.

Eggs and minerals.—Chas. G. Carter, Titusville, Pa. Soil, stones, and wood, from noted parts of Philadelphia, for gypsum, birds' eggs, and tin ore.—R. P. Kaighn, 2014 Ridge Avenue, Phila.

Water-color paintings from nature, for labeled sea-weed (pressed but not mounted), and labeled birds' eggs.—John L. Hanna, 219 Madison St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Flicker's egg for a snow-bird's. I also wish a humming-bird's egg. I can furnish excellent specimens of plumbago and iron.—Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Cambria Station, Pa.

Minerals. I especially desire a moss-agate.—E. S. Foster, 18 Chestnut St., Boston.

A sand-dollar and a shark's egg, for good specimens of insects.—Frank C. Baldwin, 17 Montcalm St., Detroit, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Robert Beach, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y. Eggs. Aurora, Ill., Chapter (A).—Lilian Trask.

Minerals and curiosities.—F. H. Dodge, 590 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN REPORT NO. 10.

1. A fly has two compound eyes, each containing about four thousand facets, or simple eyes.
2. The Vervain humming-bird (*Mellisuga minima*), of Jamaica. Stripped of feathers, its body is not much larger than a hickory-nut.
3. The lizard has three movable eyelids.
4. The sperm-whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*) has from forty to fifty teeth, all in the lower jaw. The true whale has no teeth.
5. "Quadrumania" means four-handed, and is a term applied to monkeys, apes, etc.
6. Zoöphyte means "animal plant." The name has been given to minute animals which bear a strong resemblance to plants.
7. Quartz, feldspar, and usually mica.
8. Crystallized carbon.
9. *Leontopodium Alpinum*, or *Gnaphalium Leontopodium*. Literal meaning of *Edelweiss*, "nobly white." The flower belongs to the *Gnaphalium* family.
10. *Clove* is from Lat. *clavis*—a nail, from the shape.

Best answer, Frances M. Heaton.

## QUESTIONS.

1. How do bees carry their honey?
2. What is the Apteryx, and where found?
3. How do pea-nuts grow?
4. What is the season in Brazil, Nov. 3d?
5. Why is a leopard spotted?
6. How does an ostrich hide itself?
7. Name five amphibious animals.
8. Name five useless things.
9. Where do flies go in winter?
10. Describe a beaver's house.
11. How many mouths has a spider?
12. How many degrees of heat are needed to melt copper, lead, and silver?
13. At what point does salt water freeze?
14. What do sponges feed on?

[Best set of answers will be noticed.]

This has been by far our most prosperous month. We now number over one thousand nine hundred, and have one hundred and sixty-three chapters. This great number of correspondents necessarily demands much time. We are compelled again to remind our young friends to be concise. We are also compelled to insist rigidly upon the following rules:

1. *Inclose in each letter a self-addressed and stamped envelope.* [Hitherto we have answered all letters, whether their authors have complied with this rule or not. But our numbers have so increased that this is becoming impossible. A little reflection will show that, to answer each of our one thousand nine hundred members once, costs fifty-seven dollars, without taking account of paper or envelopes. Recollect that we charge no fee for membership in our Chapters, and hereafter none can expect to receive answers unless this rule is observed.]

2. Use *note* paper—not letter paper.
3. Write on only one side of your paper.
4. Give your name and full address in *each letter*.
5. Whenever you send specimens, state from whom they come, and what you wish in exchange.
6. Address—not ST. NICHOLAS—but HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Chapter.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
143.	E. Bridgewater, Mass.	6.	Geo. S. Young.
144.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	12.	Aubrey Tyson.
145.	Indianapolis, Ind.	6.	Frank Bildenmeister, 265 E. N. Y. St.
146.	Ellington, N. Y.	20.	W. H. Van Allen.
147.	Cleveland, Ohio.	—	F. Kendall, 768 Harkness Ave
148.	De Pere, Wis. (B)	10.	Mrs. R. W. Arndt.
149.	Abington, Mass.	6.	Geo. C. Beal, Box 16.
150.	Flushing, L. I.	4.	Frances M. Heaton.
151.	Brooklyn, N. Y. (B)	6.	Ernest Osburne, 761 DeKalb Ave.
152.	Wilmington, Del.	6.	John H. Rollo, 10 E. 7th St.
153.	Chicago, Ill. (D)	4.	Frank Wentworth, 1337 Michigan Ave.

No.	Chapter.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
154.	Jefferson, Ohio	20.	Clara L. Northway.
155.	Heyworth, Ill.	7.	Samuel E. Low.
156.	Peoria, Ill.	12.	Tobey Van Buskirk, 104 Pennsylvania Ave.
157.	Detroit, Mich. (C)	7.	A. T. Worthington, 44 Marion St.
158.	Davenport, Iowa.	5.	Edwin K. Putnam.
159.	Greenville, Ill.	7.	Frank Tathan.
160.	Toledo, Ohio.	7.	Fred. Dodge, 590 Huron St.
161.	New York, N. Y. (D)	4.	C. R. Burke, 224 West 34th St.
162.	Boston, Mass. (B)	4.	A. C. Chamberlain, 99 Revere St.
163.	Hartford, Conn. (C)	4.	H. M. Penrose.

## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FOURTEENTH REPORT—MAY.

VERY cheering are the reports this month. It might have been feared that, after the novelty had worn off, many Chapters would quickly have fallen to pieces. But, on the contrary, the oldest Chapters are the most active and wide-awake, and nearly all report additions in membership, while never were so many new branches formed in a single month. We now number more than two thousand one hundred, and more than twenty letters have been received in a single day.

## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

We have four new members this month. A scrap-book has been bought, and we are collecting clippings to fill it. Our meetings have been held regularly. WM. CARTER, Waterbury, Conn.

Chicago (C) has two new members. We have held our meetings every Saturday, and have had our badges made. We have some new books for our library, one of which is "Woods's Natural History."

NELSON BENNETT, Chicago, Ill.

[Many Chapters have begun to form libraries—a most excellent plan.]

At one of our late meetings a paper was read, descriptive of the manufacture of steel rails at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, in Allegheny County. With the paper were samples of the various kinds of ores, coals, coke, lime-stone, etc., used. The reading and examination of specimens occupied the entire evening, and was interesting to young and old. J. F. GLOSSER, Berwyn, Pa.

We can not organize a Chapter here unless you will accept our family as such. We number six, and all are interested in natural history. We live in the vicinity of extinct volcanoes. Here are hills of lava, and others of ancient ashes, with pieces of obsidian. In the mines we found round balls of hardened clay, or, sometimes, partly iron ore. These are hollow, and filled with ashes. We call them volcanic geodes. MRS. E. H. K.

[You are heartily welcome as a Chapter, and are number 166. We have several such family chapters, and they are one of the most delightful features of the Association. Obsidian is a word calculated to arouse the curiosity of our Eastern friends. Will some one write a report on it?]

Chapter 138, Warren, Maine, Miss J. L. Crocker, Sec., has now nineteen members. By an error we gave this Chapter credit for a dual existence, at Orono, Me., as No. 122, as well as at Warren. There is no Chapter at Orono.

NORRISTOWN, PA.

We have organized a Chapter with seventeen members. The principal of the High School is our president. The directors have given us the use of one of the school-rooms in the evening, with gas and fire. We meet once in two weeks. ANNA SCHALL, Sec.

## NOTES BY MEMBERS.

I think the wasp described by W. R. Edwards in the February report was *Crabro cribrarius*. It feeds its young with the larvæ of the leaf-rolling caterpillar (*Tortrix chlorana*), which lives in the oak. Will anybody tell me what the food of the caterpillar is?

CLARENCE L. LOWER, Denver, Col.

For the past month we have been assigning questions to members. For instance, "Take twenty insects, give their scientific names, and tell all you know about each. Get twenty different kinds of woods and give their names." The members also take turns in preparing papers to read. We have two papers every meeting. The last ones were on "Ants and their Habits" and "Snakes."

WALTER S. SLAGLE, Sec., Fairfield, Iowa.

I have a piece of oak containing a bullet which must have been shot into it more than forty years ago, for there are forty-three rings between the last trace of a scar and the bark.

FRED. C. RANSOM, Jackson, Mich.

## EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Birds' eggs.—Wm. G. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.

We have a fossil found thus far inland. We will exchange it for a lizard.—Warrick R. Edwards, Hillsboro, Ill.

Coral limestones, autumn leaves, and ferns, for marine curiosities. Ypsilanti, Mich., Chapter A.—E. R. Shier, Sec.

[We have seen some of these "coral limestones." They are beautiful.]

Fossils of Lower Silurian, for marine curiosities, or for such specimens of walking fern, trailing arbutus, or ground-pine as would live after they reached us, if properly cared for.—L. M. Bedinger, Greenwood Lake, Ky.

Minerals, woods, and photographic views, for United States and foreign exchanges.—Ledru Lewis, Box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Eggs, bird-skins, woods, and minerals.—Chas. C. Carter, Sec., Titusville, Penn.

Mounted birds and eggs of this locality for sale. Send for price-list.—A. B. Averill, Colfax, Washington Ter.

Minerals, calamites, bird-skins, eggs, nests, corals, algæ, insects, lichens, ferns, and grasses.—H. G. White, Taunton, Mass.

California specimens for specimens from Palestine.—Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

Clay stones, for pressed and labeled sea-weed, or a star-fish.—C. H. McBride, Rexford Flats, N. Y.

Shells, sea-mosses, and marine curiosities, for minerals.—Howard Cook, 21 Harbor St., Salem, Mass.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK.

And now the snow-flakes have taken their northward flight, and the singing birds have come back from the south. "The winter is over and gone," and the "A. A." is out-of-doors.

I wish every member of our society would catch one bee, and steal the pollen from his thighs. Examine this pollen under the microscope, and make accurate drawings of the grains. Examine also the pollen from some one flower, and make drawings of it in the same way, writing underneath the name of the flower. Then send the drawings to me, and we may thus ascertain, perhaps, some facts regarding the number and variety of the flowers that furnish the honey which the Queen in her chamber eats on her bread.

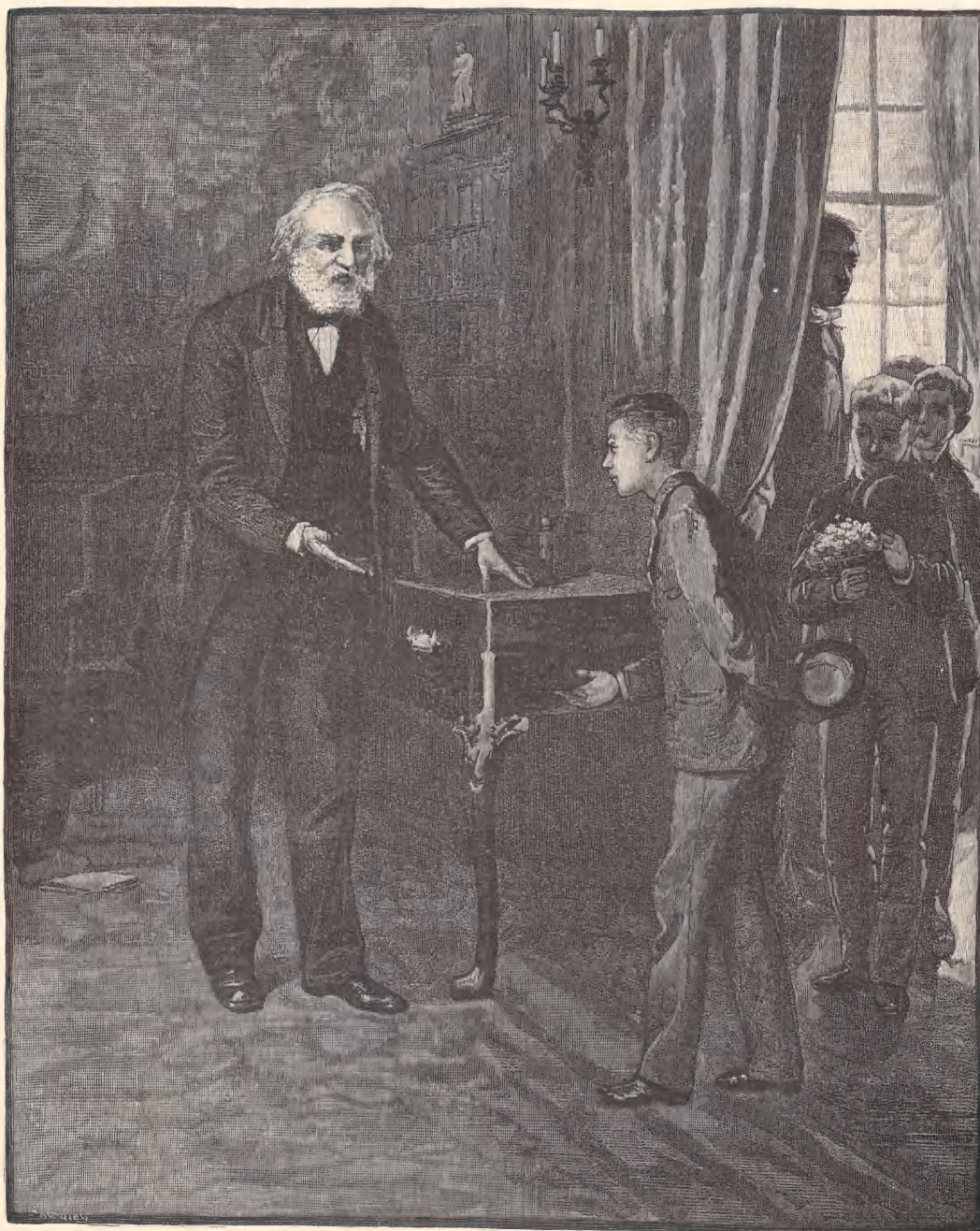
## ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS.

No.	Chapter.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
164.	Jackson, Mich. (B)	16.	Mrs. Norah Gridley, cor. Main & Fourth.
165.	Plymouth, Conn. (A)	6.	Wm. G. Talmadge.
166.	St. Helena, Cal. (A)	6.	Mrs. E. H. King.
167.	Rochester, N. Y. (A)	4.	Miss Monica Curran, 2 Prince St.
168.	Buffalo, N. Y. (C)	5.	Miss Claire Shuttleworth, 35 North Pearl St.
169.	Norristown, Pa. (A)	17.	Miss Anna Schall.
170.	No. Brookfield, Mass. (A)	6.	H. A. Cooke, Box 610.
171.	New London, Conn. (A)	7.	R. L. Crump.
172.	Hoosac, N. Y. (A)	14.	Wm. C. Langdon, Jr., Box 53.
173.	Fitchburg, Mass. (B)	14.	Miss Mary L. Garfield.
174.	Easton, Pa. (B)	10.	Frank Starr, 60 So. College.
175.	Easton, Pa. (C)	14.	W. F. Kennedy, 122 North 2d St.
176.	Nashua, N. H. (D)	12.	Fred. A. Burke, Box 1063.
177.	Andover, Mass. (A)	6.	N. H. Douglass.
178.	Farmington, Minn. (A)	8.	H. N. Wing.
179.	Sacramento, Cal. (A)	15.	Harry Larkin, P. O.
180.	Milford, Conn. (A)	11.	Miss S. E. Frisbie.
181.	Nashua, N. H. (E)	6.	Geo. M. Tinker.
182.	Warren, R. I. (A)	5.	H. L. Warren.
183.	Salem, Mass.	5.	M. E. Burrill, 4 Cherry St.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Hereafter, Chapters number 1-50 are requested to send their reports to W. P. Ballard, Easton, Pa.; Chapters number 51-100, to M. J. Taylor, Lenox, Mass.; 101-130, to Mr. John F. Glosser, Berwyn, Chester Co., Pa. All other letters, including requests for exchange, will be received, as before, by Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.





MR. LONGFELLOW AND HIS BOY VISITORS.

[See page 642.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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JUNE, 1882.

No. 8.

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## THE GREAT TUB-RACE AT POINT NO-POINT.

BY ELLEN W. OLNEY.

ANY one might have thought, that summer morning, that all the summer boarders at Point No-Point were ambitious to do their week's washing at once. From the time breakfast was over until the first dinner-bell rang, at half-past twelve, the boys at Mrs. Crane's were rushing about in every direction in couples, vanishing down the road or up the lane, to re-appear, after an interval, carrying tubs between them. These tubs were deposited on the tennis-ground, where they immediately became a center of general interest, and were inspected by a committee of critics, who discussed their merits, and decided whether or not they might be called "sea-worthy." There were new tubs and old tubs; painted tubs and unpainted tubs; tubs with rusty iron hoops and tubs beautifully bound in brass and shining with fresh nails. Some of them suggested the excursion of the famous three men of Gotham, and in view of the disasters of that melancholy voyage were at once set aside and labeled "dangerous."

But, finally, eleven were pronounced fit for use, and were marshaled into rank and file like a fighting regiment.

By this time the second bell had rung, and dinner was ready. Although intense excitement prevailed, dinner seemed by no means a matter of indifference to any of the boys. Fifteen of them had a table together at one end of the long dining-room which accommodated Mrs. Crane's houseful of boarders. It was always a noisy table, but

to-day, with so much to talk about, there was a perfect babel of voices discussing the coming contest, until Mr. Long, the lame gentleman with spectacles, limped over and sat down among them, and talked so pleasantly that they were all glad to be quiet and listen. In fact, all the boys felt that he was a person worth propitiating, for he was to be umpire of the great tub-race coming off at three o'clock.

It was not quite two when they arose from the table, and, as a great deal remained to be accomplished during the next hour, and no more minutes could be wasted in mere forms and ceremonies, the boys trooped out. In the first place, it was necessary that they should all change their ordinary dress for bathing-suits; then the tubs had to be carried to the river-bank; finally, Mr. Long was to meet the contestants there, and settle certain questions concerning the management of the race,—questions which could be decided only on the spot.

Frank Sedgwick and his brother Will were the first to come forth, fully equipped. They were the best swimmers, cricketers, and ball-players, and the handsomest fellows at Mrs. Crane's that summer. Their mamma had no daughters to make beautiful, so she spent all her pains on Frank and Will, and their bathing-suits were handsome—of white flannel, with blue trimmings, cut short in the arms, and ending at their knees, displaying the well-rounded, muscular limbs of the wearers. Each



of the brothers seized his tub—the best of the lot, you may be sure—and carrying it aloft at arms' length, as if it had no weight whatever, strode rapidly down to the water's edge.

Next scrambled along Jo Paddock, dragging his tub behind him. There was nothing of the dandy about Jo. Although only fifteen, he was already within an inch of being six feet tall, and it was no easy matter to cover his long neck and arms and ankles, all of which protruded from his rusty, gray flannel suit, making him look like a disjointed jack-doll.

Following him were the Holt boys, all neat, sober, trim little fellows, each—like the affectionate brothers they were—helping the other to carry his tub. Then, racing down, appeared Lemuel Shepherd, rolling his tub before him like a hoop, and after him came Sam Tyson, munching an apple at his ease, while Timothy, Mrs. Crane's man, ambled behind, carrying his burden for him. It was always Sam Tyson's way to escape the trouble of things; somebody seemed always at hand to look out for his comfort. He had a knack of getting twice as much at table as the other boys, and he always kept a supply of dainties besides, bought with his pocket-money, which he thought was well spent in luxuries for himself. He was no favorite among his mates. Before he reached the river-side the two Crane boys passed him, with Jack Loomis.

"Why don't you take it as easily as I do?" cried out Sam, who was in an excellent humor. "I gave Tim ten cents to get my tub this morning, and five more to bring it down here for me."

"Why not send him out in it?" asked Jack Loomis. "I would n't have the bother of paddling myself, if I were you."

"When the race really begins, I'll take care of myself," returned Sam, who, it must be confessed, excelled in all athletic exercises. "I have been in these races before, and know a thing or two about them. I might let you into the secret of winning, boys, but I prefer to keep it to myself."

He looked around at the others with a quiet smile of superiority. They all knew that smile and what it meant, and they did not like him for it. He was not a good-looking boy; he had yellow, freckled, flabby cheeks, which hung down, and small eyes, with an expression of lazy scorn in them, and a wide, disagreeable mouth. As he stood there boasting of his skill, every one of the ten who listened had but one feeling in his heart, and that was—no matter who won the race, it must not be Sam Tyson. They all felt an antagonism against him, remembering affronts he had put upon them at tennis, cricket, and base-ball.

Mr. Long now appeared on the long bridge which led out to the floating dock, followed by

twenty or thirty boarders, who had come to look on and see the sport.

And with the Sedgwicks and the Crane boys he fell to discussing the points still unsettled.

It was decided that the boys were to set out from the bank, among the rushes, and paddle to a certain buoy, an eighth of a mile down the stream, go around that, then return, and land at the floating dock. They were to start when he should give the word. Each must keep five feet clear of his rivals, and must on no account jostle his neighbor. In gaining the goal, it was enough to touch the planks of the dock with the hand.

"It is five minutes to three," said Mr. Long. "To your tubs, boys, and be ready to start promptly."

The boys all dashed to their places, took their tubs, and held them over their heads, ready to plash them into the water when Mr. Long should give the word. As they stood waiting, a faint cry arose among the spectators. A speck of blue had appeared in the distance.

"It is little Teddy Courtney," said somebody. "He seems to be pushing a tub along."

"Teddy Courtney!" cried Jo Paddock, and throwing down his own tub, he set off up the bank like a long streak of lightning. Yes, there came Teddy, in a bright blue boating-dress of the daintiest cut and fit, dragging, with enormous difficulty, an old, rusty, battered tub. The little fellow was alternately red and pale, his lip was trembling, and two or three great tears rolled down his cheeks. He was only nine years old, and had been sent down to Mrs. Crane's, with his French nurse, while his father and mother were in Europe. Everybody petted and made much of the youngster, but to-day he had been overlooked.

"Oh, Jo!" he cried, trembling with joy, as his friend appeared. "I was so afraid I could n't get here in time! Marie would n't hurry, and this tub is so heavy."

"I should think it was," growled Jo. "Poor little Ted!" He took the battered old thing in his own hands. "The worst of the lot," said Jo. "However, my baby, you shall have mine. This will do well enough for me."

There was no time to be wasted. Everybody was impatient. All the boys were drawn up in line, holding their tubs ready to be launched. Jo led Teddy down the bank and gave him his own place; then he went to the end of the row with the little fellow's battered hulk.

There was a pause. Then, "Are you ready?—Go!" cried Mr. Long, and the boys were off.

That is, of course, they had waded out half a dozen feet from the shore to a spot where they could clear bottom, and had got into their barks—that is to say, I mean some of them had got in. Until



one tries, he does not know how difficult a matter it is to get into a floating tub successfully, and to stay there. A few had contrived to keep up; the others had keeled over. But those who went down came up manfully, turned their tubs upside down to get the water out, righted them, and tried again.

Frank and Will Sedgwick had had their usual good luck. They sat well into their tubs, their legs astride, and were now paddling along with short, clean strokes, which at once carried them briskly in advance of the rest. Everybody looking on at once declared that one of the two was sure

doing very well indeed. He had seemed to be afraid of being upset by somebody, so he had steered his craft far to windward, but was now nearing the buoy, which he promised to round almost at the time the Sedgwick boys would reach it.

His chances grew better and better every moment. He was almost as much of a favorite as the Sedgwicks, and there could be no chagrin at his good luck. Yet it was, nevertheless, a melancholy thing to see Frank reach the stake at the very same moment as his brother. Then, as they paddled around it, how could he avoid jostling Will? Then what hindered his getting upset



"IT IS DIFFICULT TO GET INTO A FLOATING TUB SUCCESSFULLY, AND TO STAY THERE."

to win. The pretty young lady who had made the badges for the gainer of the race looked with satisfaction at the handsome lads, and thought how well either would wear her blue-and-cardinal ribbons.

After the Sedgwicks came the two Cranes—stout, manly fellows, used to all sorts of exploits on sea and land, but rather too heavily built for the present race; for, no sooner had they got forty or fifty feet from the shore, than at the same moment down went their tubs, and both were lost to sight. They came up, spluttering and laughing, and, drawing their perfidious tubs after them, waded back to begin again. Meanwhile, Jack Loomis was

himself, and, in going down, carrying his brother along with him?

The Sedgwicks for once were thrown out of a competition. They were so used to success that they could hardly believe in their present ill-luck. But, having to confess it, they took it good-naturedly, and, feeling sure that their chances were over, and that Jack Loomis had won the day, they waded to the dock, climbed up the sides, and sat on the edge, ready to cheer and applaud him when he should make the goal.

Jack was now indeed monarch of all he surveyed. But unseen dangers lurked ahead. All at once, without any premonition of disaster, fate



overtook him; down went his tub! Twice he was soused from head to foot before he could find bottom and recover himself. Emerging finally, he looked dazed, confounded, at such an overthrow of all his hopes.

While a race is going on, however, one has no time to waste pity on fallen heroes. For a good while, now, nobody had thought of watching any of the competitors save the Sedgwicks and Loomis. After their mischances, the spectators simultaneously turned to see if anybody else was coming up, like the tortoise, to claim the victory lost by the hare. There soon arose a loud murmur of discontent. Mr. Sam Tyson followed the three who had gone down, and now was first in the procession.

Jo Paddock was nowhere; he had, in fact, gone back and sat down resignedly on the bank. Even if he had had a good tub, his long legs put out of the question any sort of successful paddling. The two Crane boys sat beside him, one of them trying to mend his tub, which had started a hoop. Lemuel Shepherd was still trying to get into his. He was a roly-poly sort of a boy, so round that there was no more chance for him than for an apple-dumpling. The three Holt boys had gone on very well, and might have held their own, had not Sam Tyson run them down. One after another each had drifted in his way, and when the question arose in his mind whether his chances or theirs should suffer, he had not hesitated for a single moment, but devoted them to destruction by an adroit kick of his foot.

A trifle behind Sam was Teddy Courtney, floating beautifully. Now and then he leaned over and paddled a little with his baby-hand, but in general he was happy enough that he was upborne, and did not get overturned; so he made no effort to get on. He looked like a Cupid, with his golden curls, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and smiling lips.

There could now be no sort of doubt in anybody's mind that Mr. Sam Tyson not only intended to beat, but was certain to do so. He made progress very slowly, as he had declared he understood the secret of winning a tub-race. He knew that by eager paddling the tub constantly shipped water through the holes in the handles, and that thus becoming "swamped," it was ready to go down at the least jar. This danger he avoided, keeping his lower edge well above the ripples. Nobody wished him well, yet, as if wafted by the most earnest good wishes, he sailed on serenely. Every other boy at Mrs. Crane's had friends, but he had

none. Yet he was not more than half a bad fellow, if he could have been less selfish and greedy.

And now, with a long sigh, they all whispered to themselves he was going to win. He had made the buoy easily. He was well on his way back. He was not more than three yards from the goal. His heavy face had not for a moment lighted up with hope or expectation. He bore his honors calmly so far. He always took everything calmly, which made it all the more exasperating for those whom he conquered.

He was within four feet of the floating dock. Every one watched him, feeling more or less unhappy. The pretty young lady with the badge of crisp blue-and-cardinal ribbons, had seated herself on a camp-stool, and was fanning herself, with an air of indifference and patience. Apparently the results of the race were not to justify her disinterested efforts for it, since Mr. Sam Tyson was to have the badge.

All at once, however, while the crowd looked on, muttering wrath in whispers, Sam was seen to move convulsively! A sneeze burst from him in spite of all his efforts to suppress it. The tub turned over and sank, carrying him down with it.

Ah, the cruelty of it all! For a triumphant cheer burst from the party on shore! Victory had been almost in Sam's grasp, but he had lost it. Alas! alas! And there was no sympathy for him. All the others who went down had had the grace of a kind "Poor fellow!" but not a word for Sam. He took his reverse coolly, however, as he took everything else. He scrambled to his footing, got into his tub, and began to paddle himself back.

And was everybody out of the race? Was no one to have the blue-and-red ribbons? Why, yes! There was Teddy Courtney, who had, by this time, passed the buoy.

"Carefully, Ted! Paddle carefully!" shouted Jo Paddock, from the shore. "You'll beat us all yet."

Teddy looked up in amazement. A winning smile broke over his face. He leaned over, and did paddle carefully. And a wind came up out of the south, and floated him straight toward the dock. His little hands seemed to work wonders, but, besides, as if some irresistible force bore him along, his tub went straight toward the goal.

"Touch it, Ted, touch it!" cried Will Sedgwick, as he got alongside. And the little fellow leaned out and touched it.

Then what a cheer broke forth, and how pretty the young lady looked as she put on his blue-and-red ribbons!



## THE BEE-CHARMER.

BY M. M. D.



A FRISKY little faun of old  
 Once came to charm the bees —  
 A frisky little faun and bold,  
 With very funny knees:  
 You'll read in old mythology  
 Of just such folk as these,  
 Who haunted dusky woodlands  
 And sported 'neath the trees.

Well, there he sat and waited  
 And played upon his pipe,  
 Till all the air grew fated  
 And the hour was warm and ripe,—  
 When, through the woodland glooming  
 Out to the meadow clear,  
 A few great bees came booming,  
 And hovered grandly near.

Then others, all a-listening,  
 Came, one by one, intent,  
 Their gauzy wings a-glistening,  
 Their velvet bodies bent.  
 Filled was the meadow sunny  
 With music-laden bees,  
 Forgetful of their honey  
 Stored in the gnarled old trees,  
 Heedless of sweets that waited

In myriad blossoms bright,  
 They crowded, dumb and sated  
 And heavy with delight;  
 When, presto!—with quick laughter  
 The piping faun was gone!  
 And never came he after,  
 By noon or night or dawn.

Never the bees recovered;  
 The spell was on them still —  
 Where'er they flew or hovered  
 They knew not their own will;  
 The wondrous music filled them;  
 As dazed they sought the bloom;  
 The cadences that thrilled them  
 Had dealt them mystic doom.  
 And people called them lazy,  
 In spite of wondrous skill,  
 While others thought them crazy,  
 And strove to do them ill:  
 Their velvet coats a-fuzzing  
 They darted, bounded, flew,  
 And filled the air with buzzing  
 And riotous ado.

Now, when in summer's season  
 We hear their noise and stir,



Full well we know the reason  
Of buzz and boom and whirr—  
As, browsing on the clover  
Or darting in the flower,  
They hum it o'er and over,  
That charm of elfin power.  
Dire, with a purpose musical  
Dazing the sultry noon,

They make their sounds confusical,  
And try to catch the tune.  
It baffles them, it rouses them,  
It wearies them and drowns them;  
It puzzles them and saddens them,  
It worries them and maddens them:  
Ah, wicked faun, with funny knees,  
To bring such trouble on the bees!



## MARY JANE TELLS ABOUT THE SPICERS' COWS.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

THEY had lots of cows, the Spicers had,—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they did n't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out.

It was the summer that Lucy was sick, and Dot and I were sent to Grandpa's.

Well, one day, Grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

"What's the pound?" asked Dot.

"It's a pen," said Grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land; and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that's elegant!" said I. "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When Grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane—you might know—who said that.

I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch *them*. But I did n't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them.

But, I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for, when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!"

Besides, it is n't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'.

We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house. Mercy me! I never saw such a gone-to-wreck-and-ruined place. Half the window-panes smashed, and the shingles coming off, and the wall broken down, and not so much as a path up to the front door! I suppose that is so that folks will go to the back door, as Aunt Jane did that day I went there with her and found the hens picking up the crumbs in the kitchen. I should have thought Mrs. Spicer would be ashamed of that; would n't you? But, la, she was n't! She said the hens were company for her, and, besides, they "saved sweeping."

Aunt Jane says Sarah Spicer's "not a pretty-behaved little girl," and I should n't think she was. So saucy! And she swings her skirts when she walks, and it's real aggravating. Besides that, she makes up faces at real nice folks. Beth Hall and I turned round quick once, and caught her at it.

I thought she was looking more saucy than ever on this particular day, and I determined to be very dignified and distant.

"How d' ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How d' ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she.

"It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to



tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound, the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried out that Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Does n't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set as you are? My grandfather says your farm does n't raise anything but weeds and potato bugs. But I'll tell him it raises plenty of 'sarce' besides."

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word.

Oh, but don't I 'spise her!

Well, that afternoon, Dot and I went into the barn to play. We played that we were angels, and made the loveliest crowns of burs, and real nice wings out of newspapers. When we wanted to fly, we went to the top of the loft, and flew down

the fun with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"Is n't that mean!" said I. "The idea of asking an angel to drive cows!"

"Play they are evil sperits," suggested Hiram, who was cleaning out the stalls.

"No, they 're not," said I. "They are just nothing but cows. Besides, it makes me hot to run after them, and angels ought never to be hot."

Then Aunt Jane began to scream at me again, and, of course, I had to go.

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. "Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. "I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer —!"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What 'll Grandpa say? I wont go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me, to be sure. And if you don't come right along,



"HOW D' YE DO, MARY JANE?"

to the hay on the barn-floor; but we did n't care to fly much, it was so much nicer to bounce up and down on the clouds—I mean the hay—and play on our harps and sing.

We were just in the midst of it, and enjoying

I'll take off my little crown and stick the prickles into you, Miss!"

That's what I said, but I knew I could n't get the crown out of my hair—the old burs stuck so. I got some out, though, and tied my hair on, set



my wings against the wall, and got a stick to drive the cows with. Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It was n't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that would n't hurry, and, besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road, and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound, and turned to come home.

"Let 's go 'round by the Spicers'," said I. "I don't care if it is farther. Perhaps we shall see Sarah."

"I don't want to see Sarah," answered Dot. "I saw 'nough o' her this morning. 'Sides, Aunt Jane said, if we got through supper in time, she would take us to see Mrs. Green, you know. And she is going to give us some pears."

But I was bound to go past the Spicers'; so I said: "We 'll hurry, and go 'cross-lots, and I know we sha'n't be late." And I had my way.

We went quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn-field and the woods beyond, and came out right in the Spicers' pasture. The sun had just gone down, and there was a bright light behind the row of old, jagged apple-trees along by the stone wall, which was so broken down in places that it was an easy matter for the cows to stray away. Dot and I noticed that there was only one left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he is n't, for there he is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing



"WE PLAYED WE WERE ANGELS, AND MADE CROWNS OF BURS AND WINGS OUT OF NEWSPAPERS."



on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her, up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you 'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you 'll find *yours*," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden, we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te, he," giggled Sam.

What could they mean? I wondered, as I hurried on, if our cows had got into their garden; and it worried me so that I told Dot.

"But, la, it's no use to wait any longer. I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said Grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let's have supper. Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not ours; but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were *our* cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I; "and Grandpa's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out



ON THE WAY TO THE POUND.

"I don't believe it, at all," said Dot. "They just wanted to scare us and get even with us."

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set, and Grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane.

of the pound? Oh dear! I do hope Sarah Spicer wont find out about it."

Dot and I did n't go to Mrs. Green's for pears that night, I can tell you. Instead, we went to bed an hour earlier than usual; but Sarah Spicer does n't know anything about it; and after Aunt Jane went down-stairs, Dot and I had a real good time playing angel.



## THE WINGS OF THINGS.

BY KATHARINE HANSON.

AS MOLLY sat by her mother,  
 She heard of some curious things,  
 For one lady said to another:  
 "Yes, money has certainly wings."

"Oh, has it?" thought little Molly,  
 "I never knew that before!"  
 And, questioning, looked at her dolly,  
 Who calmly sat on the floor.

Then entered a breathless caller,  
 With shawl hanging quite unpinned;

Lest a thunder-storm should befall her,  
 She had come "on the *wings of the wind*."

"I wonder where she would leave them,"  
 Thought Molly, and looked about;  
 From the window she could n't perceive them—  
 They had flown right along, no doubt.

Two facts quite reconciled Molly  
 To this confusion of things:  
 She was safely tied to her dolly,  
 And her mamma had no wings.

## THE WITCH-TRAP.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

"THERE she is!" cried Bennie Ruan. "She was in that patch behind the mulberry-tree when I saw her first; but I am going to cover the patch with that big fish-net of Father's, so that she can not rob us any more."

"Oh, it's not about the pine-apples I mind," exclaimed Mrs. Ruan, "but her wickedness is enough to make anybody cry!—the miserable witch!"

"What witch?" I asked. "Who is it?"

"There she is again!" cried Bennie, before anybody could answer my question. "I believe I heard her chattering near the big fig-tree!"

We all ran out on the porch, Mrs. Ruan with a kitchen-knife, Bennie's brother Carlos with a stick, and his sick father with his crutch. They were poor Mexican farmers and had no fire-arms. On the porch, Martin, an old negro servant, was husking corn, but when the boys ran toward the fig-tree, he got up and followed me into the garden.

"What is all this about?" I asked him, as we reached the orchard. The old negro put his finger to his mouth, to enjoin silence, but when we got behind the copse of currant bushes, he stopped and began to chuckle.

"Well, sir, to de best ob my knowledge, it's nothing but a common monkey," said he.

"What monkey?"

"De witch, as dey call her. Dere wuz a Miss Gonzales used to live down in Benyamo, an' dey tried to arrest her for witchcraft, and she has been

missin' ever since. Dey hev got a notion dat she changed herself into a monkey—de one dat 's robbin' us all de time. Hush! Here comes that boy Carlos."

"Come over this way, Doctor," whispered Carlos—"we shall have some fun now; she 's at the lower end of the corn field, right where my father put up the trap. Father is behind the mulberries back there. Take care—we must keep on this side of the trees, where she can not see us."

The old farmer was sitting on a wheelbarrow behind a clump of leafy mulberry-trees, while his wife was peeping through the branches.

"There are four or five in the weeds, over yonder," said she; "they are near the trap right now."

"The witch, too?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said the farmer—"she 's somewhere in the corn field."

"Where 's the witch?" asked Bennie.

"Keep still," whispered his mother. "There she is now, at the end of the fence there; look! do you see her red necklace? Here she comes! She 's going for the trap."

I could see her, too. A lean, long-legged capuchin monkey, with a sort of red collar around her neck, went skipping along the fence till she reached the top of the corner rail, where she stopped, and rose on her hind legs to get a view of the field. Finding the coast clear, she hopped down and slipped behind a pile of boards at the end of the furrow.



"Oh, Father!" cried Carlos, "quick, quick! Let's get the dog! She's coming this way—I saw her just now in the melon patch."

"Here's de dog," said the negro. "Come on—if he does n't get her, she knows more about witchcraft than I do. Let's head her off."

Our plan was to take the dog to the lower end of the orchard, where he could intercept the witch on her way to the high timber, while Carlos was

of the melon patch, with Carlos at her heels. He was driving her straight toward us, and through the middle of the corn field, when the dog suddenly broke away before Uncle Martin could grab him. He had caught sight of her and she of him, for she turned sharp around, passed Carlos like a flash, and disappeared in the copse of currant bushes. In the next second, the dog reached the thicket, but while he was racing up and down with his nose

on the ground, the sly witch slipped out at the other end, and made a break for the high timber. Our shouts and yells brought the dog on her track, and, spying her in the open field, he came sweeping down the furrow like the wind, and went over the fence with a flying leap, but a moment too late. The capuchin had reached the first tree, and mocked him with chattering grimaces from a height of sixteen feet.

"Just look at her!" laughed Uncle Martin. "She's too smart for us, ma'am."

"Yes, she has fooled us again," groaned Mrs. Ruan. "Oh, what a shameful crime is witchcraft!"

"Too bad," said I. "It seems these monkeys bother you all day, madam?"

"Yes, Doctor, she keeps worrying me from morning till night; yesterday evening we had to turn out at half-past seven to drive her out of the orchard. Just think of that! Getting on top of a tree at that time of the day—a person in her circumstances! She has n't the least bit of self-respect, sir."

When we returned to the cottage yard, Mrs. Ruan's eldest daughter came running out of a side building. "Oh, Mamma," cried she, "Miss Gonzales was in our bakehouse last night!"

"Why, what has she been about, now?"

"Cook made a dozen dough-dumplings," said the girl, "and there are only ten left, now. They were covered up in a dish on the oven-bench, and Bennie says he never came near the oven, and I'm sure I did n't, either, so it must have been Miss Gonzales."

"Oh, the wretch! Oh, mercy, what shall we do



to watch her movements from behind the bakehouse, to let us know when we ought to slip the dog. The farmer was too lame to join us, but his wife brought with her a club and a twisted rattan.

"I'll teach her manners, if we catch her," said she, with a flourish of her weapons.

We had already reached the outskirts of the wood, and passed the first tall trees, without any signal from Carlos; but when we were in the act of climbing the fence a little below the log-trap, the farmer on the porch gave a great shout, and, at the same moment, we saw the capuchin dash out



about it? This must be stopped, somehow! Why, she is robbing us night and day!"

"What!" cried the farmer, "you do not believe that she would eat raw dough, do you?"

"Oh, you do not know her yet," wailed the good wife; "there's nothing too wicked for her—nothing too wicked. A person that will resort to witchcraft is capable of anything."

"Why don't you borrow a gun and shoot her?" I asked.

"Bless you, no, sir!" said the farmer; "they would discharge me right off."

"Who would?"

"The gentlemen in the convent, sir; all this land belongs to their game-preserve, and they do not permit their tenants to use any kind of firearms."

"Oh, Doctor," said Mrs. Ruan, "could n't you be kind enough to send us some kind of a charm—a witch-charm, I mean? We would pay you the full value of it, and be ever so much obliged to you. If you say so, we can send Uncle Martin along, and pay you the next time you —"

"Never mind," I interrupted, "but let me tell you what I can do. I will see Mr. Cardenas, and borrow his American steel-trap for you."

"Will that do any good against a witch?" said the farmer, doubtfully.

"Indeed it will, señor," said Uncle Martin. "I saw them catch wolves and bears with such traps down in Texas, and a witch does n't know more than a cinnamon bear does, I don't care how smart she is."

"It will cripple her if she puts her foot in," I added. "Judge Cardenas lives somewhere out in the country, and I shall have to hunt up a guide in San Juan to find his place, or I would get you the trap before night."

"Judge Cardenas? You mean Judge Pedro Cardenas?" asked the negro. "Well, señor, you need n't go very far for a guide, den: he lives on dis side of de river, an' I can take you to his place in about three-quarters of an hour. Start now, ef you say so, sir?"

"Yes, let's go right now," I said; "we should n't find him at home after three o'clock. Come on."

We passed the convent hill and a thicket of talipot-palms, and then entered a caucho grove. The tropical forests are strangely quiet during the noon-tide heat; every living thing seeks the shade, and even the parrots sit under the thick foliage, or hide in hollow trees, like owls, and do not stir till the day cools off. The air was so still that we could hear the buzz of a gnat, and the rustling of the small lizards that skipped from tree to tree through the dry leaves, but when we entered the caucho grove we suddenly heard a piercing scream from

the depth of the woods—a curious shrill and long-drawn screech, like the yell of a big tomcat, and soon after the deep-mouthed bark of a hunting-dog.

"Listen! That's Mr. Cardenas's deer-hound," said the old negro. "The judge must be somewhere in that thicket down there. Let's hail him."

Our call was answered by a loud halloo from a wooded glen on our right, and, before long, a hunter stepped from the thicket, and waved his hat when he recognized us.

"Hello, Judge," I called out, "what's the matter—have you been cat-hunting on that creek down there?"

"No, I was hunting pheasants," cried the judge, "and what do you suppose I caught?"

"What was it—a wild-cat?"

"No, no," said he. "Come along—I'll show you; it takes three witnesses to prove it."

"My wood-choppers captured a sloth this morning," said the judge, as we walked toward the ravine—"a big black sloth—a 'bush-lawyer,' as the Indians call them. They tied him to the stump of a tree, and what do you suppose I found, when I came out to fetch him? Here we are! Just look at this happy family!"

The old sloth lay on his back, near the stump where the wood-choppers had left him, but in his claws he held the strangest animal I ever saw in my life—a black, hairy little brute, about the shape of a young bear, but with a big tail that turned and twisted left and right like a snake.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked—"a monkey or an overgrown squirrel?"

"No, it's a honey-bear," laughed the judge—"a kinkayou, as we call them. Just look up—there's half a dozen of them in that tree!"

On a catalpa-tree, near the stump, a whole family of the strange long-tails were eating their dinner, not in the least disconcerted by our presence, as it seemed, though two of them eyed us, with outstretched necks, as if they desired us to explain the purpose of our visit.

I stepped back to get a better look at them. They had snouts and paws like fat young bears, but in their movements they reminded me of a North American opossum; they could hang by their tails and use them as rope-ladders in lowering themselves from branch to branch. Now and then, one or two of them came down to take a look at their captive comrade, but the least movement of the old sloth would send them scampering up the tree with squeals of horror.

"That lawyer of yours has taken the law into his own hands," said I.

"Yes, I suspect those little imps kept fooling





"ON A CATALPA-TREE A WHOLE FAMILY OF THE STRANGE LONG-TAILS WERE EATING THEIR DINNER."



with him until he grabbed one of them," said the judge. "Let's set that thing free, or he will squeeze it to death."

The old sloth held his prisoner as a spider holds a fly, encircling him completely with his long-clawed legs, and while the captive mewled and snarled, the captor uttered grunts that sounded like inward chuckles. It needed our combined efforts to unclasp his long grappling-hooks, and we were afraid the prisoner would die before we could liberate him, but as soon as his feet touched the ground, he bounced up the tree as if the fell fiends were at his heels.

"That fellow won't forget the day of the month," laughed the judge; "he will know better than to meddle with a lawyer the next time."

I explained to the judge that we had come to borrow his trap, and he told Uncle Martin to go and fetch it.

"Well, Judge, I'm much obliged to you," said the old negro, "but I guess we had better try dis four-legged trap first. You may call her Miss Gonzales or whatever you like, but if dis here lawyer would n't squeeze de witchcraft out of her, we might as well give it up for a bad job. Why, I could hardly get his claws off at all; I never saw the like before."

"It's only the old males of the black variety that will do that," explained the judge; "the brown ones are almost helpless, if you turn them over on their backs. Well, I must go along and see the fun," said he, "but if you catch that monkey, please do not kill her; if she can dance, I should like to take her home, and let my children make a pet of her."

The afternoon was far advanced; so when we reached the farm, all hands were promptly set to work to get the witch-trap ready without loss of time.

Near the log-trap, and just below the place where the monkeys used to cross the fence, we drove four short stakes into the ground and fastened the old sloth securely, but in a way that did not interfere with the upward and sideward movement of his arms and legs. All around him we strewed the ground with raisins and bits of bread, and Mrs. Ruan added a large slice of ginger-cake, which we fastened on a separate stake behind the living trap.

"We might as well try a wood-lawyer, since the other lawyer would n't help us," Mrs. Ruan told me. "Here's my neighbor, Mrs. Lucas, she knows a recipe for curing such hags: You must make them drink a quart of boiling pepper-sauce, with sulphur and garlic. I've got a potful on the stove there, and if we catch her, she will have to swallow every drop of it. I'll hold her nose

and make her do it. Yes, sir, witchcraft must be suppressed."

"Here, Carlos, you take this ax," said his father, "go to the wood-shed, and make all the noise you can. That witch has a way of turning up as soon as she hears us chopping wood," he added. "I suppose she calculates that we can't watch her as long as we are hard at work."

Mr. Ruan then tied the dog to the bed-post, the good wife went to the bakehouse, and the rest of us marched to the south corner of the garden, where Uncle Martin posted us behind a clump of banana-trees.

Carlos, in the wood-shed, kept up a noise as if a company of lumbermen were at work with axes and cudgels, and, before long, the judge tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the farther end of the fence. "There's one now," said he—"a raccoon or a young monkey."

"Hold on! Dat's de witch herself," whispered Uncle Martin. "I can see her now—she's peeping over de top rail. Dere she comes—do you see her collar?"

The old capuchin took a good look at the trap, and then raised herself to her full length and surveyed the garden silently and carefully. Somehow, the prospect did not seem satisfactory, for instead of jumping down, she jogged along the top rails to the next corner and peered about the field once more. The coast seemed clear, and, after a last furtive glance in the direction of the cottage, the old marauder leaped down and disappeared in the weeds. Was she going to content herself with corn-ears? She could not possibly have overlooked the tidbits near the trap.

No, she had n't, nor forgotten them neither, for, two minutes later, she re-appeared at the right place, took up a piece of bread, examined it carefully, and then eyed the prostrate sloth with evident surprise.

"She does n't know what to make of all that," whispered the farmer.

"She will find it out mighty suddenly, if she aint kerful," chuckled Uncle Martin. "De lawyer is getting ready for her."

The "witch" approached the trap with great caution, peeped under the boards, smelled them, and looked thoughtfully in the direction of the cottage.

"What if it should be some new trick? Monkeys can not be too careful nowadays—farmers are so cunning; that poor fellow on his back, there, seems to have fallen a victim to their wiles," she appeared to be saying to herself.

She tapped his head and stole a look at his face. The lawyer never budged. She went around and examined him from the other side. "Where



did he come from? Is he dead? Why does n't he try to get away?"

The lawyer lay low.

"A queer customer! How did he get fast there, anyhow? What keeps him down?" She nosed around the strings, scrutinized the stakes, and tried to step over the corpse, or whatever it might be, in order to acquaint herself with the interior mechanism of this novel kind of trap. Perhaps she imagined it would take her only a moment, but in that moment the four arms clasped her like the fangs of a steel-trap, and a horrified screech announced the success of our stratagem. The lawyer had her.

Uncle Martin started off with a whoop, the boys



THE TRAP.

broke from the cottage with a simultaneous rush, and, a second after, the population of the farm galloped toward the trap, like race horses on the home stretch.

When the witch saw us come, the recollection of her sins made her redouble her shrieks and struggles, but she might as well have tried to break out of a straight-jacket and a pair of iron handcuffs; the old sloth neither stirred nor made the slightest noise, but held her with the merciless grip of a boa constrictor. Before we liberated her, Uncle Martin slipped a stout leather strap through

her collar, fastened it with a triple knot, and opened a big linen flour-bag, to have it ready for use. When we got her free, she leaped backward with a sudden jerk, but finding she could not break the strap, the poor creature crept into the sack of her own accord, glad to get out of sight at any price; but in the bottom of the bag we could hear her teeth chatter with fear, as if she expected every moment to be pulled out and shot.

"We have got her!" Mrs. Ruan called to the cook, who had watched us from the porch. "Run, Carlotta! Get the pepper-sauce ready!"

"I believe she is going to burn her alive," laughed the farmer, who had hobbled out with the help of a crutch.

"No, no, my friends; that would never do," said Mr. Cardenas. "You can not burn a witch that still has the form of a monkey—it would be cruelty to animals, and that 's against the law."

"You hear that?" said the farmer. "The judge is right; we must n't get ourselves into trouble. We 'd better sell her, or set her free on the other side of the river; witches can not swim, you know, so she would never get across the Rio Lerma."

"No, sir; that would n't do, neither," said the judge. "She can not be permitted to run at large. We must teach her a useful trade, and keep her locked up for the rest of her life."

"That 's right! Lock her up and keep her hard at work, the miserable huzzy!" cried Mrs. Ruan, shaking her fist at the bag.

"Yes," said the judge; "but she must n't be maltreated, and I 'll see if I can take her to board in my family. Look here, my friends, suppose I pay you four dollars for the damage she has caused you, and engage that she shall bother you no more? Will that be satisfactory?"

"Why, certainly," said the farmer. "I am much obliged to you, Judge."

"You are kind, sir," said Mrs. Ruan; "but——"

"But—what?"

"Step this way, sir, please," said Mrs. Ruan, with an uneasy glance at the bag. "I want to talk to you privately, where that creature can not overhear us." Then, stepping aside with the judge, she whispered: "You know more about law business than we do, but I must warn you that you must keep your eye on her. And it is not enough to lock the doors—the likes of her find other ways of escape. If they get hold of a broom, they make a rush for the nearest chimney, and off they go, whistling before the wind."

"Make your mind easy, my good woman," laughed the judge. "I am going to watch her closely. The first time I catch her on a broomstick, I shall turn her over to the police."





# THE MAID OF HONOR.

By EVA L. OGDEN.

SHE WAS PINNING THE TABLE-  
CLOTH FAST TO THE LINE,  
WHEN ACROSS THE GARDEN &  
OVER THE CLOTHES,  
ALONG CAME THE BLACKBIRD  
FRESH FROM THE PIE,  
AND SNIPPED OFF THE TIP OF  
HER DEAR LITTLE NOSE!  
BEFORE, YOU'D HAVE SAID, IT  
WOULD SURELY BE  
AN IMPROVEMENT; BUT AFTER-  
WARD — OH, DEAR ME!  
THE KING LAUGHED HARD & THE  
QUEEN LAUGHED, TOO.  
WHILE THE POOR MAID OF  
HONOR CRIED "WHAT SHALL I DO?"  
BUT THEY TOLD HER TO GO TO THE  
WITCH IN THE WOOD,  
FOR SHE'D KNOW HOW TO CURE  
HER IF ANY ONE COULD.  
"H-M-M! SO YOU'VE LOST THE  
TIP OF YOUR NOSE!"  
SAID THE WITCH. "GO TO  
GOSHEN, & STAY TILL IT GROWS!"

WITH A PAINTED FAN & A PARASOL  
AND A GOWN EMBROIDERED WITH  
GOLD STORKS ALL,  
AND AN OLD MOTHER HUBBARD  
CLOAK AROUND HER, —  
THAT WAS THE WAY SHE LOOKED  
WHEN HE FOUND HER,  
JUST ABOUT NOON  
ONE DAY IN JUNE,  
ON THE OLD, OLD ROAD TO GOSHEN.

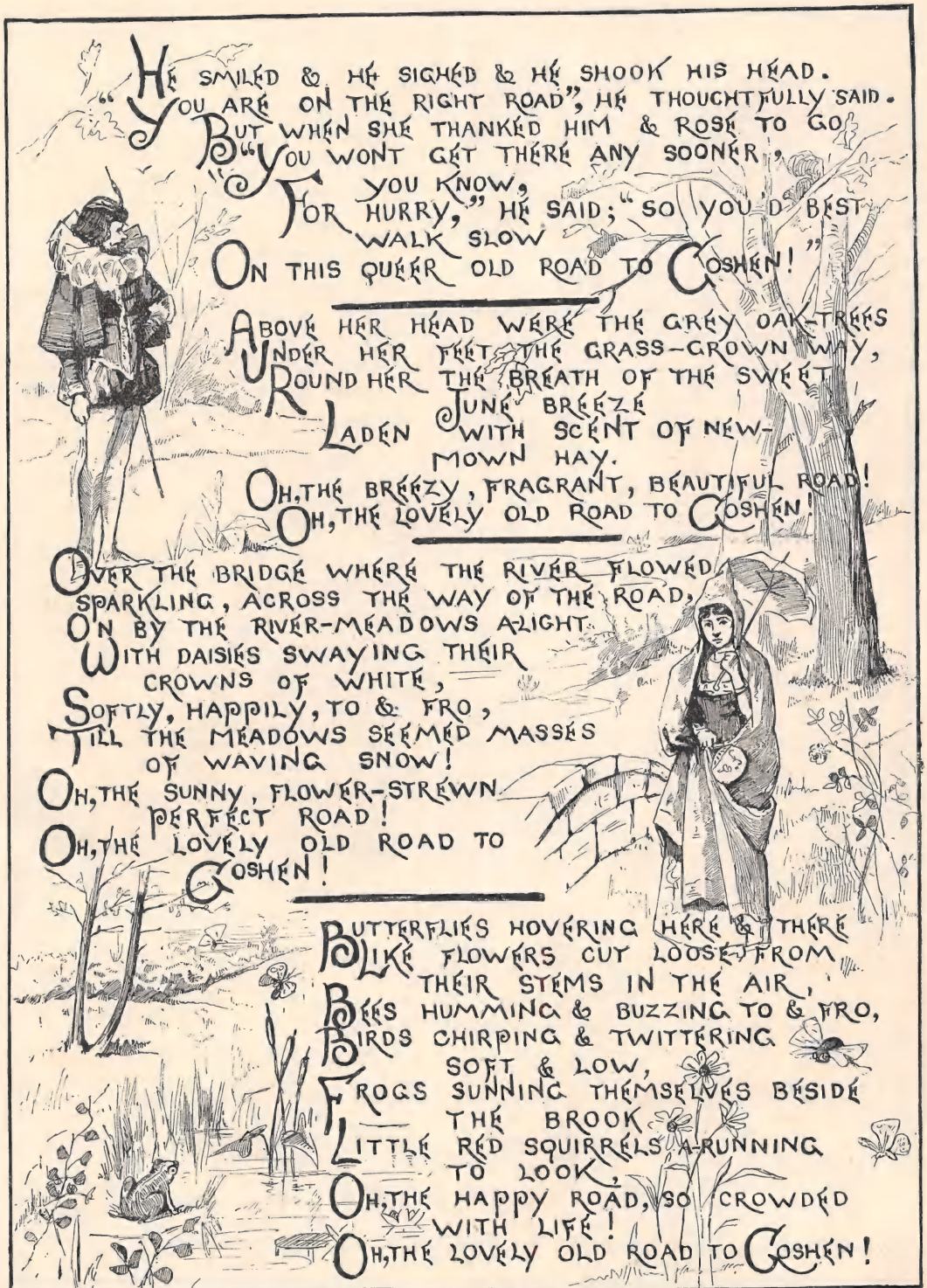




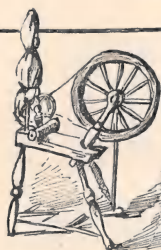
SHE LOOKED TILL A NICE MOSSY  
PLACE SHE FOUND,  
WHEN SHE SPREAD HER  
SILK HANDKERCHIEF DOWN ON  
THE GROUND

AND SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES  
AND SAID, "SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE  
TELL ME THE WAY TO COSHEN?"  
"I HAVE SOUGHT IT NEAR & HAVE SOUGHT IT AFAR  
UP CHIMBORAZO, DOWN THE VALE OF THE AAR  
IN ICELAND, SOUDAN & THE PYRENEES,  
BUT I CANNOT FIND IT. SIR, WILL YOU PLEASE  
TELL ME THE WAY TO COSHEN?"









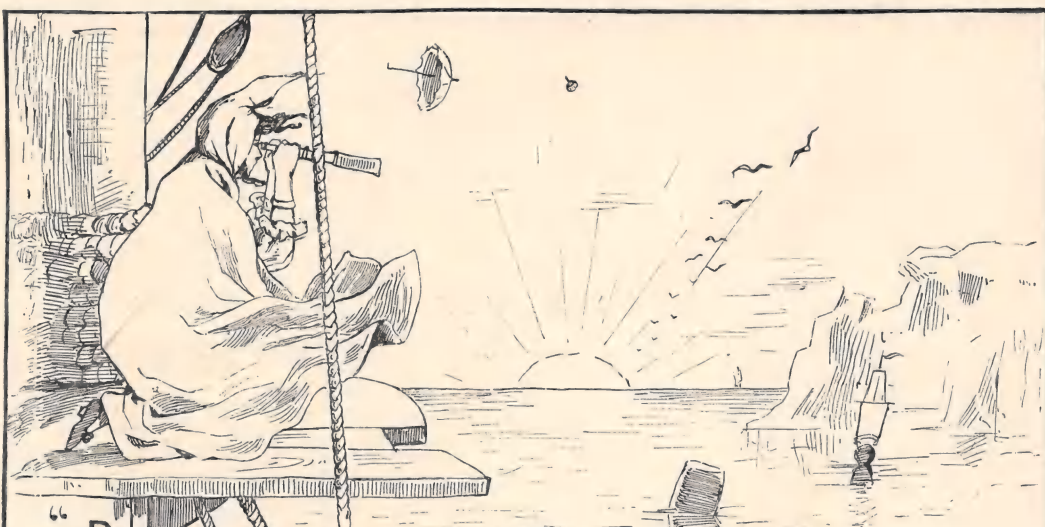
LAIRY-MAIDS CHURNING THE YELLOW  
 CREAM  
 OUT UNDER THE TREES BESIDE THE  
 STREAM,  
 LAMES RUBBING THE SOLID OLD  
 TABLES WITH WAX  
 OR CROONING OLD SONGS AS THEY  
 SPUN THEIR FLAX,  
 CHILDREN HUNTING WILD STRAW-  
 BERRIES ALL THE FIELDS OVER,  
 FARMERS RAKING & HEAPING THE  
 SWEET RED-CLOVER,  
 OH, THE ROAD WHERE ALL WERE SO  
 BUSY & GAY!  
 OH, THE LOVELY OLD ROAD TO GOSHÉN!

ON THROUGH THE PINE-BARRÉNS & OVER THE SAND,  
 WITH SALT-MEADOWS STRETCHING ON EITHER HAND,  
 AND THERE LAY THE ROUGH OLD, GRAY OLD OCEAN  
 RIGHT ACROSS THE WAY  
 THAT LED TO GOSHÉN!

SO SHE TOOK A SHIP THAT  
 WAS LYING THERE,  
 AND SAILED ON, STILL  
 SEARCHING EVERYWHERE  
 FOR THE ROAD THAT HAD  
 ENDED THERE AT THE  
 OCEAN,  
 THE LOVELY OLD ROAD  
 THAT LED TO GOSHÉN!







"DID SHE EVER GET THERE?" HOW CAN I SAY?  
 SHE NEVER CAME BACK, AGAIN, ANYWAY,  
 BUT THE "WATER WITCH" WITH A STIFFISH BREEZE,  
 SAILING ALONG THROUGH NORTHERN SEAS,  
 CAME ON A CURIOUS CRAFT ONE DAY.  
 AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS IT LAY  
 ON THE TOP OF A WAVE, WITH ALL SAIL SET,  
 WHERE THE ARCTIC CURRENT & CULF STREAM MET.  
 A MAID OF HONOR KNELT ON ONE KNEE  
 ON THE VERY TOP OF THE TOP-GALLANT TREE.  
 AND DOWN FROM THAT HEIGHT, THROUGH THE MISTY AIR,  
 FELL A VOICE LIKE A SUNBEAM BRIGHT & CLEAR  
 "AH, WATER WITCH,  
 IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WHICH  
 IS THE RIGHT ROAD TO COSHEN?"

POOR OLD CAPTAIN! HE DID N'T KNOW,  
 BUT HE WAVED HIS HAND TOWARD MEXICO,  
 AND THE SOUND OF A "THANK YOU", SWEET & LOW,  
 FLOATED BACK LIKE A PERFUME THROUGH THE AIR,  
 AS, WITH SAIL SHOWING GREY 'GAINST THE CRIMSON SKY,  
 THE SHIP WITH THE MAIDEN SWEEP'T HIM BY,  
 DOWN THE BLUE CULF STREAM WITH ALL SAIL SET.  
 AND MUCH I FEAR, THOUGH I KNOW NOT WHY,  
 AT THE POOR MAID OF HONOR IS SAILING YET  
 ON THAT WATERY ROAD TO COSHEN!

THE END.





DESIGNS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS TO COPY.

## THE WHIRLIGIG CLUB.

By L. A. B.

THE Whirligig Club had been in existence more than two months, and the citizens of West Ridge, one and all, had several times called it a nuisance, although they could not help smiling with admiration at the boys as they whizzed past the houses and street-corners on their "bikes."

As for the mothers and sisters of the members, they had gradually become reconciled to it, and were no longer in hourly expectation of having the youngsters brought home insensible on shutters or cellar-doors, nor in dread of having to reach out and pick them off the iron fence, on the sharp points of which they had seemed determined to impale themselves at first, so wildly had their unmanageable steeds wobbled about.

Johnny had just joined the ranks. He had been an honorary member ever since the Club started; but now, the ownership of a machine made him at once a most active working member.

It was a proud day for Johnny when he found himself the possessor of a bicycle. He was a favorite with all the "Whirligiggers," so, when he came

into view, mounted on his new "steed," the group greeted him with a hearty cheer, and he was taken into full membership on the spot.

"It's even taller than mine, too," said Bob, as they all gathered around to admire it; and he said it so unselfishly that Johnny inwardly resolved to be his friend as long as he lived; for Bob had until now enjoyed the distinction of having the largest bicycle in the Club.

"We ought to do something to celebrate his initiation," said Frank, after each member had taken a trial trip on the new machine, and expressed an opinion on the working-powers.

"We must have a grand ride all together, some day soon," suggested Bob.

This proposal met with instant favor, and received the approbation of the entire Club; but when Joe suggested that they should go at night, and that nobody should know a word about it, some demurred. The proposal was rather startling. But the more they talked it over, the better they liked it; and even those who had at first



objected, came at length to the conclusion that it was the one proper way to have a celebration. So the Club stifled any whisperings of conscience about the propriety of going without leave, and unanimously declared the matter settled.

It took a great deal of talking to arrange the details of the plan; but it was finally decided that they should go out on the Mill road, and then cross over and come in on the West road, and that Thursday evening, at ten o'clock, would be the best time for the start.

Johnny and Ned, because the windows of their rooms were not adapted to a silent departure, were to get permission to spend the night with Bob and Joe, who possessed windows opening upon low roofs, which made a quiet exit easy. They were to meet at the cross-roads a little before ten, and to start as near that hour as possible.

When the evening came, the roads were found to be all that the most exacting bicyclist could ask. Joe and Ned were the first at the place of rendezvous, but they had not long to wait until all the others came speeding up to them, either singly or in pairs.

"Call the roll!" said Ben, as the last two rolled into the circle—for the Club, although it numbered only seven members, never started on any expedition without attending to this important duty.

"Ned Alvin, Johnny Ellis, Joe Gaddis, Frank Long, Ben Webster, Davie Faxton," called Bob Gridley, just above a whisper, and so rapidly that the owner of a name had barely time to answer before the next was called.

"Now we 're ready," added Bob; and on the instant the entire seven mounted their machines, and as Bob, who was leader for the evening, blew three notes softly on his whistle, away they flew.

Their place of meeting had been just on the edge of the town, and a few minutes' ride took them past the last house and out upon the country road.

They had not gone half a mile when two notes from Bob's whistle made them slacken speed, and, as they drew up in a group around him, Bob suggested that when they came to the Mill road, which was only a little way ahead, they should turn off, and go around by Long Pond. The proposal took away their breath; but finally Davie found enough to exclaim: "Why, that is fully an eight-mile trip!"

"What is eight miles?" asked Bob; "there is n't one of us but can do it. To be sure, it is a

little farther than we ever have been, but of course we can make it."

"But how long will it take?" "More than twice as far!" "There 'll be a hill to go over," came from several members at once. But these objections were followed by an instantaneous "Let's go, any way," from the entire Club. And they filed into line again.

The road was smooth, and away they glided,



"THEY ALL GATHERED AROUND TO ADMIRE IT."

Bob leading and the others following, two and two. Their course lay straight ahead for a few paces, and then they turned squarely to the right, and on again. The moon was shining brightly, and hundreds of stars twinkled down on them through the tree-tops which leaned over the road. It was



just the evening for such a trip. They did not stop a minute to rest, but wheeled industriously on, sometimes in single file, when the road was not so good, then again two and three abreast. Many a clear, boyish laugh and loud halloo echoed through the woods.

Johnny and Bob regaled them with the air of "Row, brothers, row," sung to words like:

"Wheel, brothers, wheel; the night goes fast,  
The road is long and the bridge not past,"

which was received with much admiration by the other members, although the singers' voices were rather gaspy, owing to their being somewhat out of breath from a short race.

"Let's stop at the split-oak for lunch," called Frank, who was in the rear.

"All right!" came from the others, and they made their wheels spin until they came to the split-oak, full five miles from their starting-point. There the brigade stopped; the "bikes" were stood up against trees, and the boys settled down in a grassy place by the oak, where the moonlight was brightest, and where they applied themselves vigorously to demolishing the cheese and crackers which they had brought with them.

"Say, boys, do you know it's almost twelve?" said Joe, looking at his watch, which was the pride of his heart. The bright moonlight shone full on its face, and left no doubt of the time.

"Well, we ought to start," said Ned. "We've been nearly half an hour eating our lunch and talking."

"I tell you, boys, we have got to make pretty good time the rest of the way," said Johnny, as each rider brought up his steed and prepared to mount.

"Oh, we can easily be home in an hour and a half; we did n't start until after ten, and the oak is more than half-way," said Bob.

The road lay straight for the next mile; then came the hill, up which the Whirligiggers found it much the easier plan to walk. On the other side, the hill sloped by an easy grade to the foot, where the road crossed the pond by a long bridge. So they mounted again at the top, and made a quick run to the bottom, their speed increasing every moment, until, when they reached the foot, they were going so fast that they rushed across the planked bridge with a rumbling like distant thunder.

The Club was at length beginning to feel the effects of the unusually long ride; and, as the party came to the railway, Ben said:

"Let's rest here until the expresses pass."

"Agreed!" said Bob. "What time is it, Joe?"

"After one—ten minutes after. It must be

time for the train now," he answered, looking down the track.

The up-express was due at fifteen minutes after one, and the down-express at almost the same hour, but they seldom were on time. In a few minutes the trains would surely pass the spot where the boys now were, and they thought the sight worth waiting for, because the trains were through expresses, and always dashed along as if speed was the only thing cared for.

The boys agreed to wait. Two of them stretched themselves on the ground by the side of the wagon-road, and the others sat around on logs, glad to take a breathing spell, as Joe called it.

"I say," said Davie, suddenly, "the railway would be a splendid place for our machines to run on."

"So it would," said Bob. "The places between the ties have been filled and packed, and so many people use it as a foot-path, that it's as smooth and solid as a floor."

Just then, the up-express came whistling and roaring along the track, and dashed past them at tremendous speed, raising clouds of dust, twigs, and dry grass. The boys held their breath as the monster swept by them, without slackening speed even to cross the long bridge over the creek and the trestle-work beyond.

And then followed a strange crashing sound, as of earth and rocks rolling down-hill; but soon all was still again.

"Where are you going, now?" asked Ben, as Johnny and Ned suddenly jumped up, moved by the same impulse.

"To see how the track will do for our 'bikes,'" answered Johnny, as they trundled their machines toward the railway.

Bob had his mouth wide open to suggest that all the Club should follow, when a startled call from Johnny, echoed by one from Ned, caused them to rush down to where the two boys were.

Their faces turned as pale as were Johnny's and Ned's, when, in answer to their "What's the matter?" Ned pointed to a dark heap across the track, close to the bridge. A moment's glance showed them that one of the great rocks from the hill, no doubt shaken loose by the train which had just thundered past, had rolled down upon the track, carrying with it a mass of dirt and gravel. The rock was so large that the boys could not move it, although they at once tried their best.

"It's of no use," said Joe, as they gave up, panting.

"We must do something: it's time the down-express was here, now," cried Davie.

"We must signal them in some way. If we only had a lantern!" cried Frank, breathlessly.

"There is no time to lose!" cried Bob.



"Hay!" and with the word Ben and Ned were off, and, before the others could think what they meant, they were back with their arms full of dry hay, from a little shed which they had remembered seeing a short distance up the hill.

"We had better go beyond the fallen rock,

"The train is coming now, and, besides, our light wont be seen from around the bend!" cried Ned, as the boys stood staring blankly at one another, for at last they fully realized the danger.

"Some of us must cross the bridge and signal them from the other side of the river," said Joe.

"The ties are out from some places, and we should have to jump the gaps. Men were setting blocks under the rails when I came past there this evening; they were then going to leave the gaps, and replace the ties to-morrow," said Johnny.

"There wont be time to climb down and up the banks, and cross on the little foot-bridge, nor to swing across the gaps by holding to the rails," said Bob, his voice shaking as he talked.

"There were boards laid lengthwise across. I'll go over on them," cried Johnny, remembering that he had seen men wheel gravel, from the hill on the other side, along the whole length of the bridge, on a narrow path made of two boards; and he determined to cross by it, mounted on his wheel; there was not time for running.

"Get out all your handkerchiefs, tie 'em together, and put them in this pocket. Give me some matches, Davie—here, in my mouth. Hurry! hurry!" he went on, his fingers trembling as he looped his own handkerchief around a bundle of hay, so as to carry it on his arm and leave both hands free.

"You must n't go!" "You'll be killed!" "You can't cross on 'em!" they cried, trying to dissuade him while yet they went on doing as he told them.

It was a perilous undertaking; but the need was urgent,—not a second was to be lost! As Johnny reached the bridge, he felt like giving up; but the thought of what would happen if he should not go, gave him fresh courage.

"Tell 'em at home that I tried to do the best I



"THE LOOSE BOARDS RATTLED AS THE WHEELS SPUN OVER THEM."

and then, when we see the train coming, we'll set fire to the hay," said Joe, as they hurriedly divided the hay into several small bundles.

They had just started up the track, when there came a sound which made them stop. It was a faint whistle, far away around the curve.



could, if ——" he shouted, but a choke in his voice would not let him finish. And he was off.

The loose boards rattled and shook as the wheels spun over them, and where the ties were out they seemed to bend beneath the weight. Johnny could hear the sound of the water far below him, but he did not dare to look down. When he was half-way over, he could hear the roar of the train as it echoed back from the hills, and he was almost afraid to look toward the turn of the track, for fear he should see the head-light of the engine gleaming around the curve.

If he could only get over in time!

Faster and faster spun the wheels, and faster and faster beat Johnny's heart, as he reached the end of the trestle-work, and turned the bend.

The head-light of the coming train shone bright and clear up the track.

"Oh, why do they go so fast?" said Johnny to himself, as he stopped, and leaped from his bicycle to light his signal. He crouched down beside the track and struck a match against the rail; but his hand shook so that the head of the match flew off. The next one burned, and he sheltered the flame between his hands until the hay and handkerchiefs were in a blaze. It seemed a long time to Johnny, but it really was only a moment until he was up and away again, on a run along the track, waving the flaming bundle back and forth.

"They must see it! Yes, they are whistling. They'll surely stop, now!" cried Johnny, half aloud, still waving the fiery signal. The flames blew against his hand, but he was too excited to mind the heat. The glaring eye of the engine grew brighter and brighter. But not until the train was close enough for him to see the anxious face of the engineer looking out from his window, did the brave boy jump from the track.

"They're stopping," was the last thing he thought, for he heard them whistle "down brakes," as he jumped off the track; and he knew nothing more until some men raised him in their arms and asked him if he was hurt. Then he opened his eyes to find his head on some one's shoulder, and a crowd of strange faces around him.

"Here, little chap, what did you stop us for?" asked an important man in blue uniform and brass buttons, coming up to the group around Johnny.



"HE WAS UP AND AWAY AGAIN, WAVING THE FLAMING BUNDLE."

"Rock's tumbled down just across the bridge," answered Johnny, wondering why he felt so tired and weak. "Where is my machine?" he added, trying to look around.

The conductor looked puzzled.

"Reckon this is it," answered the engineer, coming up with the bicycle and standing it against a tree.

"Well, he's a plucky chap, sure 's I'm a-livin', an' I can tell you some of us came pretty near gettin' dished," went on the engineer, who had been taking a view of the situation, and had



learned from the other Whirligiggers what a narrow escape the train had had; for the boys had run swiftly across on the foot-bridge, and had now reached the scene, out of breath from their rapid climb up the steep bank.

"If it had n't been for him, we'd all 'a' been down there," finished the engineer, with an expressive wave of his sooty hand toward the creek, and a nod to the crowd of passengers.

Johnny did not hear the words of explanation and praise which followed, for when the conductor tried to help him to his feet, he fainted away again.

"Let me see—I am a doctor. He has had a rough tumble, and I am afraid he has broken some bones," said a passenger, stepping forth from the crowd.

The doctor was right; for Johnny's ankle was badly sprained, and one arm had been broken by striking against a stump as he fell.

But Johnny knew nothing more of what went on around him, until he opened his eyes again in his own room, in his own bed. The first thing he saw was his mother's face bending over him, and the first thing he heard was old Dr. Clark's voice saying, "He'll do now."

"I know we ought n't to have gone without asking leave," said Johnny, at the end of a confidential talk with his mother, a few days later, when he was beginning to feel better. "I'll never go again, that way, but I'm glad I was there then."

"I'm not afraid of my boy breaking his promise," said his mother, "but proud as we are of your courage, there are two kinds of bravery, Johnny, and it may be harder for you to keep your promise than it was to cross the bridge."

"I don't know," said Johnny, shaking his head, doubtfully. "I was badly scared, and my heart just thumped all the time I was going over. It's a good thing I practiced so much at the gymnasium, and walking beams and things, or I could not have done it," added Johnny, hoping to reconcile his mother to the ruinous wear and tear his clothes suffered from athletic performances.

It was weeks before Johnny was able to be out again; for the ankle got well slowly, and for a time he had to use a crutch, even after his arm was well enough for him to leave off the sling.

The members of the Club were faithful in their visits, and came every day to see him, as soon as he was able to have company. They brought him all the school news, and did everything they could think of to make the time pass more quickly.

One day, about two weeks after their eventful ride, a box came by express, marked "John R. Ellis." When it was opened, there appeared a great roll of pink cotton, and nestled snugly in this was a solid silver cup, quaintly shaped and daintily engraved; but what gave it its greatest value was the inscription on the plain oval front:

"A testimonial to John R. Ellis, from the passengers who owe their lives to his bravery."

## A PROBLEM.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

SANDY and Ned were brothers;

Ned was older than Sandy;  
And they were busy dividing  
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying  
To make the division true,  
And he marked the place with a fish-hook,  
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas, for little Sandy  
And his poor painstaking brother!  
'T was a long and short division—  
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces  
And their quite unequal length,

And he wrestled with the problem  
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "Oh, Sandy!  
I can make it come out right,  
If I take the piece that's longest,  
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened  
At this plan, so very handy,  
Of disposing of the problem  
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—  
'T was the simplest way to do it;  
And he cheated little Sandy—  
And they neither of them knew it!





## TWINEGRAMS.

BY MRS. E. C. GIBSON.

"WELL, Miss Tragedy! What's happened now?" exclaimed Stevie. He was busy over his table and tool-chest in the piazza, near the library window, where his mother sat reading the morning paper. He had stopped in his merry whistling at his work when he had seen his sister come into the room with a very downcast face, and, throwing her hat on a lounge, sit down dejected beside it.

"Well, you may stop working at that trunk," she said. "She won't want it."

"Goldilocks not want her trunk! What ails her?—prostrated by the heat?—nose melted off?

—collapse from loss of saw-dust? Do tell a fellow! I'm her uncle, you know."

"Miss Bailey has shut May up in her room, and locked her in. I've been over there, and Miss Bailey says she's got to stay there all day."

"What has the little witch done, this time?"

"Why, coming home from school, yesterday, she wanted me to go with her to Nelson's bird-store, to look at the parrots and squirrels. I said no, for I knew Miss Bailey would n't like it,—and do you know, after she left me here, she went straight to Nelson's, and staid there till the clerk



brought her home at dark. He was afraid she might get lost. Miss Bailey means to punish her. So our fun 's all over."

"Did you see May?" asked Stevie.

"No; Miss Bailey would n't let me. I begged her to let May off this time; but, dear me! there was no use in my saying anything to her."

"Suppose I go over and try," said Stevie, his eyes twinkling. "I 'll make my best bow, you know; and"—turning quickly as his mother suddenly appeared at the door—"Mamma! Let me go over to Miss Bailey's, please?"

"Mamma! Would you go yourself?" asked Gracie, pleadingly. "We can't take our new dolls with us on Wednesday, unless we finish their things to-day. They have n't enough to go visiting with."

"Gracie, I don't like to ask Miss Bailey not to punish May. She 's an unmanageable little thing, and a great charge. She 's been perfectly spoiled at her grandmother's while her father was abroad; allowed to stay home from school whenever she liked, and to grow up an ignoramus. She does n't know what obedience is, and it is best she should learn it. Miss Bailey is strict, but she is kind, and it 's May's own fault if she has to be shut in. But I 'll go over and ask if you may take your work and stay with her, if you likè. Will that do?"

"No, Mamma, it would n't. I have to show May so much about sewing, and it takes time; and we could never finish without my little machine; besides——"

"Stevie, what in the world ails you?" interrupted his mother. "Are you in pain?—and what are you upsetting all those boxes for?"

"Oh, I was spoiling for the chance to put in a word," said Stevie. "There 's an idea got hold of me, and it 's tearing me all to pieces. Now Gracie, look here: all you 've got to do is to run up to your room, and get to work as soon as you please. Leave all the rest to me. I 'll have you and May fixed in no time."

"What do you mean?" asked Gracie, wondering.

But Stevie was hurriedly poking into the receptacles in his tool-chest. "I mean," he said—"I mean to set up a line of communication between the outposts. I 'm going to work a charm for the princess in prison (here is n't twine enough, either)—Gracie, does Miss Bailey go into the kitchen, mornings? Does she keep in the back part of the house, doing things?"

"Yes; why?"

"Is May's room the one over the porch, with the wistaria round it?"

"Yes; why?"

"Stevie! What are you going to do?" asked his mother. "I can't have any mischief going on, you know—any annoyance to Miss Bailey."

"No, Mamma, indeed," said the lad, feeling in one pocket after another. "I would n't do Miss Bailey the least harm in the world, and I 'm only going to comfort May's little soul and keep her from crying her eyes out——"

He emptied his pockets inside out, and began selecting some small change from the miscellany usual in such depositories.

"Five, seven, nine," he murmured. "Mamma, lend me ten cents on next week's allowance?—Oh, please, do!"

"Tell me what you want it for?"

"Oh, 'never mind the why and wherefore,' Mamma. There is n't a minute to spare—and I 'm not going to do the least mischief in the world, I promise you."

"I 'm to be the judge of that, Stevie. You and I might not think alike about it. I certainly shall not give you the money till I know what you are planning to do with it."

"Well, then; see here," said the boy, and he began a description to his mother and sister, illustrating it with various motions and gestures, which seemed very amusing to them.

"But, after all," objected his mother, when he had finished, "is it worth while? Perhaps I had better try to get May excused this time. It will be such a trouble, Stevie; you wont have it ready till noon."

"Oh, no, Mamma! Don't say a word to Miss Bailey!" exclaimed Gracie. "Why, we 'll be glad May 's shut in, now. This 'll be such fun!"

"And I 'll have everything ready an hour after I begin," urged Stevie. "Oh, thanks," he said, taking the change his mother handed to him. "Now, Gracie, fly up to your room, and cut out your knife-fixings and what d' ye call 'ems. I 'll be back in no time."

And Gracie ran gleefully upstairs, while Stevie caught his hat and dashed out into the street. As for Mamma, she sat reflecting a moment, and then she put on her bonnet, and stepped quietly over to Miss Bailey's.

In a few minutes Stevie came hurrying back to his sister's room. He hastened to her window and began operations there—boring two gimlet holes, one a few inches above the other, and into these firmly fastening two pulley-screws. "Now, I 'm off—to May's," he said, and was gone.

Mischievous May had flung herself down on her bed, when Miss Bailey had locked her in, and had cried, mightily. But this was dull business, and did no good. Then she began to cast about for something to do to amuse her solitude, and she thought she would play baby-house. She was busily engaged with her dolls, when suddenly Goldilocks and her young lady friends tumbled



in a promiscuous heap, one over another. May flew to the window, hearing a familiar whistle. There stood Stevie, looking up at her. He checked her by a rapid sign, as she was going to call out eagerly in her joy, and began to climb to the roof of the porch. She watched him with wild delight, clapping her hands noiselessly, till soon he came close to where she stood.

He shook his head gravely, looking at her, and chanting:

"May, May, the runaway!  
Got to stay in her room all day!"

"'Cause she went to see the squirrels play," added May, laughingly, and in a loud whisper.

"Are n't you sorry?" asked Stevie. "Will you ever do so any more?"

May nodded her curly head many times, roguishly. "And I wish I had some of 'em here to play with this morning," she said. "But what are you going to do?" she asked, wondering, seeing Stevie bore into her window



with his  
gimlet.  
He sighed—  
and made no  
reply.

"Tell me,"  
she said, as he  
fastened in a  
pulley-screw.  
"What are  
you doing?"

"Why, you  
see, it's so  
hard to make  
a good girl of  
you, we——"  
he sighed and  
looked at her  
mournfully;  
"there's go-  
ing to be a  
cord fastened  
to this."

"What for?"

asked May, with intense inter-  
est, as Stevie carefully set the second  
pulley-screw perpendicular to its mate.

He then drew a ball of twine from his pocket,  
"WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO?"  
ASKED MAY. and held it gravely before her.

May giggled softly. "And what are you pull-  
ing out another cord for?" she asked, as Stevie continued his work.  
"Now do tell me, please."

"Yes, I'll tell you." Passing two ends of the balls over the  
pulley-wheels, Stevie firmly knotted them together. "Now," he said,  
"stand here at the window, and don't let the twine slip off the wheels;

be sure you keep it in the grooves of the pulleys; when I draw on it, let it run freely, but always  
keep it on the wheels. That's all you have to do till you hear from me again. It won't be long."





He let himself down to the ground, and walked fast toward his own home, the balls meanwhile unwinding themselves in his hands, till, when he came opposite his sister's window, only a yard or two remained. He whistled his signal, and called to her to lower a string, by which he sent them up. In a moment more he had joined her. There was little left to do. The ends were passed through the pulleys, and then both lines were shortened till they rose high in the air, floating between the two windows. Still they were tautened till they could be drawn no tighter. Then they were tied together, and the work was done.

"Hooray!" cried Stevie. "Now, let's send the first twinegram across—high and dry. Talk of cablegrams! Who wants a thing after it's been drowned? Where's your parcel, Gracie?—and the note? I want to add a postscript."

He fastened them to one of the cords, and, drawing the other toward him, the little roll rapidly began its transit and was soon at its destination.

May could hardly believe her eyes, as she stood wondering to see it coming nearer and nearer, till it was stopped against one of her pulleys. She untied it in excited haste, and eagerly read the note:

"Is n't this as good as being let out? Now, May, we can get the things done just as if you were over here. There's a lot of work all fixed for you in the parcel. Make another of your stuffs for me to cut out, and send it over. Tie it to one of the cords and draw the other one toward you."

Stevie had added:

"Dear Madame. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. All parcels and dispatches safely delivered. Orders promptly attended to. Terms, one cent for each twinegram. Payable on demand. Your obedient servants,

"The Stevens' Twinegraph Co."

May flew to make up her return parcel and write her reply. She fastened them to the twine, and hardly had it begun to move when she felt it hasten under her fingers, impelled from the opposite side. Soon it had disappeared.

There was a good laugh at the other terminus when her note was read:

"It's like fairie stories. It's the best fun in mi life. I was dreadful lonesum, an cride and cride. Now I don't care a bit. mister twinegraph, did yoo think it up yoorself. I think yoor the smartes boy I ever noo. I don't no abowt those turms. yoo must exkuze mi riting, fur I kant stop to think how to spel it. I wish wurds dident hav to be spelt only wun wa. if yoo no wot thay meen wi isant wun wa as good as another. I was so glad I jumped wen I herd steevy wissle we sale the oshun bloo. I noo it wos him then. Send me another note pritty soon."

Work went bravely on. Parcels and messages passed to and fro, and Stevie went down to finish his carpenter-work, for he saw Goldilocks would want her trunk.

After a while he appeared at his sister's door. "Want something nice?" he said; and, behold—pleasant sight to a busy little sewing-woman on a

hot May day—a glass pitcher, with great lumps of ice tinkling against it, floating about in lemonade.

"Oh, is n't it good?" exclaimed Gracie, tasting it. "How I wish May could have some!"

"A bright idea!" shouted Stevie, promptly. "Happy thought! May shall have some," and he rubbed his hands merrily together.

"What!" says Gracie. "Lemonade! On the twine?"

"Lemonade, on the twine," he replied. "Wait a minute and see." He darted out and down the stairs, returning shortly with his hands full—a dish with large pieces of ice in one, a bowl of sugar in the other, and a lemon, with some of his father's lined envelopes held under his arm. On one of these he wrote:

"Have some fresh water brought to your room. We're going to send you some iced lemonade."

Then he filled it with sugar, and, pinning it firmly round the twine, sent it over.

Hardly, in her amazement, had May taken it off, when the cord moved again. The next arrival was a row of envelopes, containing the lemons, rolled soft, and lumps of ice.

By and by came May's answer:

"I never laft so in oll mi life; the lemunade is bewtiful: thares a pitcher full, an don't yoo belevee I ges Mis Bailey noes. I powndid on my dore fur Soozun to cum. She wos sweeping. I told her to fech me a picher, an wen she brot it she was lafing. I made her wate an hav sum, an i told her not to tel Mis Bailey, and she sed she gest thare wosent much to tel, fur yoor mama an Mis Bailey wur standing by the parlor windo a wile ago, an looking out an lafing an wispring abowt sumthing. Ant it fun. send me sum more wurk."

The next note was from Stevie:

"Gracie is n't up from lunch yet. I'm afraid she's eating more berries and milk than is good for her. When she comes she will send you the work; you must puff the basque, and put on a shirred fold. Have a Pompadour kilt-pleating, and trim it with lace fichus. Take your time; we shall get through nicely, and I've finished Goldilocks' trunk. I'm glad the lemonade was good. You see I'm running up a big bill. Don't forget the terms."

Next came a note from May, and one of Stevie's envelopes filled with chocolate creams. She wrote:

"Ime real glad to have sumthing to send yoo, Cappen Bailey gav them to me. don't yoo belevee Ive been to lunch an i ges thay noe. wen I went in Mis Bailey was saying, 'now, father, don't flood to it before the child; you musent kowntnuns her'—wot doos that meen. Mis Balee dident say ennything to me abowt it; she kep her lips the wa Stevy ses as if she sed prizzum, but her ize lookt as if thay was lafing; an sumtimes Cappen Bailey lookt at me and laft; he's fat an shakey all over, but he dident say ennything, an wen he went awa he put a big paper of choklit creams bi mi plate, an sed thare was too menney fur me to ete all bi miself, and he gest Ide hav to giv awa sum an wen he got behind Mis Bailey he kep pointing his thumb over yoor wa, an laft all over. I ges if Mis Bailey noes she dont care, becoz it kepes me out of mischief, an wen I wos going to pore out a lot of the choklits bi her plate, she sed, 'no, mi deer, Ime not edicted to sweets,' but her ize lookt as if she wantid to laf. tel stevy yes; weel make the things as he ses, an then tel peepl thats the wa thare unkle wantid it. ask him if I don't pa the turms, if lle hav to go to jale."



Rosalie, Gracie's new doll, was worthy to be an example, that busy day, to all little girls in dress-making time. She had no rest, so to speak. So many things had to be fitted and tried on; and as she was the same size with Goldilocks, she had to do double duty. But her face kept all its sweetness through the long ordeal. The smile never left her lips; and she merely opened her large blue eyes every time she was lifted, and closed them tranquilly again when she was laid down. At last all the cutting and fitting and sewing were done; and work was laid aside.

Stevie brought up a light basket, filled with great red and golden raspberries, bordered with green leaves. He carefully tied soft paper over basket and all, and fastened it to the cord. The twine sank downward with its weight, and the basket began to swing back and forth like a trapeze performer. People at the windows stared. People in the street looked up in wonder, and stopped to see what that strange thing might be. Still it moved on, more steadily, however, as Stevie drew the cord more slowly, and at last it safely reached May's hand.

And now came one and another of the children's neighboring school-mates to inquire how they, too, could have twinegrams and express lines. Captain Bailey looked on, laughing, from his easy chair in the porch.

"Why," he said to a lad, "I expect you'll have as much rigging overhead in a week's time, among you, as there is in my ship. Ho! ho!"

There was no question about Miss Bailey's "noeing" now,—as May would have written it,—for when May took down her basket of beautiful fruit at dinner, and laid at each plate a saucerful, with a smile and a kiss for Miss Bailey, that lady returned both affectionately, and said:

"I think these must be a kind of enchanted raspberries, that climb into little girls' windows without coming up from the ground. Don't you, Father?"

And then she inquired of May if she had passed

a pleasant day, adding that, as for herself, she did n't know when she had had such an enjoyable Saturday, with no wild little runaways to be anxious about.

Gracie was sitting on her father's knee, in the library, chatting with him, after they all had left the dining-room. Stevie had gone down street only a few minutes before, with a school-mate who had called for him.

When he came back he found Captain Bailey and May upon the piazza with his father, mother, and sister; and to them he imparted the news that many more of the twine arrangements were going up in the village.

"Why, Charlie Morse is rigging one between his window and Dick Leslie's, and Harry Barnes says Emma wont give him any peace till he has put one up for her and Bessie Denison. I've been showing half a dozen fellows how to do it, and the clerk at Steel & Cutter's wants to know what's up, with all this demand for twine and pulley-screws. And we told him there were three or four hundred yards of linen twine up, already, and there'd be several more hundred yards wanted pretty soon."

And then May, with the Captain's aid, settled her account for the day with the Stevens' Twinegraph Company, by handing to Stevie the sum of eighteen cents in silver and copper coins. Whereupon that young gentleman immediately returned them all to her, telling her to present them to Miss Bailey, with his compliments, as payment of damages to her property.

I am sorry to say, however, that May never gave the money to Miss Bailey, preferring to return it to the Captain, who had given it to her. And the business of the Stevens' Twinegraph Company, as well as of all the other companies, soon after came to a disastrous failure on account of the powerful opposition which suddenly developed among the grown people of the village.

But Stevie was always proud of his invention, even although its success lasted only one day.

---

"WHEN my ship comes in from over the sea,  
Such wonderful things it will bring to me!"  
So he launched his shoe in the water-pail,  
And over the sea his ship set sail.



## MAGIC CLOVERS.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.



FIG. 1.

FROM time immemorial it has been considered good luck to find a four-leaved clover. Some have said that the discoverer of one was certain to become wealthy and wise; others, that the fairies would grant him every wish; and others, that the little magic leaves could show where gold was lying buried in the earth. And certainly

there does seem to be something very wonderful in the fact that, in a large field containing millions of little plants furnished with groups of three leaflets, there should be only one or two of the four-leaved variety. I do not mean that some varieties of clover bear leaves *all* in groups of four or five, for this is not the fact. Perhaps one four-leaved clover will grow upon a plant that has fifty threes, although occasionally several fours or fives will be found in a bunch on the same plant.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 2.

If the finding of four-leaved clovers is a sign of good luck, I, truly, am very lucky, for I have found more than anybody I know. And I am of the opinion that very few persons are aware of the variety of forms in which they are sometimes seen.

Figure No. 1 shows the usual type of a four-leaved clover. As a general thing, three leaves are nearly of a size, while the fourth is somewhat smaller—though this does not always follow. I

have seen several like Figure No. 2, in which the fourth leaflet is borne out on a separate stalk. Figure No. 3 shows it growing on the stem, a considerable distance below the other three. Figure No. 4 represents it very much smaller than they; Figure No. 5, smaller still, and growing directly upon one of the larger; Figure No. 6, as set upon a distinct stem above the main leaves; while Figure No. 7 depicts a four-leaved clover with two leaflets grown into one.



FIG. 3.

The clovers shown at Figures Nos. 8 and 9 are quite uncommon. The former specimen has four leaflets, one rolled inward, and borne on an upright stem, at the base of which is a little bract. The

latter has three leaves of ordinary size; a fourth, smaller and turned upward; and a fifth, rolled inward, and springing upon a tiny stalk from the under side of the fourth. Five-leaved clovers, like Figure No. 10, occur almost as often as four. Frequently fours



FIG. 5.

and fives are found growing together. Some say that you must not pick a five-leaved clover—it will neutralize all the good luck brought by a four. Others assert the direct contrary, and say that it is





FIG. 6.

ing up the magic wand, and presently finding himself wafted away on invisible wings to Elf-land.

Once I found a seven-leaved clover, like Figure No. 11. The leaflets were arranged in two rows, three growing upon four. I have heard of fifteen-leaved and seventeen-leaved clovers,—and seeing as many as I do of the wonderful freaks of nature, I do not doubt that there are such things.

Aside from the wide-spread interest attaching to the duplication of the leaflet, clovers seem special favorites of poets and romancers. It is said that, when St. Patrick was preaching to the unconverted Irish, some of them ridiculed the idea of the Trinity. For answer, he caught up a trefoil from the sod, and told them that here was a leaf exemplifying three in one. Hence, the three-leaved clover, or shamrock, was adopted as the national emblem of Ireland. Some say that the



FIG. 9.

common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) shares with the white clover the credit of being the true shamrock. One authority says that this oxalis is a native of Ireland, while the clover is of comparatively recent introduction. In a song by the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, the shamrock—whether oxalis or clover he does not say—is mentioned as “Old Erin’s native shamrock.”

very much more potent for good than the four-leaved stalk. According to one legend, only the holder of a five-leaved clover can be admitted to the fairy-court. Several pretty stories describe the fortunate one as standing out on the grass at midnight, holding



FIG. 8.

The scientific name of clover is *Trifolium*, or “three-leaved.” The most familiar varieties are the pink, or field-clover, noticeable for its full, rich heads and large, dark green leaves, with a light green crescent in the center of nearly every leaflet; the white, or shamrock, with its smaller, white heads, and plain, green leaves; the rabbit-foot, with its long-haired, silky heads and narrow, folded leaves; and the larger and smaller yellow clovers, each with bright, golden heads and small, dark leaves. I can not say whether the leaflets of any of these latter are ever grouped in fours or fives or not—but these varieties, so far as I know, are to be found mostly among the red and the white clovers.

As I said at first, the discovery of a four-leaved clover was regarded, even centuries ago, as an omen of good luck. But in a poem by Robert Herrick, who wrote a short time after Shakespeare, is a mention of “lucky four-leaved grasse”; and, in another very old volume, it is soberly stated that, “if a man walking in the fields finds any four-leaved grass, he shall, in a small while after, find some good thing.” Several mentions to the same effect are made in the writings of other poets.

I hope you will have many a hunt for magic clovers in the sweet-smelling summer fields; for I find, in that charming occupation, “luck” sufficient,—even when no “lucky four-leaved grasse” rewards my search.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.





## SILVERHAIR'S QUEST.

BY RUTH HALL.

## I.

DOWN in the meadow-land, far and fair,  
I met, this morning, sweet Silverhair.  
"What do you here?" I asked the small rover.  
"Oh, I am seeking a four-leaved clover!"

## II.

"What will that do for you, little one?"  
"Give me all good things under the sun,—  
Not me, only, but Mother, moreover:  
That 's why I look for a four-leaved clover!"

## III.

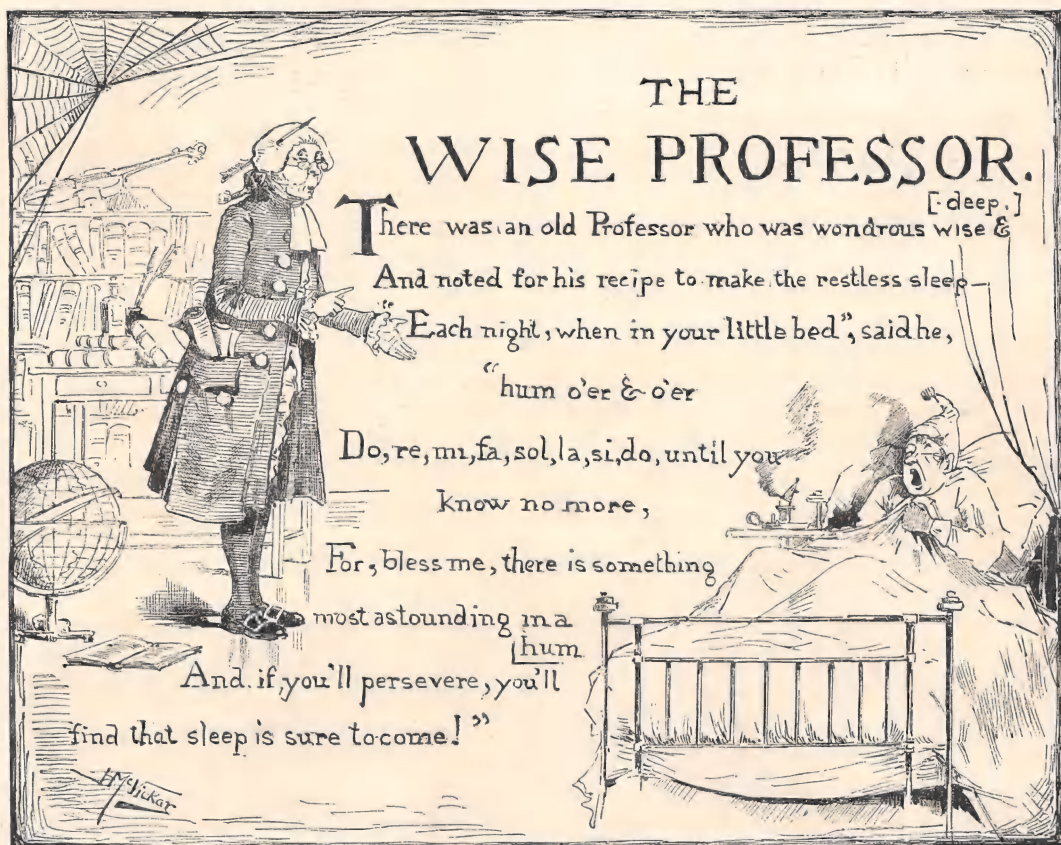
"Would not your service, these morning hours,  
Do her more good than a field of flowers?"  
Ah, she but murmured over and over:  
"No, I must find her a four-leaved clover!"

## IV.

All about us the larks were singing,  
Roses their sweet warm breath were flinging:  
Heedless of duty, and pleasure, moreover,  
Silverhair looked for a four-leaved clover.

## V.

Ah, older seekers, the broad land over,  
Are looking, to-day, for a four-leaved clover!





## JANE AND ELIZA.

MANY of our readers, doubtless, remember a very entertaining paper by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, printed in *St. NICHOLAS* for January, 1877. It was entitled "Great Grandfather's Books and Pictures," and was illustrated with pages taken from the New England Primer and Webster's Spelling-book. All who read the article, we are sure, must have enjoyed the absurd little pictures and Mr. Scudder's interesting account of the school literature of those days.

Now we propose to copy, word for word, a little book printed in Newark many years ago. It bears the romantic title of "Jane and Eliza," and has a picture on every page. Doubtless, it was considered quite a delightful little work by many a girl and boy of that day.

The art of engraving on wood has advanced very rapidly of late, but in the days of our grandparents and great-grandparents it seems to have not been considered worthy of attention. Certainly, in those times, the illustrations of cheap books for little folk were extremely crude, as you will see by the specimens shown on this page and the two that follow.

We now leave you to enjoy the thrilling story, with all its sore temptations, punishments, and repentances; and you surely will hope, with the distinguished author of "Jane and Eliza," that

Ever since, as he has heard,  
Eliza faithful kept her word.

## JANE AND ELIZA.

Come, children, come, the mother said,  
Let's wash your face and comb your head,  
For as it is the first of May,  
You both must go to school to-day.  
Jane and Eliza, 'though yet small,  
Obedient to their mother's call,  
Were wash'd and dress'd all in a trice  
From head to foot, in clothes so nice,



New frocks, new gloves and aprons too,  
New shoes, new capes and bonnets blue,  
And as the school would last 'til night,  
That they might stay their appetite;  
Two little baskets were well stor'd  
With what the pantry could afford.  
Fresh bread and butter and smok'd beef,  
But apple-pie it was the chief.  
They on their arms their baskets hung,  
Then round their mother's neck they clung;  
Each kiss'd good bye, nor sullen pout  
Mark'd either face as they set out.

Now hand in hand together walk  
Of school and Madam sprightly talk:



And scarce two prettier girls are seen,  
Among the whole who trip the green.



But as they wend their way along  
Some Butterflies a puddle throng,





These caught Eliza's wand'ring eyes,  
 "Oh! sister, see those Butterflies;



"Let 's catch them," eagerly she cried.  
 "No! sister, no," Jane stern replied,



"Let 's go to school as good girls should,  
 "Nor stop to play along the road."  
 "O yes I will! Sweet Butterflies!"  
 "I 'll go and leave you," Jane replies.

"Go!" said Eliza in a pet,  
 And on the grass her basket set,  
 Then slyly crept to seize her prize,  
 But as she crept she saw them rise  
 And fly a little further on,  
 And there again they settle down.  
 To catch them she seem'd fully bent,  
 And in pursuit again she went,  
 And that she might the more command,  
 She took her bonnet in her hand,  
 And when within her reach she thought,  
 Her bonnet quickly o'er them brought,  
 But soon to her surprise she found,  
 Her bonnet only *caught the ground*.  
 The Butterflies again took flight,  
 And very soon were out of sight.  
 Nor was it all she thus was foiled,  
 Her bonnet with the mud was soiled.  
 For Jane she called in sad affright,  
 But Jane alas! was out of sight.  
 With saddened heart her steps she traced  
 To where her basket she had placed:  
 When lo! a hog with muddy snout,  
 Had turned her basket inside out;  
 Her bread and butter, beef and pie,  
 All scattered on the ground did lie.  
 Jane! O! sister Jane! she cried—  
 Jane had beyond her hearing hied.  
 In spite of all could do or say,  
 The hog, her dinner bore away.  
 Sobbing and crying now she stood  
 When trav'ling along the road,  
 A gentleman saw her distress  
 And ask'd her what the matter was?  
 She told as plain as she could tell,  
 The mishaps on her way befel.  
 Ah! naughty girl! the good man said,  
 This had not happ'd had you not play'd  
 The truant, like a little fool,  
 Instead of going straight to school.  
 But as it is your first offence,  
 I hope you 'll learn a lesson hence.  
 Eliza owned she had done wrong  
 In staying from her school so long,  
 And freely promised o'er and o'er  
 That she would never do so more.  
 "Here," then said he, "this sixpence take,  
 "And buy yourself some ginger cake,  
 "At old Dame Goodie's on the green,  
 "Which from your school house door is seen."  
 Eliza, thankful, curtsied low,  
 Whilst he returned it with a bow;  
 She onward skipp'd with new delight,  
 And he soon gallop'd out of sight.  
 But as the school house now she viewed,  
 The anguish of her heart renewed.  
 An angry Madam fancied there,



And little school-mates' scornful sneer.  
 At length she gain'd the school house door,  
 Where many a truant stood before ;  
 Trembling she stood nor ventured in,  
 So great she thought her crime had been.  
 Her little heart went pitty-pat,  
 Thinking of this and now of that,  
 'Till Madam came to chide her stay,  
 And heard what happen'd on the way.  
 "You see, my child," the good dame said,  
 Eliza trembling with dread,  
 "How naughty children are repaid,  
 "Who have their mother disobey'd ;  
 "But as you seem repentant now,  
 "I will your punishment forego."  
 So saying, she with tender look,  
 Seated Eliza at her book,  
 Nor long she sat ; for very soon  
 The school was out, for it was noon ;  
 And all in playful sports are seen  
 Among the trees upon the green.  
 Eliza now old Goodie's sought,  
 And with her sixpence cookies bought,  
 Round hearts, long cakes and cookaroos,  
 And many others which she chose.  
 Then seated at her sister's side,  
 She freely did her cakes divide.  
 Some she exchange'd with a little Miss  
 For apple-pie, brown bread and cheese.  
 Thus did the cakes her sixpence cost  
 Supply the dinner which she'd lost.  
 Amidst the rambles on the green  
 Eliza now is foremost seen.  
 'Till old Good Dame does loudly call  
 To school ! to school ! when one and all  
 With one accord are quickly seen  
 To leave their sports and quit the green.  
 Now all are seated at their book,  
 Nor does the one at t' other look,  
 Nor can you hear a whisp'ring sound,  
 Such perfect stillness reigns around.  
 They conn'd their lessons o'er and o'er,  
 Until the Village clock struck four ;  
 When all again from school are free,  
 And hie them home right merrily.  
 Jane, as she entered, 'gan to tell  
 Her mother, what mishaps befel  
 Eliza on her way to school.  
 Eliza look'd like little fool,  
 Nor could she now from tears refrain,  
 To hear her faults rehearsed by Jane.

She sobb'd as if her heart would break :  
 Her mother now did pity take,  
 And kindly said "come, my dear child,  
 "Though you have thus your bonnet spoil'd



"And truant 'long the road have play'd,  
 "Dry up your tears, be not afraid ;  
 "Your first offence I 'll overlook,  
 "If you 'll hereafter learn your book,  
 "And always mind what I shall say,  
 "And ne'er again the truant play,  
 "Nor let your little wand'ring eyes  
 "Be gazing after Butterflies."  
 "I will, dear mother, as I live,  
 "If you will only now forgive."



Her mother clasp'd her to her breast,  
 And on her lips sweet kisses press'd :  
 And ever since, as I have heard,  
 Eliza faithful kept her word.



## SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



ARDLY five years ago I knew a blue-eyed, brown-haired, and peach-cheeked little girl, just now beginning to read in *ST. NICHOLAS*, whom her father used to call his "harbor-seal." If

you had ever seen her lying face down in the cradle,—her favorite position,—holding up her round, fuzzy little head, you would have understood at once why he called her

so; for that is precisely the way a seal looks, when he is resting on a rock or a piece of ice.

Scores of years back, before the settlement of North America by Europeans, seals were wont to come to its shores even as far southward as the Carolinas, and were common visitors from New Jersey northward. Robin's Reef, in New York Bay, passed by all the Coney Island steamboats, gets its name from the Dutch word *robin* or *robyn*—"seal," because those animals used to resort there in great numbers. To-day they are uncommon even along the coast of Maine, scarcely abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and are slowly being driven inside the arctic circle.

Now, this disappearance of the seals from our own coast has been brought about by incessant persecution, and it seems to me very unfortunate. How much it would add to the pleasure of a voyage down the bay, or a ramble along the weedy and wave-polished beach, if we could see, here and there, trim, brown animals creep up from the water on some projecting rock, and gaze at us with no fear in their mild eyes, while shaking the drops of water from their coats! But sadly for our amusement, and for the seals themselves, their bodies have a value in the market—and great fleets every year are fitted out to engage in this fishery.

The word "fishery" ought to imply a "fish" to be caught; but the term has become perverted: for instance, we speak of whale, sponge, coral, crab, and oyster, or clam fisheries, yet none of these animals is in the least a fish. Neither is the seal, although it lives in the water, swims and dives.

It is, indeed, nothing but a warm-blooded, fur-coated mammal, with all the internal organs and outside structure of a quadruped.

"What!" you exclaim, "'all the outside structure' of an otter, for example?"

Yes, but not the same appearance. Let me explain to you how this is: If we study the outlines of the two heads, and the pictures of the two skulls—the first, those of the common harbor-seal, and the second those of the otter,—we shall see at once how the bones, and the shape and arrangement of the teeth in one, resemble those in the other. And if we had also a picture of the skull of a cod-fish, we should see how different from it are the skulls of the otter and seal.

Now look at the limbs. I have heard of a boy who defined a quadruped as an animal having a leg at each corner. Perhaps that would fit the otter, but you think that, certainly, it would not describe the seal, "which has n't legs at all," you say, "but fins or 'flippers.'"

If I had the time, I could prove to you that the difference between the fin of a fish and the bone-leg of an otter or of a dog, or your own arm, is not so very great; and it would be easy to show how nearly alike the flipper of the seal and fore leg of a land mammal really are. On examining diagrams of the bones in a seal's flipper and an otter's fore leg, you will find that you can match every bone of the one by a similar bone of the other. The shapes of the bones, to be sure, are altered to suit the varied uses of swimming in the water and walking on the land; but all the parts of the arm and hand (or fore foot) of the otter, or any other mammal, are seen also in the flipper of our subject—only there they are shortened, thickened, and covered with a membrane which converts them into a paddle instead of a paw.

The same comparison will hold good for the hind feet of the otter and the hind flippers or "tail" (which is *not* a tail) of the seal; and it is equally true of the walrus and of the whale, porpoise, grampus, blackfish, and other cetacea.

Of course, being mammals, these animals must breathe air. You could drown any of them by forcing it to remain under the water too long. Whales can stay down an hour or more, if necessary, and seals can hold their breath for fifteen or twenty minutes, though they do not like to be under as long as that. Of course, it is necessary for seals, therefore, in the arctic seas, where mainly



is their home, to be able to reach the air, even in spite of the sheet of thick ice which for half the year covers the whole ocean. But in large bodies of ice there always are some holes, no matter how cold the weather may be; and these holes afford the seals of that region an opportunity to come to the surface to breathe. There are some species, however, that keep round, smooth-edged air-holes open for themselves by continually breaking away the young ice as fast as it is formed; these holes are never very large at the surface—sometimes only big enough to let one animal poke his nose up through; they are much like chimneys, indeed, for the ice may sometimes be a hundred feet thick.

Before I go further, let me say that the word "seal" applies to several families of Pinnipeds, only one of which concerns us at present. This is the Phocidæ, or family of earless seals, of which the common harbor-seal, the ringed seal, the harp, or Greenland seal, and the bearded, or hooded seals, are chiefly to be remembered. Concerning the gigantic sea-elephant of the antarctic pole, the huge sea-lions of the Pacific, and the various "fur" seals, we have no occasion to speak. All our subjects inhabit the arctic zone, and principally the coasts of Greenland and Newfoundland,—washed by the North Atlantic.

While the breathing-holes in the ice afford the seals their only possibilities of life, they often prove to be death-traps, since many foes lie in wait near them.

The enemies of seals, other than man, are not a few, both on land and in the water. The polar bear, finding their holes, watches as quietly and vigilantly as a cat for a mouse, and leaps upon them as they rise to breathe, or even chases them into the sea, and so captures a great many. The arctic wolves and foxes, the raven, and probably also the great snowy owl, attack the young before they are able to defend themselves or escape. These enemies are so active that the heavy and awkward parents have hard work to defend their babies. The full-grown seals, as well as the young, are seized in the water by sharks and sword-fish, and also by killer-whales, which, though of small size, are able to murder the monstrous right whale by biting out his tongue.

Travelers say that when a sword-fish sees a seal upon a floating "pan," or cake of ice, he will get on one side and tip the pan down to such an angle that the seal must slip off, and then will devour it. So great is a seal's terror of these water-foes that, should a man be on the pan when sword-

fish and sharks are after him, the seal will run between his feet for protection. Many seals are killed, too, by fighting among themselves, and by the fierce storms of the frozen zone.

The most ingenious and dreaded enemies of the seal, however (leaving out of sight for the present the white men), are the Eskimos. To them seals are of the utmost importance, and we may say that in many parts of the arctic world men could not live without these animals. The Eskimos' methods of hunting this game, and the hundred ways in which they utilize its body, will be interesting matters to look into.

The harbor-seal [see page 627] is, perhaps, the



A SEAL SEEKING A MAN'S PROTECTION FROM A SWORD-FISH.

least serviceable of seals, since he is not common very far north of Labrador; but his flesh is considered the best, and on the Pacific coast the Indians take whole herds at once, by stealing upon them when they are basking on the beach or in shallow bays, and drawing a seine around them. The hides





A HARP-SEAL MOTHER AND HER BABY.

of the old ones are good only for tents, but those of the young are highly prized; and no present is more acceptable to a Greenland damsel than the prettily mottled skin of a *kassigiak* (as she would call it), out of which she will make the wide, warm trousers that serve her in the place of petticoat.

Another seal, of which the Greenlanders do not get many,—the bearded seal,—is very large, and is especially prized on account of the thickness of its skin. Out of it they make not only the slender-pointed canoe-like boats, called “kayaks,” in which they chase this and other wandering species, but also the stout lines to which their harpoons are attached. It makes durable soles for their boots, too, and strong harnesses for the dogs, besides which the flesh is sweet. It is one of the most easily killed of all seals, because it is not watchful. The harp-seal is also readily killed along the edges of the ice-floes, by the kayaker, but he values it little, excepting to eat; the hooded seal or “square-flipper,” on the contrary, shows fight, taxing the courage and skill of the bravest of those hardy natives to overcome its fierce resistance and avoid its terrible bite.

The one seal useful above all others to them, and eagerly pursued, is their favorite *netsick*, one of the smaller species. It is the one called in our books the ringed seal, or floe-rat.\* It is confined to the polar seas, rarely wandering south of Labrador, but it belongs also to the arctic shores of Europe, Asia, and Alaska, so that not only the Eskimos proper, but many arctic Indian tribes, regularly hunt it.

Although it is hunted throughout the year, the most profitable time for killing the *netsick* is in April, when each mother seal is accompanied by a young one. Here, perhaps, I may digress a little

in order to tell you something of the babyhood of the Greenland seal.

Of the different sorts of seals I have mentioned, all but two are migratory—that is to say, the whole body of them move from north to south each autumn, and back from south to north each spring. Upon this important fact the great fleets of fishermen, of which I shall give an account presently, depend for their success. The annual southward journey of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vivid picture of these great migrations which are so prominent a feature of polar history. Keeping just ahead of the “making” of the ice, or final freezing up of the fiords and bays, at the approach of winter they leave Greenland, and begin their passage southward along the coast of Labrador, freely entering all the gulfs and bays. They appear first in small detachments of half a dozen to a score or more of individuals; these are soon followed by larger companies, until in a few days they form one continuous procession, filling the sea as far as the eye can reach. Floating with the Arctic current, their progress is extremely rapid, and in but one short week the whole multitude has passed. Arriving at the Straits of Belleisle, some enter the gulf, but the great body move onward along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence outward to the Grand Banks, where they arrive about Christmas. Here they rest for a month, and then they turn northward, slowly struggling against the strong current that aided them so much in their southward journey, until they reach the great ice-fields stretching from the Labrador shore far eastward—a broad continent of ice.

During the first half of March, on these great

\* A field of floating ice, in the arctic phrase, is a “floe,” so long as it remains a firm sheet; when it breaks up it becomes a “pack,” or “pack-ice.”

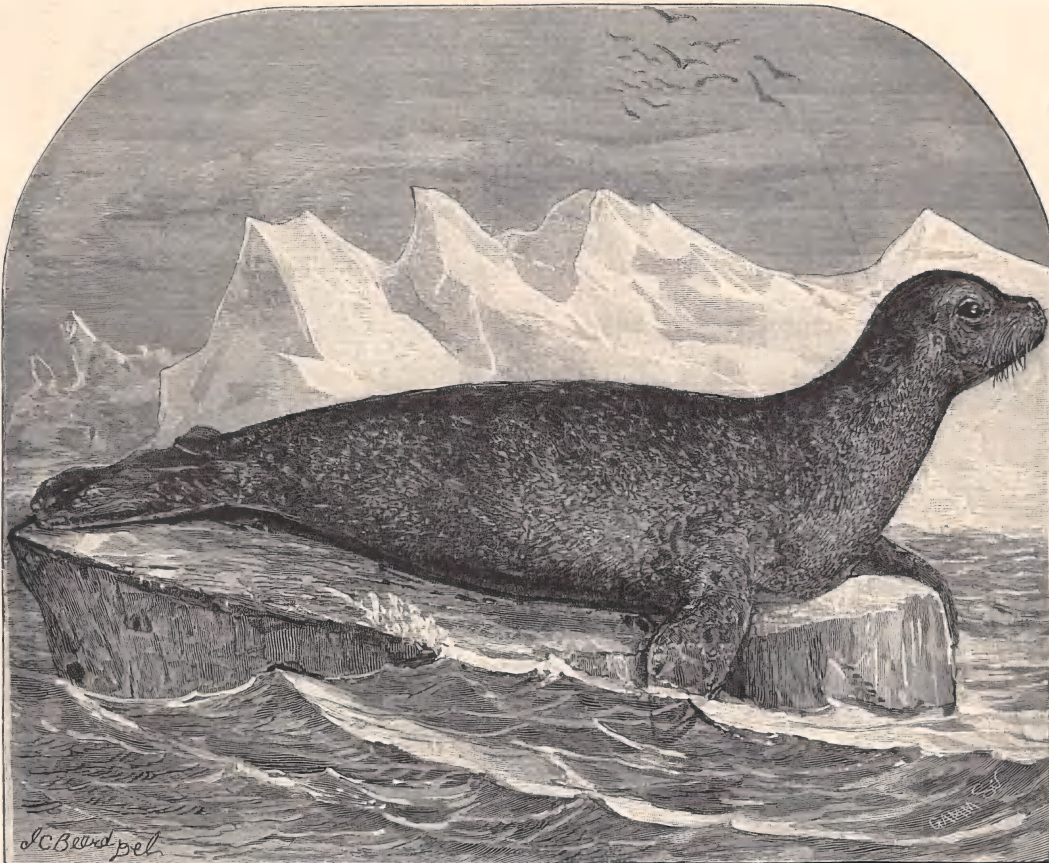


floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—only one in each family, to be sure, but with plenty of play-fellows close by—all in soft woolly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden luster. The Newfoundlanders call them “white-coats.” In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of “ragged-jackets”; and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black crescentic or harp-like marks on the back which give them the name of “harpes.”

The squealing and barking at one of these im-

makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own. If ice happens to pack around them, so that they can not open holes, nor get into the water, the whole army will laboriously travel by floundering leaps to the edge of the field; and they show an astonishing sagacity in discerning the proper direction. It is supposed that they can smell the water at a long distance.

Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. Besides the full-grown seals that perish in such gales, thousands of the weak babies



THE HARBOR-SEAL. [SEE PAGE 625.]

mense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never

are crushed to death or drowned, notwithstanding the dauntless courage of their mothers, in trying to get their young out of danger and upon the firm ice. And it is touching to watch a mother-seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, “either by trying to swim with it between her fore flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose.” The destruction caused



by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim.

Does it surprise you that seals, which are constantly in the water, have to *learn* to swim? Well, it might stagger the phocidae to be told that men have to be taught to walk. The fact is, a baby seal is afraid of the water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulder, pushes him into the surf when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired; the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somersaults (if he is a bearded seal), and vanish under the ice, literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens. But he had to learn how, to begin with, like any other mammal.

It is when the seals are busy in caring for their helpless babies and giving the better-grown youngsters their early lessons, that the Eskimo hunters seek most diligently to kill them. This is not merely for the pleasure of it,—not that at all, perhaps,—but because their flesh and skins are imperatively needed. Those pursued by the Eskimos, however, are not the species that make the great southward migrations which I have just described, but the ringed seals (*Phoca fetida*) which remain on the far arctic coasts all the year round. Upon this animal the Eskimos place almost their entire dependence for food, fuel, light, and clothing. Its capture is therefore exceedingly important to every family.

At the end of winter each of the female seals creeps up through the breathing-hole (which is named *atluk*); and under the deep snow overlying all the ice-field she digs a cave, eight or ten feet long and three to five feet wide. At one end of the excavation is the breathing-hole, affording a ready means of retreat, in case of danger. In this cave the young seal is born, and though protected from the sight of its enemies, here it is often captured.

About the first of April the Eskimo hunter leaves his winter encampment, taking his family and a few bits of furniture on his dog-sledge, and goes to some locality where he expects to find seals abound. Arrived there, he cuts out square blocks of hard snow, piles them up into a round hut with a domed roof, clearing away the snow from the inside, down to the hard ground or ice-surface. Over this hut he throws water, which, in freezing, cements all the blocks together; and then he has a good tight house—as warm as though made of stone, as soon as he has built his fire. This done, he and his family are as comfortable as if they were at their winter home, and if his hunting is successful, he is contented and happy.

The old-fashioned native manner of hunting—

some of the Eskimos now have guns, and this spoils the interest—called for much skill and patience. In it, each hunter has a trained dog which runs on ahead, but is held by a strap around his neck from going too fast and far. The dog scents the seal lying in its excavation under the snow (the level surface of which of course gives no sign of the cave), and barks; whereupon the hunter, who is close behind, hastens forward, and by a vigorous jump breaks down the cover before the young seal can escape. If he succeeds in cutting off its retreat, it is an easy prey, for he simply knocks it on the head; otherwise he must use his seal-hook very quickly or his game is gone.

"It sometimes happens," says Mr. L. Kumlien, "that the hunter is unfortunate enough to jump the snow down directly over the hole, when he gets a pretty thorough wetting. The women often take part in this kind of sealing, and become quite expert. The children begin when they are four or five years old: the teeth and flippers of the first catch are saved as a trophy, and are worn about the little fellow's neck; this they think will give him good luck when he begins the next year.

"As the season advances and the young begin to shed their coats, the roof of their *igloo* or cave is often or perhaps always broken down, and the mother and young can be seen on sunny days basking in the warm sunshine beside their *atluk*. The mother will take to the water when the hunter has approached within gunshot, and will leave the young one to shift for itself, which generally ends in its staring leisurely at the hunter until suddenly it finds a hook in its side. A stout seal-skin line is then made fast to its hind flipper and it is let into the *atluk*. It of course makes desperate efforts to free itself, and is very apt to attract the attention of the mother if she is anywhere in the vicinity. The Eskimo carefully watches the movements of the young one, and, as soon as the mother is observed, begins to haul in on the line; the old one follows nearer and nearer to the surface, until, at last, she crosses the hole at the proper depth, when the deadly harpoon is planted in her body and she is quickly drawn out. If, however, the mother has seen the hunter approaching the *atluk*, she will not show herself."

If you were to examine the weapons by which the Eskimos manage to capture these and other seals,—specimens of them are in the National Museum at Washington,—you would be astonished at their roughness. It is very difficult, especially for the northern bands, to get any wood, excepting sticks that are washed ashore, and a piece long enough to make a good spear-handle is extremely rare. In most cases, therefore, they are obliged to splice two or three short pieces together,



and this they can only do by slanting both ends, and binding the pieces at their juncture with strings of raw-hide or strips of intestine. The striking end of the spear usually consists of a long and pretty straight piece of bone, such as can be got from a whale's or walrus's skeleton, and this is tipped with a sharp point of bone, or flint, or (nowadays generally) of iron. Sometimes this tip is movable, so that when it penetrates the prey it will come off and only be held by the line, while the handle floats, secured by a loop. Other spears have each a skin buoy attached, this making it

up and the Eskimos can go out in their kayaks, the crankiest of primitive craft, on the ugliest of voyages; but this is an adventure they never shirk, and one that their acquaintance with Europeans has not changed at all. The kayak is eighteen or twenty feet long, but is so light that it can be carried by the one man who forms the crew. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole through which the young Eskimo squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight oil-skin coat over his garments, and ties it down to the deck all around him, so that no water can pour



HEAD OF THE HOODED SEAL, OR "SQUARE-FLIPPER,"—"THE SPECIES WHICH SHOWS FIGHT." [SEE PAGE 626.]

more difficult for the poor animal to swim away, and also helping to float the weapon if the hunter misses his aim. The stout lines are made of seal-hide, or sometimes of braided spruce roots. The "hooks" mentioned above have wooden or bone shafts, to the end of which a curved and sharpened hook of bone is firmly bound. Besides, there are other rough weapons, and a kind of net, in all of which the seal's hide and bones contribute to his tribe's destruction, and which are marvels of savage ingenuity.

Many of them are used later when the ice breaks

in "tween decks." But, on the other hand, he must untie the knots before he can get out; so if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up, or else must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side—and this he often actually does.

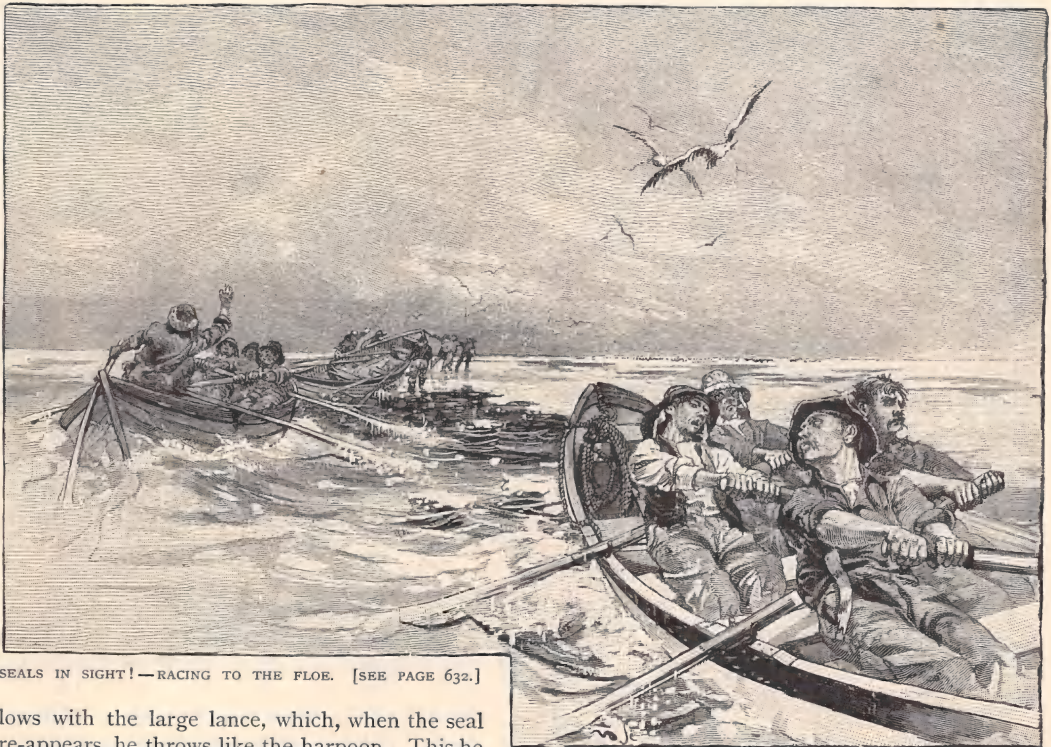
When the kayaker catches sight of a seal, he advances within about twenty-five feet of it, and hurls his harpoon "by means of a piece of wood adapted to support the harpoon while he takes aim." This



is called a throwing-stick, and curiously enough the Australasians had a similar contrivance for hurling their javelins. As he throws, the kayaker loosens the bladder and tosses it off. The animal struck dives, carrying away the coiled-up line with great speed; if in this moment the line happens to become entangled, the canoe is almost certain to be capsized and dragged away with no chance of rising again, and many an Eskimo has lost his life through a similar mischance. But if the attack has been successful, the bladder moving on the surface of the water indicates the track of the frantic animal beneath it, and the hunter fol-

Late in the summer, when the young seals have grown able to take care of themselves, and the herds are away enjoying the open sea and getting fat on the abundant food they find at that season, the Eskimo has to pursue them with great caution, crawling over the ice face downward, and imitating their awkward, tumbling play until near enough to hurl his spear; or he must get into his frail kayak and chase the herds far up glacial fiords and away across the rough and chilling sea, where they are living on the floating ice.

The food of seals is various, but consists chiefly of fish, though the young ones, when companies



SEALS IN SIGHT!—RACING TO THE FLOE. [SEE PAGE 632.]

lows with the large lance, which, when the seal re-appears, he throws like the harpoon. This he does again and again, the lance always disengaging itself, until the poor seal becomes so weak that it can be overtaken, and killed by a lunge of the knife.

The flesh of the netsick serves for food all through the summer, and is "cachéd," or concealed, in the snow, or dried for winter use. From the skins of the old seals the arctic natives make their summer clothing, while under-garments are fashioned from those of the young netsick. Children often have entire suits of the white skins of the baby seals in their first fuzzy coat. With the flesh and skins of the netsick, too, the Eskimo travels southward to the Danish settlements, and trades for such civilized articles as he is able to buy.

of them first begin to hunt in the shallow water near shore, seem to like crabs better than anything else; and to several species of shrimps, abounding in northern seas, the observant sailors have given the name "seals' food." Shell-fish of various sorts, too, are cracked in their strong jaws and devoured—especially the arctic mussels. They swallow many pebble-stones also, not for food, but, it is supposed, in order to aid digestion.

Now I must force myself to leave this hasty sketch of the natural history of these most interesting and serviceable animals, regretting that I can not dwell longer upon many of its features, and turn to the exciting incidents of the chase con-



ducted against them every spring by ships and crews from America and Europe. In this case, however, I am obliged to say that I must not go greatly

larger in point of numbers than any that go out now, consisted wholly of sailing vessels, many of which were of small size, notwithstanding the long



A SEAL AFLOAT ON AN ICE-PAN.

into details, since they would present a horrible picture of blood and cruel warfare against one of the most innocent and child-like creatures that ever breathed. But I suppose that, much as we might wish it, it will be impossible always to keep out of our sight objects and acts that make us shudder; that is, if we are to know what is actually going on in the world.

The phocine seals of the Atlantic are not hunted for their fur, as are their Alaskan cousins, but chiefly for their oil, and secondarily for their skins. It is an industry which profitably employs hundreds of ships and thousands of seamen, and it receives the name of "sealing." The principal sealing-grounds are Newfoundland, Labrador, and the islands which lie between, but especially the ice-floes off the coast of Western Greenland, the Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen seas; Nova Zembla, the White Sea, and the Caspian Sea. Of these the most important is that first-named, where, as long ago as half a century, three hundred and seventy-five vessels assembled annually, and, twenty-five years ago, five hundred thousand seals were taken in a single season. These early fleets, which were

and tempestuous voyages they had to endure. The most of them hailed from Newfoundland. All these were concerned in "ice-hunting," which is the most extensive and profitable, though by far the most dangerous, of all the methods in vogue for capturing seals.

You will remember that at the end of winter enormous herds, chiefly of the harp-seals, come down and congregate upon the floating fields of ice eastward of Newfoundland, where the young are born in March. These are the place and season of the largest fishery, but the locality is never fixed nor certain; the fields, approached simultaneously by sailing fleets and steamers from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Scotland, England, France, Germany, and Norway, must be sought for every year as though for the first time. This is in the icy, tempestuous North Atlantic, at the most stormy period of the year. Dreadful gales may drive the ships anywhere but where they seek to go, bergs may be hurled against them, the ice may jam them between its ponderous edges and crush the doubly braced hulls into splinters, or cleanly cut away parts of the bottom, and leave the





STEAM-SHIP DASHING INTO THE ICE.

vessels to sink and the men to save themselves as best they may upon broken and drifting ice. Strange to say, steam-ships are more liable to harm from the ice than sailing ships, which will

path. Then the ship dashes into it as far as its power can force it. When it sticks, the crew leap overboard, chop and break the field into cakes which are shoved under the floe or hauled out on top: or, if it is too thick to be broken, saws are brought out, and a canal is slowly made for the ship's progress. This is a time of great desire for haste, and you may well believe that every man works with all his might.

"Sometimes," writes an eye-witness, "a crowd of men, clinging around the ship's bows, and holding on to the bights of rope . . . would jump and dance on the ice, bending and breaking it with their weight and dragging her on over it with all their force. Up to their knees in water, as one piece after another sank below the cut-water, they still held on, hurraing at every fresh start she made, dancing, jumping, pushing, shoving, hauling, hewing, sawing, till every soul on board was roused into excited exertion."

Well, when all this toil and danger are passed,—sometimes greatly prolonged, and in the midst of a frozen sea and the most violent storms,—and the ship has the good luck to sight a herd, then begins for the crew of hardy sailors a season of about the most arduous labor that one can imagine.

If the weather permit, the vessel is run into the ice, and moored there; if not, it sails back and forth in open spaces, managed by the captain and one or two others, while the remainder of the crew, sometimes sixty or seventy, or even more in number, get into boats and row swiftly to the floe. The



A "SEAL-MEADOW," OR A HERD OF SEALS UPON AN ICE-FLOE.

be lifted up instead of crushed. Often a field of thin "bay-ice," or a solid floe, will lie right in the

young seals lie scattered about here and there, basking in the sun or sheltered under the lee of a hum-



mock, and they lie so thickly that half a dozen will often be seen in a space twenty yards square.

endurance, his nerves to peril, and his heart to bitter cruelty ;—but every pelt is worth a dollar !



AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK, ABOUT TO HARPOON A SEAL. [SEE PAGE 630.]

They can not get away, or at most can only flounder about, and their plaintive bleatings and white coats might almost be those of lambs. The old seals are frightened away by the approach of the sailors, and never show fight, and the youngsters are easily killed ; so the men do not take guns, but only clubs, with which they strike the poor little fellows a single blow on the head, usually killing them at once.

Having struck down all they can see within a short distance, the small squad of men who work together then quickly skin, or (as they call it) "sculp" them, with a broad clasp-knife, cutting clear through the thick layer of fat which lies underneath the hide, and so leaving a surprisingly small carcass behind. Bundles are then made of from three to seven "pelts," and each man drags a bundle toward the boat. This is sometimes miles distant, the ice is rough and broken, he must leap cracks, trust himself to isolated cakes, and often he falls into the freezing water, or loses his way in a sudden squall of snow. It is limb-cracking and life-risking work, and, to accomplish it successfully, a man must school his muscles to

By night, after a "seal-meadow" has been attacked, the decks of the vessel are hidden under a deep layer of fat, slippery pelts. After these have lain long enough to get cool, they are stowed away in the hold in pairs, each pair having the hair outward. The hold is divided by stout partitions into compartments, or "pounds," in order to prevent the cargo from moving about and so rubbing the fat into oil, which would speedily fill every part of the hold and the cabins, spoiling all the provisions. A vessel once had to be abandoned from this accident, because it had not been "pounded." The European ships, however, generally separate the fat at once and stow it in casks.

Sometimes, instead of bringing the pelts to the ship as fast as they are obtained, the hunters pile them up and



SAILORS DRAGGING BUNDLES OF "PELTS" OVER THE ICE TO THEIR BOAT.

place a flag on the heap, so that no other crew will take them, for there may be a score or two of vessels all attacking the herd at once ; and this



claim is respected. But in very many cases a snow-storm hides these heaps, or they break away from the floe, or the ice "jams" and crushes them, or the ship itself is driven too far off to return, so that they are lost and wasted; hence the practice of thus piling up the pelts is ceasing.

Perhaps I have given you the impression that it is only the young seals that are taken on these expeditions, but that is not wholly correct. Two voyages are ordinarily made, each lasting about two weeks. The first voyage brings home few old seals, but on the second voyage the sealers find the youngsters pretty well grown, and as well able to escape as the old ones. They must therefore use guns somewhat, and otherwise manage to secure adult, or nearly full-grown seals, if they are to get any at all.

Besides the skins and the fat, parts of the flesh are preserved for food, and those who are accustomed to it recommend it highly. The flesh is a "universal remedy" among the Eskimos. When the "Pandora" left England on her arctic expedition in 1874, her interpreter, Joe, an Eskimo, had a bad cough, but he refused all medicine, saying, "Bimeby, eat seal, get well." And, sure enough, his coughing was heard no more after he had feasted on his favorite food for a few days. "For young ladies and gentlemen who can not succeed in making their features sufficiently attractive on chicken and cheese-cakes, no diet is likely to succeed so well as delicate cutlets from the loin of a seal."

There are several methods of capturing these animals along the shore, by driving companies of them into nets, set among rocks or spread under-

neath the ice at their breathing-holes; by surprising them asleep on the shore and cutting off their retreat; by shooting, harpooning, and so on; but I can not weary you in detailing them, although they are exciting and picturesque.

When a cargo of pelts is brought home, the fat is carefully removed and converted into oil, either



ON THE WAY TO THE SEALING-GROUNDS.—LEADING THE FLEET.

by the sun or, in less time, by the aid of steam; but the latter produces a quality poorer in some respects both for lamps and for the lubrication of machines. The skins are salted and packed, and become cured in three weeks, finding ultimate use as shoe-leather, and as covering for knapsacks, valises, small trunks, etc. It would be interesting



to enlarge on this point, too, but readers must be content with only a skeleton of a history of seals and the seal industries, which they can fill out with all the more pleasure to themselves by independent reading in books of arctic travel, of zoology, and of the fisheries.

The sealing in the North Atlantic alone gives employment every spring to, say, twenty-five steamers from Newfoundland, built expressly for the purpose, besides unnumbered sailing vessels; the crews

of this fleet making a navy of about ten thousand eager young men. The starting is a scene of the greatest bustle, and when the men return with rich cargoes, and get their pockets full of money, there is great hilarity around the usually dull towns of that far-northern island. It is said that in one year, recently, a round million of seals were taken in the North Atlantic alone. Yet there seems to be little or no diminution in the crowds that throng the ice-floes as each March comes round.

## THE CORRECTION BOX.

BY KITTY WHITE.

YESTERDAY morning a missionary man came to our Sunday-school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, Mother gave us each a five-cent piece. "That 's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It is n't the least use to send five cents to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they would n't care about five cents. And there 's no candy in heathenland, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my button-string, we could each give a button, and spend the five cents for candy, and so we 'd be pleased all 'round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and "there 's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes 'round, I 'll give it to you, Kitty."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard Mother tell sister Em that they cost two dollars a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to church, they made me go into the pew first, and Father put Johnny beside him next the door, so 's we could n't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so 't other folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my

five cents, and then Mother and Em put in their money, and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and then he looked at me behind the others, and nodded, so I 'd know he had his five cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We did n't have time to eat it before school, and when we were going home, Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I 'll tell Father what the missionary said, and may be after this he 'll give buttons, and it 'll save him a great deal of money."

So we waited, and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, Father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to Mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it was n't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said Father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son —"

And then Mother said, "Why, it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there 's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John, is this your button?" And what could we say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us upstairs.

We 've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, Father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen.





# IN THE GARDEN:

By Margaret Johnson.

"Bright hollyhocks that grow so tall  
Beside the mossy garden wall,  
Bend down with slender stem to me  
That I your crimson cups may see,  
And pluck them from beside the wall.  
O hollyhocks that grow so tall!"

So sang wee Nell one summer day  
Within the garden old at play.  
The yellow sunshine slanted down  
And touched her curls into a crown.  
"Dear blossoms, bend to me I pray!"  
Sang winsome Nell that summer day.



## LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE poets who love children are the poets whom children love. It is natural that they should care much for each other, because both children and poets look into things in the same way,—simply, with open eyes and hearts, seeing Nature as it is, and finding whatever is lovable and pure in the people who surround them, as flowers may receive back from flowers sweet odors for those which they have given. The little child is born with a poet's heart in him, and the poet has been fitly called "the eternal child."

Not that all children or all poets are alike in this. But of him who has just gone from us—the honored Longfellow—we think as of one who has always been fresh and natural in his sympathy for children, one who has loved them as they have loved him.

We wish he had given us more of the memories of his own childhood. One vivid picture of it comes to us in "My Lost Youth," a poem which shows us how everything he saw when a child must have left within him a life-long impression. That boyhood by the sea must have been full of dreams as well as of pictures. The beautiful bay with its green islands, widening out to the Atlantic on the east, and the dim chain of mountains, the highest in New England, lying far away on the north-western horizon, give his native city a roomy feeling not often experienced in the streets of a town; and the boy-poet must have felt his imagination taking wings there, for many a long flight. So he more than hints to us in his song:

"I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Longfellow's earliest volume, "The Voices of the Night," was one of the few books of American poetry that some of us who are now growing old

ourselves can remember reading, just as we were emerging from childhood. "The Reaper and the Flowers" and the "Psalm of Life,"—I recall the delight with which I used to repeat those poems. The latter, so full of suggestions which a very young person could feel, but only half understand, was for that very reason the more fascinating. It seemed to give glimpses, through opening doors, of that wonderful new world of mankind, where children are always longing to wander freely as men and women. Looking forward and aspiring are among the first occupations of an imaginative child; and the school-boy who declaimed the words:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,"

and the school-girl who read them quietly by herself, felt them, perhaps, no less keenly than the man of thought and experience.

Longfellow has said that—

"Sublimity always is simple  
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning,"

and the simplicity of his poetry is the reason why children and young people have always loved it; the reason, also, why it has been enjoyed by men and women and children all over the world.

One of his poems which has been the delight of children and grown people alike is the "Village Blacksmith," the first half of which is a description that many a boy might feel as if he could have written himself—if he only had the poet's command of words and rhymes, and the poet's genius! Is not this one of the proofs of a good poem, that it haunts us until it seems as if it had almost grown out of our own mind? How life-like the picture is!—

"And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

No wonder the Cambridge children, when the old chestnut-tree that overhung the smithy was cut down, had a memento shaped into a chair from its boughs, to present to him who had made it an immortal tree in his verse! It bore flower and fruit for them a second time in his acknowledgment of the gift; for he told them how—



"There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street  
Its blossoms white and sweet,  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

"And when the winds of autumn, with a shout  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath."

In its own wild, winsome way, the song of "Hiawatha's Childhood" is one of the prettiest fancies in poetry. It is a dream of babyhood in the "forest primeval," with Nature for nurse and teacher; and it makes us feel as if—were the poet's idea only a possibility—it might have been very pleasant to be a savage baby, although we consider it so much better to be civilized.

"At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder:

Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in summer,  
Where they hid themselves in winter,  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid;  
Talked with them when'er he met them,  
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

How Longfellow loved the very little ones can be seen in such verses as the "Hanging of the Crane," and in those earlier lines "To a Child," where the baby on his mother's knee gazes at the painted tiles, shakes his "coral rattle



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE—ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees;  
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.  
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:  
'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little dancing, white-fire creature,

with the silver bells," or escapes through the open door into the old halls where once

"The Father of his country dwelt."

Those verses give us a charming glimpse of the home-life in the historic mansion which is now so rich with poetic, as well as patriotic associations. Other glimpses of it he has given us also. Some



years ago, many households in our land were made happy by the pictured group of Longfellow's three children, which he allowed to be put into circula-



A CORNER IN LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

tion,—three lovely little girls, who became known to us through the poet's words as—

Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair."

How beautiful it was to be let in to that twilight library scene described in the "Children's Hour":

"A sudden rush from the stair-way,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded,  
They enter my castle wall!

"They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

"Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

"I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

"And there will I keep you forever,  
Yea, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin  
And moulder in dust away!"

Afterward, when sorrow and loss had come to the happy home, in the sudden removal of the mother of those merry children, the father who loved them so had a sadder song for them, as he looked onward into their orphaned lives:

"O little feet, that such long years  
Must wander on, through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,  
I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road!"

And later, as if haunted by a care for them that would not leave him, he wrote the beautiful sonnet beginning:

"I said unto myself, if I were dead,  
What would befall these children? What would be  
Their fate, who now are looking up to me  
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,  
Would be a volume wherein I have read  
But the first chapters, and no longer see  
To read the rest of their dear history,  
So full of beauty and so full of dread."

Very sweet to those children must be the memory of such a father's love!

Longfellow loved all children, and had a word for them whenever he met them.

At a concert, going early with her father, a little girl espied Mr. Longfellow sitting alone, and begged that she might go and speak to him. Her father, himself a stranger, took the liberty of introducing his little daughter Edith to the poet.

"Edith?" said Mr. Longfellow, tenderly. "Ah! I have an Edith, too; but *my* baby Edith is twenty years old." And he seated the child beside him, taking her hand in his, and making her promise to come and see him at his house in Cambridge.

"What is the name of your sled, my boy?" he said to a small lad, who came tugging one up the road toward him, on a winter morning.

"It's 'Evangeline.' Mr. Longfellow wrote 'Evangeline.' Did you ever see Mr. Longfellow?" answered the little fellow, as he ran by, doubtless wondering at the smile on the face of the pleasant gray-haired gentleman.

Professor Monti, who witnessed the pretty scene, tells the story of a little girl who last Christmas inquired the way to the poet's house, and asked if she could just step inside the yard; and he relates how Mr. Longfellow, being told she was there, went to the door and called her in, and showed her the "old clock on the stairs," and many other interesting things about the house, leaving his little guest with beautiful memories of that Christmas day to carry all through her life. This was characteristic of the poet's hospitality, delicate and courteous and thoughtful to all who crossed his threshold. Many a trembling young girl, frightened at her own boldness in having ventured into his presence, was set at ease by her host in the most genial way; he would make her forget herself in the interesting mementos all about her, devoting himself to her entertainment as if it were the one pleasure of the hour to do so.



It is often said, and with reason, that we Americans do not think enough of manners—that politeness of behavior which comes from genuine sympathy and a delicate perception of others' feelings. Certainly our young people might look to Mr. Longfellow as a model in this respect. He was a perfect gentleman, in the best sense of that term, always considerate, and quick to see where he might do a kindness, or say a pleasant word.

A visitor one day told him in conversation of a young lady relative or friend, who had sent to Mr. Longfellow the message that he was the one man in the world she wanted to see.

"Tell her," said the poet, instantly, "that she is the one young lady in the world whom I want to see."

Some young girls, from a distant part of the country, having been about Cambridge sight-seeing, walked to Mr. Longfellow's house, and venturing within the gate, sat down upon the grass. He passed them there, and turning back, said:

"Young ladies, you are uncomfortably seated. Wont you come into the house?"

They were overjoyed at the invitation, and on entering, Mr. Longfellow insisted upon their taking lunch with him. They saw that the table was set for four, and were beginning to be mortified at finding themselves possible intruders upon other guests. They so expressed themselves to their host, who put them at ease at once, saying that it was only his regular lunch with his children, and that they would be happy to wait.

One of a group of school-girls whom he had welcomed to his house sent him, as a token of her gratitude, an iron pen made from a fetter of the Prisoner of Chillon, and a bit of wood from the frigate "Constitution," ornamented with precious stones from three continents. He wrote his thanks in a poem which must be very precious to the giver,—*"Beautiful Helen of Maine,"*—to whom he says of her gift that it is to him—

"As a drop of the dew of your youth  
On the leaves of an aged tree."

Longfellow's courtesy was as unfailing as the demands upon it were numerous and pressing. Very few imagine what a tax it is upon the time of our more prominent authors simply to write the autographs which are requested of them. He almost invariably complied with such requests, when made in a proper manner, wearisome as it must often have been to do so. Not long since, he had a letter from a Western boy, who sent his name,

desiring him to translate it into every language he knew, and send it back to him with his autograph! The poet was much amused at the request, but it is doubtful whether he found time to gratify that boy.

Still another incident related of him is that he was one day walking in a garden with a little five-years maiden who was fond of poetry and occasionally "made up some" herself.

"I, too, am fond of poetry," he said to her. "Suppose you give me a little of yours this beautiful morning?"

"Think," cried he, afterward, to a friend, throwing up his hands, his eyes sparkling with merriment,—*"think what her answer was! She said: 'Oh, Mr. Longfellow, it does n't always come when you want it!' Ah me,—how true, how true!"*

The celebration of Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday by school-children all over the country is something that those children must be glad to think of now—glad to remember that the poet knew how much they cared for him and for what he had written. Even the blind children, who have to read with their fingers, were enjoying his songs with the rest. How pleasant that must have been to him! Certainly, as it seems to me, the best tribute that the young people of the country can pay to his memory is to become more familiar with his poems.

Of our older poets, whose greatness time has tested, only a few remain. One of them, writing of Longfellow's departure, says sadly: *"Our little circle narrows fast, and a feeling of loneliness comes over me."*

We should not wait until a great and good man has left us before giving him honor, or trying to understand what he has done for us. A dreary world ours would be, if there were no poets' songs echoing through it; and we may be proud of our country that it has a poetry of its own, which it is for us to know and possess for ourselves.

Longfellow has said:

"What the leaves are to the forest  
With light and air and food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,  
That to the world, are children":

and something like this we may say of his songs. There is in all true poetry a freshness of life which makes the writer of it immortal.

The singer so much beloved has passed from sight, but the music of his voice is in the air, and, listening to it, we know that he can not die.



# LONGFELLOW'S LAST AFTERNOON WITH CHILDREN.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us forever:  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing."

"I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

"And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon."

In the early part of March, some lads belonging to the Dwight School, Boston, wished to visit Professor Longfellow, with whose poems they were becoming familiar.

"Let us write to him," said one of the boys, "and ask his permission to call on him some holiday afternoon."

They consulted their teacher, who favored the plan, and the following note was sent to the poet:

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW—*Dear Sir*: Would it be agreeable to you to receive a call from four boys of the Dwight School? . . ."

Four names were signed to the note.

In a few days the following answer was returned:

"Mr. Longfellow would be pleased to meet the boys of the Dwight School on Saturday afternoon."

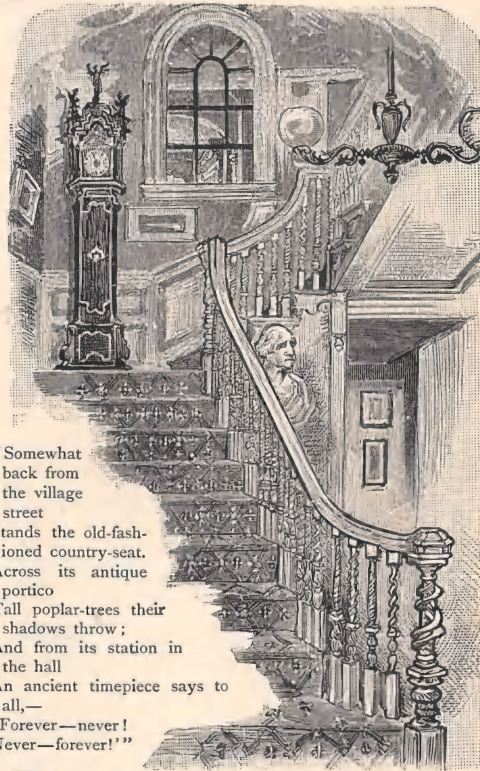
The boys were delighted. They procured a choice bouquet of flowers to give to the poet, and on Saturday afternoon, March 18th, went to Cambridge, and made the last visit to Longfellow that he ever received. Soon after they left him, he walked on the piazza of the ancient house, and being there exposed to the raw March winds, he contracted the sudden illness that ended his life.

On their way to Cambridge, the boys left Boston by the Charles River bridge, over which incessantly day and night a procession of footsteps goes and returns, as restless as the tide that ebbs and flows among the wooden piers and there makes its ceaseless murmur.

Many years ago, in loneliness and despondency, the great poet himself had been accustomed to go over the wooden bridge in the same place; and often he went at night, when the city clocks around Beacon Hill solemnly announced the hours. There was a great furnace then on the Brighton Hills, and its red light glowed weirdly in the shadowy distance. That sad time and lonely scene were in his mind when he wrote:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

A horse-car ride of half an hour took the boys past Harvard College, where the poet had spent many happy years as a professor, to his home—the mansion that Washington made famous in history as his headquarters. It resembles the one described in "The Old Clock on the Stairs":



"Somewhat  
back from  
the village  
street  
Stands the old-fash-  
ioned country-seat.  
Across its antique  
portico  
Tall poplar-trees their  
shadows throw;  
And from its station in  
the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to  
all,—  
'Forever—never!  
Never—forever!'"

This poem  
was suggested

by the French words, "*Toujours ! jamais ! Ja-  
mais ! toujours !*"

In that house the "Psalm of Life" was written. This poem, which to-day is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, was at

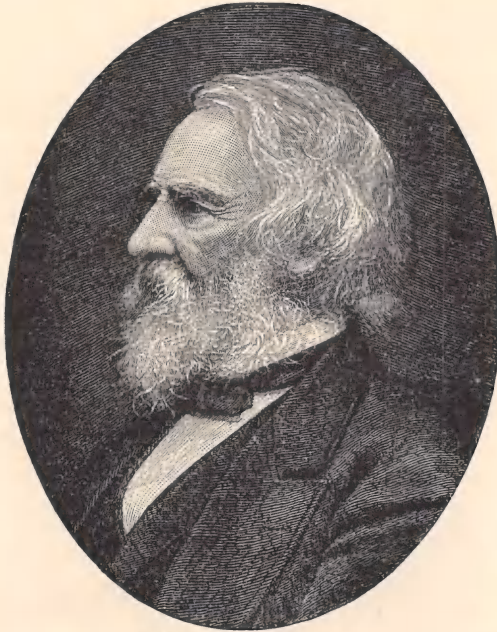
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.



first not intended for publication, but was merely an expression of the poet's own views and purposes.

Longfellow once told the writer of this article the story of the composition of this poem, and added the following pleasing incident:

"As I was returning from my visit to the Queen



Henry W. Longfellow

in London, a laborer came up to my carriage and extended his hand. 'I wish,' he said, 'to shake hands with the author of "The Psalm of Life!"' Few incidents of my life have been more pleasing. *That* was a compliment I could appreciate!"

In this house, too, "Evangeline" was written, the story being given to the poet by his friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Here, also, was written "Excelsior," after the poet had been reading a letter, from Charles Sumner, full of noble sentiments; here, besides, Longfellow wrote the "Wreck of the Hesperus," when the sad news of the loss of the Gloucester fishing-fleet, and the mournful words "Norman's Woe," so haunted him that he could not sleep. Here were produced nearly all of his poems that have become household words in many lands.

The poet received the boys most cordially and graciously, accepted their present of flowers, and expressed his pleasure in it. He then showed them the historic rooms, and the articles associated with Washington's residence there. He was accus-

tomed to exhibit to older visitors a piece of Dante's coffin, Coleridge's inkstand, and Thomas Moore's waste-paper basket.

The old poet, crowned with his white hair, chatted pleasantly awhile with the four boys, whose faces wore the beauty and inquisitive intelligence of the years that had vanished from him forever.

One of the lads, a Master Lane, then asked him a question which must have revived tender memories: "In your poem on the River Charles," he said, "there is a stanza beginning in some books with the line 'Four long years of mingled feeling.' In other books it begins with 'For long years with mingled feeling.' Will you please tell me which is right?"

"*Four* long years," answered the poet, thoughtfully.

"Is that the River Charles?" asked one of the boys, pointing outside.

The poet looked out on the flowing stream. It was almost the last time that he gazed upon it; perhaps *the* last time that his attention was directed to it. "Yes," said he, mournfully, in answer, "that is the Charles."

Years before, when his manhood was in its prime, he had sung of this river:

"Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson, deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver:  
I can give thee but a song.

"Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

"And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

"Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

"Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

"More than this;—thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

"Friends my soul with joy remembers!  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart!"

And again, after the death of his friend Charles Sumner, when age had silvered his hair:



"River, that stealest with such silent pace  
 Around the City of the Dead, where lies  
 A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes  
 Shall see no more in his accustomed place,  
 Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace  
 And say good-night, for now the western skies  
 Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise  
 Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.  
 Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said  
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days  
 That are no more and shall no more return.  
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;  
 I stay a little longer, as one stays  
 To cover up the embers that still burn."

The poet bade the lads an affectionate farewell, and for the last time he saw the forms of children depart from his door. He gave them his autograph, and copies of the poem he had written for the children of Cambridge, after they had presented to him a chair made from a tree that stood near the shop of the village blacksmith, whose honest history he had taken for the subject of one of his poems.

The last view of the River Charles and of happy children! How the scene must have awakened in the poet's mind memories of the past, even although he could not then know that the shadow of death was so near!

The hand that wrote "The Children's Hour" now rests in sweet Auburn, Boston's city of the

dead. The River Charles flows by, and its banks will still grow bright with every spring-time. Charles Sumner, for whose name the poet loved the river, sleeps there, and Cornelius Felton, of Harvard College, whom also the poet loved. There, too, rests the universally loved and honored Louis Agassiz, another of those "three friends," each of whom left him for years but a "majestic memory."

The birds will come there in summer, and sing among the oaks and the fountains. The children will go there, too, and never by them will their own poet be forgotten. They may love to remember that his last reception was given to children, and that with them, when the friends of other years had passed away, he looked for the last time upon the River Charles.

"Come to me, O ye children!  
 And whisper in my ear  
 What the birds and the winds are singing  
 In your sunny atmosphere."

"For what are all our contrivings,  
 And the wisdom of our books,  
 When compared with your caresses,  
 And the gladness of your looks?"

"Ye are better than all the ballads  
 That ever were sung or said;  
 For ye are living poems,  
 And all the rest are dead."



THE WESTERN ENTRANCE OF LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE. (FROM THE PIAZZA THERE IS A VIEW OF THE RIVER CHARLES, BRIGHTON, AND THE DISTANT HILLS.)



## DONALD AND DOROTHY.\*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE "G. B. C."

DOROTHY was made very happy one day by Uncle George handing her the little copy-book diary, and saying that she and Donald could read as much of it as they wished.

"Oh, Don; see here!" she exclaimed, holding up the book as Donald, by invitation, joined her in the Cozy Corner. "It's all right. Uncle says so. We'll begin at the first page and read every single word!"

The diary, it seemed, contained nothing startling, but it gave them an excellent idea of Aunt Kate's happy girlhood. She spoke of many things familiar to them, and above all they were interested in her frequent allusions to "our new dog, Nero," evidently her own special pet.

Poor Nero! So young then, and now so very old! This was his last winter. He had become blind of late and very feeble; but, nevertheless, when the end came, it was a shock to all, and a sore trial to Don and Dorry. Many a time after that day they would stop in their sports to bend beside the little head-stone under the evergreens and talk of him—the faithful friend they had loved all their lives, who had reached his prime and died of old age during their own youth.

We must pass rapidly over the next few months, only pausing to say that they were busy ones for the D's. In the first place, the new tutor, as Don expressed it, was "worked by steam" and was "one of the broad-gauge, high-pressure sort"; but Uncle George noted that his nephew and niece made great advancement under what *he* called Dr. Sneed's careful and earnest teaching.

But they had, too, their full share of recreation. Don and Ed found the gymnasium not only a favorite resort in the way of pleasure, but also a great benefit to their physical development. After a few weeks' exercise, their muscles began to grow stronger and harder, and the startling climbs, leaps, tumbles, hand-springs, and somersaults which the boys learned to perform were surprising.

When the summer came, Don and Ed Tyler secretly believed themselves competent to become members of the best circus troupe in the country, and many a boy-visitor was asked to "feel *that*, will you?" as each young Hercules knotted the

upper muscles of his arm in order to astonish the beholder. Even the girls caught the spirit, and, though they would not for the world have had the boys know it, they compared muscle in a mild way among themselves, and Dorry's was declared by admiring friends to be "awfully hard."

Little Fandy Danby, too, became so expert that, after giving himself numberless bruises, he finally attained the summit of his ambition by hanging from the horizontal ladder and going hand over hand its entire length, though not without much puffing and panting and a frantic flourishing of little legs.

Don and the boys had great fun in "stumping" each other, which consisted in one performing a certain feat and challenging the others to do it, and if matched in that, then daring them to some bolder and more difficult attempt.

Uncle George himself took part in these contests, and, though often beaten, threatened to distance them all after a few months' practice. "There's a plentiful share of limberness tied up in these old muscles," he would say, "and when it's set free, boys, look out for your laurels!"

Well, the spring passed away and no bones were broken. Boating and bathing, berrying and other sports came with the advancing season; but the great feature of the summer was the G. B. C., or Girls' Botany Club, of which Dorry was president, Josie Manning secretary, and Dr. Sneed an inspirer, advisory committee, and treasurer, all in one. Nearly all the nice girls joined, and boys were made honorary members whenever their scientific interest and zeal in hunting for botanical treasures entitled them to that distinction.

Ah, those were happy days! And if the honorary members were troublesome now and then, scaring the girls half to death with lizards, toads, or harmless garter-snakes, why it was only "the boys"; and after all it really was fun to scream a little by way of lightening the more solid pursuits of the club. Besides, the boys often were a real help, especially in rocky places and in the marshes, and — Well—it was less troublesome to have them than to do without them.

So far, only one real shadow had fallen across the sunny hours, and that was when Dorry had proposed Charity Danby as a member, and some of the foolish girls had objected on the plea that the Danbys were "poor folks."

"Poor folks," indeed! You should have seen



their president then ! You should have heard her spirited remarks, her good, wholesome arguments, and seen her glowing, indignant presidential countenance ! The opposition had been stubborn at first, gathering strength in secret and losing it in public, until at last good sense and kindness prevailed. The motion to admit Charity as a member of the G. B. C. was carried unanimously, and almost the first she knew about it she was a full member, eagerly searching hill-side and meadow with the rest, and wondering deep in her inmost soul whether she ever, ever could "catch up" to the other girls. They knew so much from books, and she had been able to study so little !

Poor Charity—she was wiser than she knew. Her habit of close observation, and her eager desire to learn, soon made her a valuable addition to the club. She knew where to find every wild flower of that locality in its season, from the trailing arbutus in the spring to the latest bloom of the autumn, and "Charity Danby says so" soon became a convincing argument in many a discussion.

But we must now go back for several weeks, and learn how it happened that our busy Charity was able to accept the invitation of the G. B. C.

It was early in July ; remnants of exploded fire-crackers still lingered in the trampled grass near Mrs. Danby's white-washed fence. She—busy soul !—was superintending the mending of her home-made chicken-coop, now trembling and quivering under the mighty strokes of Daniel David. With one breath the mother was making suggestions to her young carpenter, and with the next screaming to Helen and Isabella to be careful or they would tumble into the pig-pen, when, suddenly, she saw Dorry at the back gate.

"Massy ! Here comes Dorothy Reed, looking like a fresh rose, as she is, and not a thing in the house to rights." Well, I can't help it—ten children so, and everything to—Ah, Dorothy !" continued Mrs. Danby, exchanging her silent thoughts for active speech, "walk right in, dear, and do please excuse everything. Charity's in the house, picking up and putting away ; I'd call her out, but—"

No need to finish the sentence. Dorry, with a cheery : "Oh, no, indeed, thank you !" had already vanished under the morning-glory vines that shaded the door-way.

"Bless her heart !" pursued Mrs. Danby, now talking to Daniel David, "but she's a beauty ! Not that my own are humbly, either. Charity's no fright, by no means, and there's your sister Amanda—why, only last summer Master Donald's teacher drew a picture of her, because she was so

picturesky, which I'll keep to my dying day. There, Dan Dave, you don't need no more slats on that side ; take this broken one out here, that's a good child ; it scrapes the old hen every time she goes under. Look out ! You'll break the whole thing to pieces if you aint careful. My ! How strong boys are !"

Meantime, Dorry, as we know, had entered. The house *was* out of order, but Charity was doing her best to improve matters. With one hand she was "picking up and putting away," and with the other stroking the bumped head of baby Jamie. Though now able to walk alone, the little one had just experienced one of his frequent tumbles, and was crying and clinging to Charity's skirts as he trotted beside her. No one else was in the room,



"SO PICTURESKY !"

and perhaps this was why the busy sister was softly saying to herself, as she worked :

"Queen Elizabeth was one, William-and-Mary's Mary was another, and Lady Jane Grey and Queen Victoria—Oh, do hush, Jamie, dear, I've kissed it twice already—there !"

Suiting the action to the word, she pressed her lips of healing once more upon Jamie's yellow hair, and lifting her head again, she saw Dorry in the door-way, laughing.

"Oh, Dorothy, how you startled me ! I did n't hear you coming at all. I'm so glad ! But you need n't laugh at me, Dorry—I'm only trying to remember a little hist'ry."

"I'm not laughing at *you*," Dorry protested, merrily. "But it was so funny to hear you putting the English queens into the pots and pans ; that was all. Here, let me help a little. Come, Jamie, sit on Dotty's lap, and she'll tell you all about Bluebeard."

"Oh, no ; that's too old for him. Tell him



about the chickies," suggested Charity, in a business-like way, as, disengaging her gown from his baby clutch, she sprang upon a chair, in order to put something away on the highest shelf of the dresser.

"It 's no use," she said, jumping down again, almost angrily, and raising her voice to be heard above Jamie's outcry. "Oh, dear, what *does* make you so naughty, Baby?"

"He is n't naughty," said Dorry, soothingly; "he 's only tired of being indoors. Come, Jamie, we 'll go out and play chickie till Charity gets through, and then we 'll all take a nice walk."

Jamie seized Dorry's hand instantly, and out they went.

"Be careful!" called Charity, after her, setting a chair down hard at the same time. "Look out, or he 'll get right under the cow's feet; he always does."

"I 'll be careful," sang out Dorry. "Come as soon as you can. This delightful air will do you

heart more than once; and so Dorry was not in the least surprised to find Ellen Eliza in the act of comforting a draggled-looking fowl, which she held tenderly in her arms in spite of its protest.

"Is it hurt?" asked Dorry.

Ellen Eliza looked up with an anxious countenance as she murmured:

"Oh, no, not exactly hurt; he 's complainin'. I think he 's hungry, but he wont eat."

"Dear me!" was Dorry's unfeeling comment; "then I 'd let him go hungry, I declare if I would n't."

"Oh, no, you could n't be cruel to a poor sick rooster?" Here Ellen Eliza pressed the uneasy fowl to her heart. "May be, he 's got a sore throat."

"Do you know what I think?" said Dorry, quite disregarding the patient's possible affliction.

"What?" asked Ellen Eliza, plaintively, as if prepared to hear that her feathered pet was going into a rapid decline. And Dorry went on:

"I think that if people with tender hearts would remember their sisters sometimes, it would be —"

"What do you mean?" interrupted the astonished Ellen Eliza, releasing the now struggling bird as she spoke.

Dorry laid her hand kindly on the little girl's shoulder.

"I 'll tell you," she said. "If I were you, I 'd help Charity more. I 'd take care of this dear little brother sometimes. Don't you notice how very often she is obliged to stay from school to help with the work, and how discouraged she feels about her lessons?"

"No!" answered Ellen Eliza, with wide-open eyes. "I did n't ever notice that. I think it 's nice to stay home from school. But, anyhow, Charity would n't trust me. She dotes on Jamie so. She 's always been afraid I 'd let him fall."

Dorry smiled.

"Oh, that was long ago, Ellen. Jamie can walk now, you know, and if you look after him sometimes, you 'll soon be able to help Charity wonderfully."

"All right!" was Ellen Eliza's cordial answer. "I 'll do it. Somehow, I never thought of it. But I often help Mother. She says I 'm the best-hearted of all the children, and so I am. You see if I don't help Charity after this."

The conversion seemed too sudden to be very lasting; but Ellen Eliza, who was really sincere, proceeded at once to put her new resolution into practice. To be sure, her renowned tender heart did not make her all at once an experienced housemaid, seamstress, and nurse, as Ch...y was; but from that day it made her, at intervals, a willing little hand-maiden, and so gave her sister many a



"HE 'S COMPLAININ'."

good." Then, seeing Ellen Eliza, the ten-year-old Danby girl, standing not far from the house, she led Jamie toward her.

Ellen Eliza had a very tender heart. Every one who knew Mrs. Danby had heard of that tender



leisure hour for reading and study. More than this, Ellen Eliza and Dorry became close friends in Charity's behalf, and one thing led to another, until Charity actually attended school regularly. She was behind most of the scholars, of course; but many a day she spent an hour in the Cozy Corner, where Dorry helped her to study her lessons. Her progress was remarkable.

"You make everything so beautifully plain, I can't help improving," she would say to Dorry. And Dorry would laugh and protest that the teacher was learning as much as the pupil, and that they were a wonderful pair, any way.

All this while, Charity, bright and hopeful, was doing a goodly share of house duties, and making the Danby home more sunny with her happiness. Little Jamie was her delight, as she was his; but she was no longer jaded and discouraged. Ellen Eliza looked at her with pride, and willingly submitted to the school-teaching that Charity, in turn, was able to give her.

"I can't bear 'rithmetic," was the tender-hearted one's comment, "but I have to learn my tables, else Charity 'd worry and Dorry would n't like it. And jography 's nice, 'cause Pa likes me to tell him about it, when he comes home. Soon 's I get big, I mean to make Helen and Is'bella learn their lessons like everything."

Alas! The new educational movement met with a sudden but temporary check in the shape of the measles. One fine day, that unwelcome visitant came into the house, and laid its hand on poor little Helen. In a few days, Isabella and Jamie were down beside her—not very ill, but all three just ill enough to require a darkened room, careful nursing, and a bountiful supply of Dorry's willing oranges.

This was why Charity, for a time, was cut off from her studies, and why she was quite taken by surprise when word came to her of the G. B. C., and that she was to join it, as soon as the little ones could spare her.

You have seen Charity botanizing on the hill-side with the other girls, but to understand her zeal, you should have heard her defend the science against that sarcastic brother of hers—Daniel David. In vain that dreadful boy hung dried stalks and dead branches all about her room, and put dandelions in her tea-cup, and cockles in her hair-brush—pretending all the while that he was a good boy bringing "specimens" to his dear sister. In vain he challenged every botanical remark she made, defying her to prove it. She always was equal to the occasion in spirit, if not in knowledge.

One Saturday morning, though, she had her triumph, and it was an event to be remembered.

Daniel David had listened, with poorly concealed interest, while Charity was describing a flower to Ellen Eliza,—how it has calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils; how some flowers have not all these parts, but that *all* flowers have pistils and stamens,—when he, as usual, challenged her to "prove it."

"Very well," said Charity, with dignity, and yet a little uneasily; "you bring the flowers, and I think I can satisfy Your Majesty."

Out he ran, and in a moment he came back, bearing defiantly a fine red-clover blossom.

"Ha, my lady!" he said, as he handed it to her. "There 's the first flower I came to; now let 's see you find your pistils and stamens and thingamies."

Instead of replying at once, Charity looked inquiringly at the pretty flower in her hand. She seemed rather puzzled and crestfallen. Daniel David laughed aloud; even Mrs. Danby and the poetic Amanda smiled.

"Oh!" said Charity, at last, with an air of great relief. "I see it now. How funny! I never thought of it before; but the clover-blossom is n't *one* flower at all—it's a good many flowers!"

"Ho! ho!" cried Daniel David. "That's a good one! You can't get out of it in that way, my lady. Can she, Ma?"

Ma did n't know. None of the rest knew; but they all crowded about Charity, while, with trembling fingers, she carefully pulled the blossom to pieces, and discovered that every piece was a flower. "See!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Dozens of them, and every single one complete. Oh, my! Is n't it wonderful?"

"I surrender," said Daniel David.

"But you 've helped me to find out something that I did n't know before," said the enthusiastic sister, forgiving in an instant all his past taunting. "I wonder if Dorothy knows it. Let 's go right over and ask her."

"Agreed," said Daniel David. "Wait till I slick up a bit." Off he ran, whistling, and in fifteen minutes he and Charity were with Dorry in the Reed sitting-room, examining the separated, tiny clover-flowers through Donald's microscope.

Dorothy explained to them that the clover-blossom or head is a compound flower, because a head is made up of many flowerets, each complete in itself.

But when she went further, and told them that not only the clover, but every dandelion and daisy in the field is made up of many flowers, even Charity appeared incredulous, saying: "What! Do you mean to say that the daisy, with its yellow center and lovely white petals, is not a flower?"

"No, I don't mean that," said Dorry. "Of



course, the daisy is a flower. But it is a compound flower. What you call white petals are not exactly petals. Anyhow, the yellow center is made up of hundreds of very small flowers. That's what I mean. I have seen them magnified, and they look like yellow lilies."

Daniel David hardly dared to say "prove it" to so elegant a creature as Dorry, but his looks were so expressive that the president of the G. B. C. at once proposed that he should go and gather a dandelion and a daisy, for them to pull to pieces and examine the parts under the microscope.

All of which would have come to pass had not Donald rushed into the house at that moment, calling:

"Dorry! Dorry! Come up on the hill! We're going to set up the targets."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

THE targets, eight in number, which had been made by the boys a few days before, were really fine affairs. They were painted on sheets of strong pasteboard, and were each about eighteen inches in diameter. Every circle from the bull's-eye to the outer ring was carefully made out, and all the targets were of exactly the same measurements. Eight rough tripods already awaited them at the shooting-range, and each tripod had its upright piece of eighteen-inch plank at the top, to which a pasteboard target was now to be firmly fastened.

On any ordinary occasion one or two tripods would have been considered sufficient, but on this special day there was to be a real "match," and a target to each man would be required, so that the contestants could show a clear record of every shot. Experience had proved this to be the best plan.

The spot selected for the shooting-range was well adapted to the purpose. It was a plateau or broad strip of level land, forming the summit of the long slope that rose from the apple-orchard back of the Reed mansion. At the rear or eastern limit of this level land was a steep, grassy ridge, called by the D's the second hill.

Perhaps you will see the plateau more clearly if you read this description which Dorry afterward wrote to a friend at boarding-school:

"\* \* \* Don and the boys have made a lovely summer-house by an apple-tree on the second hill, back of the house. It's so high up that you can look across our place from it, and see the lake in front and the village far down at the left. It is beautiful, looking from the summer-house at sunset, for then the lake sometimes seems to be on fire, and the trees in the orchard between us and the road send long shadows that creep, creep up the hill as if

they were alive. You see we really have two hills, and these are separated or joined, whichever you please, by a long level strip more than a hundred feet wide, forming a grassy terrace. I often imagine a long row of enormous giants resting there on the grass side by side, sitting on the great wide level place, with their backs leaning against the second hill and their feet reaching nearly to the edge of the first hill. Now, I hope you understand. If you don't, you will when you come here to visit me this fall. Well, it was on this level ground that we had the shooting-match I'm going to tell you about, and where something happened that I'll never, never forget as long as I live. \* \* \*

While Don and Ed, assisted by the doughty Daniel, are at work setting up the row of targets close to the base of the second hill, so that stray bullets may be safely buried in the soft earth-wall, and while Dorry and Charity are watching the boys from the shady summer-house, we may look into Mr. Reed's study.

He is sitting in his arm-chair by the window, but the warm breeze stealing through the closed blinds is not lulling him to repose; his face is troubled, and he holds something in his hand which he is studying intently, though it seems to give him no satisfaction. It is a small gold chain or necklace, with an old-fashioned square clasp. On a graceful mahogany stand near by are several articles carefully laid together beside an open box, as though he had been examining them also. They were there when Donald knocked at the door, a few moments ago, to ask his uncle to come up later and see the completed arrangements for the shooting-match. But Mr. Reed, without unlocking the door, had said he was very busy, and begged Don to excuse him.

"Certainly, Uncle; but I'm sorry," Don had replied, and even while trudging up the hill with the targets his mind had been busy:

"What is the matter? Something is troubling Uncle George yet. I've noticed it very much of late. There's more to be told, and I must soon have a good square talk with him about it. There's no use in putting it off forever. I can't excuse him from the match, though. Why, it would spoil the whole thing not to have Uncle see it. Would n't it, Dot?" he asked aloud, as Dorry at that moment joined him.

"Would n't what?"

"Why, not to have Uncle here at the match."

"I don't understand," she said, looking puzzled.

"Why, the study door's locked and he's very busy. I was just thinking it would be a pretty go if he should n't come up this afternoon at all."

"What a ridiculous idea!" said Dorry, with a laugh. "Why, of course, Uncle will come there. I'll bring him myself."

And she did.

Of all the company of boys and girls that came trooping up the green slope to the shooting-range that afternoon, not a brighter, happier-looking pair



of faces was seen than Mr. Reed's and Dorry's. The little maid evidently had chased away his troubles for that day.

Donald was too busy to do much more than glance at them, but that glance did him good; his hearty "Ho, Uncle!" did Mr. Reed good, too.

After a careful inspection of the arrangements, and a few words with Don and the other boys concerning the necessary rules and restrictions for the general safety, Mr. Reed retired to the grassy seat of honor that had been prepared for him. The other spectators stood beside him, or settled themselves comfortably upon the turf near by.

Sailor Jack stood at a respectful distance with the smallest youngsters about him, explaining to them "as to how they 'd best stand close, and keep a sharp lookout, for dry land was a pesky dang'rous place at all times, and now, with bullets flyin' about, there was no tellin' what might happen. But if they wanted to see right clever shootin', they could just wait a bit, for Master Donald had the sharpest eye he ever seed in any youngster on sea or shore."

There were to be eight contestants. All had arrived excepting Ben Buster. He had been invited to shoot, but had loftily replied that he had other affairs on hand, but he 'd come if he could. Anyhow, they 'd best have a substitute ready.

Mr. Reed's two rifles and Don's and Ed Tyler's were the only arms to be used; for Mr. Reed had objected to a fully equipped party of young gunners ranging across his estate. But they were not like Creedmoor shooters, who must not only use their own special rifles, but must clean them after every shot. The Nestletown boys were used to trying borrowed weapons, and though a few had grumbled at a fellow not being allowed to bring his own gun, the spirit of sport prevailed, and every face wore a look of eager interest in the occasion.

Ben Buster was missing, but a substitute was soon found, and the match began in earnest, four on a side,—the Reds and the Blues,—each wearing ribbon badges of their respective color.

Dorry had made the four red rosettes and Josie Manning the four blue ones. Besides these, Josie had contributed, as a special prize to the best marksman, a beautiful gold scarf-pin, in the form of a tiny rifle, and the winner was to be the champion shot of the club, ready to hold the prize against all comers.

Ed Tyler had carefully marked off the firing line at a distance of forty paces, or about one hundred feet from the targets, and it was agreed that the eight boys should fire in regular order,—first a Red, then a Blue, one shot at a turn, until each had fired fifteen times in all. This was a plan of their own, "so that no fellow need wait all day for his turn."

As Ed Tyler was a "Blue," and Don a "Red," they found themselves opponents for once. Both were considered "crack shots," but Don soon discovered that he had a more powerful rival in another of the "Blues"—one Barry Outcalt, son of the village lawyer. It soon became evident that the main contest lay between these two, but Don had gained on *him* in the sixth round by sending a fourth bullet, to Barry's second, into the bull's-eye, when Ben Buster was seen strolling up the hill. Instantly his substitute, a tall, nervous fellow, who had outgrown his strength, proposed to resign in Ben's favor, and the motion was carried by acclamation,—the "Blues" hoping everything, and the "Reds" fearing nothing, from the change.

Master Buster was so resolute and yet comical, in his manner, that every one felt there would be fun if he took part. Seeing how matters stood as to the score, he gave a knowing wink to Barry Outcalt, and said he "did n't mind pitchin' in." He had never distinguished himself at target practice, but he had done a good deal of what Dorry called "real shooting" in the West. Besides, he was renowned throughout the neighborhood as a successful rabbit-hunter.

Shuffling to his position, he stood in such a shambling, bow-legged sort of an attitude that even the politest of the girls smiled; and those who were specially anxious that the "Reds" should win felt more than ever confident of success.

If Don flattered himself that it was to be an easy victory, he was mistaken. He still led the rest; but for every good shot he made after that, Ben had already put a companion hole, or its better, in his own target. The girls clapped; the boys shouted with excitement. Every man of the contestants felt the thrill of the moment.

The Blues did their best; and with Outcalt and Ben on the other side, Don soon found that he had heavy work to do. Moreover, just at this stage, one of the Reds seemed to contract a sudden ambition to dot the edge of his target with holes. This made the Blues radiant, and would have disconcerted the Reds but for Don's nerve and pluck. He resolved that, come what might, he would keep cool, and his steadiness inspired his comrades.

"Crack!" went Don's rifle, and the bull's-eye winked in response. A perfect shot!

"Crack!" went Ed's, and *his* bull's-eye did n't wink. The second ring, however, showed the bullet's track.

"Crack!" The next Red left his edge-dot on the target, as usual.

"Crack!" went Outcalt's rifle, and the rim of the bull's-eye felt it.

Another Red went straight to the left edge of the center.



The third Blue sent a shot between targets, clean into the earth-wall.

"Crack!" went the next Red. His target made no sign.

Ben Buster, the Blue, now put in his third center shot. He was doing magnificently.

In the next round, and the next, Donald hit the center, but it was plain that his skill alone would not avail to win the match, unless his comrades should better their shots; so he tried a little generalship. He urged each of the three in turn not to watch the score of the enemy at all, nor to regard the cheers of the Blues, but to give attention solely to making his own score as high as possible. This advice helped them, and soon the Reds once more were slightly ahead of the Blues; but the advantage was not sufficient to insure them a victory. As the final rounds drew near, the interest became intense. Each marksman was the object of all eyes, as he stepped up to the firing-line, and the heat of the contest caused much wild shooting; yet the misses were so evenly divided between the two companies that the score remained almost a tie.

Don stepped to the firing-line. Bull's-eye again!

Ed Tyler next. He gave the Blue's score a lift.

Now for the rim-dotter. He pressed his lips together, braced every nerve, was five minutes taking aim, and this time put his dot very nearly in the center!

Outcalt was bewildered. He had been so sure Jones would hit the rim as usual, that now he seemed to feel bound to do it in Jones's stead. Consequently, his bullet grazed the target and hid its face in the earth-wall.

The third Red fired too hastily, and failed.

Third Blue—a bull's-eye!

Fourth Red—an "outer."

Ben Buster stepped to the line. The Blues cheered as he raised his gun. He turned with a grand bow, and leveled his piece once more. But triumph is not always strength. His previous fine shooting had aroused his vanity, and now the girls' applause quite flustered him. He missed his aim! Worse still, not being learned in the polite art of mastering his feelings, he became vexed, and in the next round actually missed his target entirely.

Poor shooting is sometimes "catching." For a while, neither Reds nor Blues distinguished themselves, until finally only one shot was left to be fired on each side; and, so close was the contest, those two shots would decide the day.

It lay between Ben Buster and Donald.

Each side felt sure that its champion would score a bull's-eye, and if both should accomplish this, the Reds would win by two counts. But if Ben should

hit the center, and Don's bullet even should fall outside of the very innermost circle, the Blues would be the victors. It was simply a question of nerve. Ben Buster, proud of his importance, marched to position, feeling sure of a bull's-eye. But, alas, for overconfidence! The shot failed to reach that paradise of bullets, but fell within the first circle, and so near the bull's-eye that it was likely to make the contest a tie, unless Donald should score a center.

Don had now achieved the feat of gaining nine bull's-eyes out of a possible fifteen. He must make it ten, and that with a score of voices calling to him: "Another bull's-eye, Don!" "One more!" "Don't miss!"

It was a thrilling moment, and any boy would have been excited. Don was. He felt his heart thump and his face flush as he stepped up to the firing-line. Turning for an instant he saw Dorry looking at him proudly, and as she caught his glance she gave her head a saucy, confident little toss as if sure that he would not miss.

"Aye! aye! Dot," said Don under his breath, as, re-assured by her confidence, he calmly raised the gun to his shoulder and took careful aim.

It seemed an age to the spectators before the report sounded. Then, those who were watching Don saw him bend his head forward with a quick motion and for a second peer anxiously at the target. Then he drew back carelessly, but with a satisfaction that he could not quite conceal.

A few moments later, the excited Reds came running up, wildly waving Don's target in their arms. His last bullet had been the finest shot of the day, having struck the very center of the bull's-eye. Even Ben cheered. The Reds had won. Donald was the acknowledged champion of the club.

But it was trying to three of the Reds, and to the Blues worse than the pangs of defeat, to see that pretty Josie Manning pin the little golden rifle on the lapel of Donald's coat.

Little he thought, amid the cheering and the merry breaking-up that followed, how soon his steadiness of hand would be taxed in earnest!

Mr. Reed, after pleasantly congratulating the winning side and complimenting the Blues upon being so hard to conquer, walked quickly homeward in earnest conversation with Sailor Jack.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### DANGER.

THE company slowly dispersed. Some of the young folk cut across lots to their homes; others, remembering errands yet to be attended to in the village, directed their course accordingly. And



finally, a group of five boys, including Donald and Ed Tyler, started off, being the last to leave the shooting-range. They were going down the hill toward the house, talking excitedly about the match, and were just entering the little apple-orchard between the hill and the house, when they espied, afar off, a large dog running toward them.

The swiftness and peculiar gait of the animal attracted their attention, and, on a second look, they noted how strangely the creature hung its head as it ran.

"Hello!" exclaimed Don, "there's something wrong there. See! He's frothing at the mouth. It's a mad dog!"

"That's so!" cried Ed. "Hurry, boys! Make for the trees!"

A glance told them plainly enough that Don was right. The dog was a terrible foe, indeed, for a party of boys to encounter. But the apple-trees were about them, and as all the boys were good climbers, they lost not a moment in scrambling up to the branches.

All but Donald; he, too, had started for one of the nearest trees, when suddenly it occurred to him that the girls had not all left the second hill. Most of them had quitted the range in a bevy, when the match was over; but two or three had wandered off to the summer-house, under the apple-tree, where they had been discussing the affairs and plans of the Botany Club. Don knew they were there, and he remembered the old step-ladder that leaned against the tree; but the dog was making straight for the hill, and would be upon them before they could know their danger! Could he warn them in time? He would, at least, try. With a shout to his companions: "The girls! the girls!" he turned and ran toward the hill at his utmost speed, the dog following, and the boys in the trees gazing upon the terrible race, speechless with dread.

Donald felt that he had a good start of his pursuer, however, and he had his gun in his hand, but it was empty. Luckily, it was a repeating-rifle; and so, without abating his speed, he hastily took two cartridges from his jacket and slipped them into the chamber of the gun.

"I'll climb a tree and shoot him!" he said to himself, "if only I can warn the girls out of the way."

"Girls! Girls!" he screamed. But as he looked up, he saw, descending the hill and sauntering toward him, his sister and Josie Manning, absorbed in earnest conversation.

At first he could not utter another sound, and he feared that his knees would sink under him. But the next instant he cried out with all his might:

"Back! Back! Climb the tree for your lives! Mad dog! Mad dog!"

The two girls needed no second warning. The sight of the horrible object speeding up the slope in Donald's tracks was enough. They ran as they never had run before, reached the tree in time, and, with another girl whom they met and warned, clambered, breathless, up the ladder to the sheltering branches.

Then all their fears centered upon Donald, who by this time had reached the plateau just below them, where the shooting-match had been held. He turned to run toward the apple-tree, when, to the dismay of all, his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate. Instantly he was up again, but he had not time to reach the tree. The dog already was over the slope, and was making toward him at a rapid, swinging gait, its tongue out, its blood-shot eyes plainly to be seen, froth about the mouth, and the jaws opening and shutting in vicious snaps.

Dorry could not stand it; she started to leave the tree, but fell back with closed eyes, nearly fainting, while the other girls clung, trembling, to the branches, pale and horrified.

To the credit of Donald be it said, he faced the danger like a man. He felt that the slightest touch of those dripping jaws would bring death, but this was the time for action.

Hastily kneeling behind a stump, he said to himself: "Now, Donald Reed, they say you're a good shot. Prove it!" And, steadying his nerves with all the resolution that was in him, he leveled his rifle at the advancing dog and fired.

To his relief, the poor brute faltered and dropped—dead—as Don thought. But it was only wounded; and, staggering to its feet again, it made another dash toward the lad.

Don was now so encouraged, so thankful that his shot had been true, that, as he raised his gun a second time, he scarcely realized his danger, and was almost as cool as if firing at the target on the range, although the dog was now barely a dozen feet away. This was the last chance. The flash leaped from Don's rifle, and at the same moment he sprang up and ran for the tree as fast as his legs would carry him. But, before the smoke had cleared, a happy cry came from the girls in the tree. He glanced back, to see the dog lying flat and motionless upon the ground.

Quickly reloading his gun, and never taking his finger from the trigger, he cautiously made his way back to the spot. But there was nothing to fear now. He found the poor brute quite dead, its hours of agony over.

The group that soon gathered around looked at it and at one another without saying a word.



Then Dorry spoke: "Stand back, everybody. It's Uncle know. Ask him if we shall bury it right dangerous to go too near. I've often heard that." here." "That's the best," cried Dot, excitedly,



THE GIRLS LOOKED ON, TREMBLING AND HORRIFIED.

"Yes," said Don, "the body must be disposed of at once."

"Bury it right here where it lies," suggested Ed; and Donald nodding a silent "Certainly," added, aloud: "Poor fellow! Whose dog can he be?"

"Why it's our General!" cried one of the boys. "As sure as I live it is! He was well yesterday." Then, turning pale, he added: "Oh, I must go right home ——"

"Go with him, some of you fellows," Don said, as she started off. "Jack and I'll bring spades." gravely; "and Dot, suppose you run and let "Yes; but tell Uncle!" Don shouted after her.



"DON LEVELED HIS RIFLE, AND FIRED."

(To be continued.)

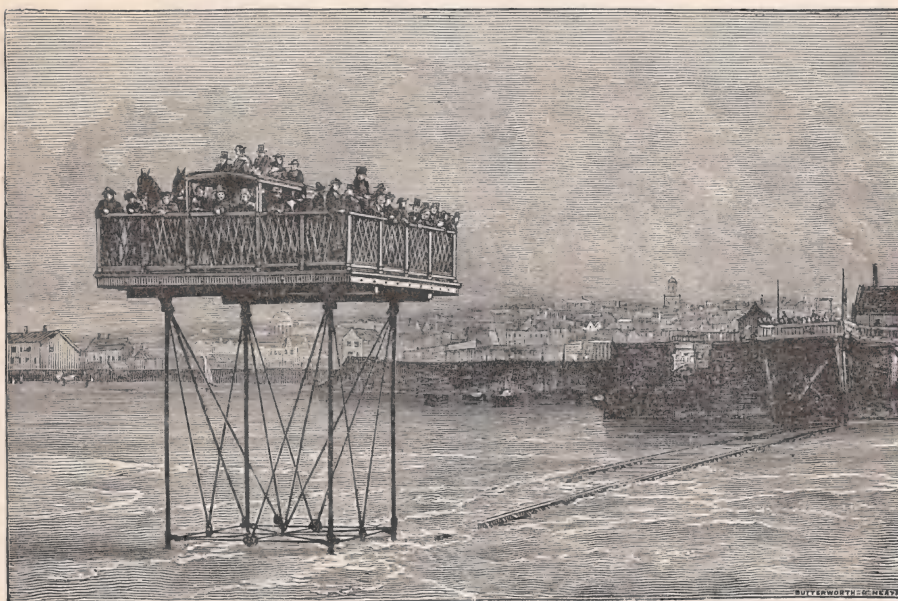


## A CURIOUS ROLLING BRIDGE.

SOME of our readers may remember that in Robert Browning's famous poem of "Hervé Riel," which was reprinted in our "Treasure-box of Literature" for September, 1881, the poet mentions the town and roadstead of St. Malo. This old sea-port town of Normandy is situated upon a

made up his mind to be buried on it. At the extreme end of the rock, so close to the edge that it is a wonder how the grave was ever dug, stands a plain granite cross,—his only monument.

"I had often admired the pretty bay, and wondered to see so many islands near the land; but



lovely little bay, and the curious contrivance shown in the above picture was used as a bridge across part of this bay.

We do not know whether this queer bridge still exists or not, but you will be interested in the following description of it by an English traveler:

"A little after midday, our vessel steamed into the bay so famous for its beauty and its oysters.

"Just before we entered it, we had passed a French lightship, and I had been much amused by watching our union jack being hauled up and down, to say 'Good-morning' in nautical language to our foreign friend.

"The bay is studded with islands of various sizes and forms, the largest of all being surmounted with a fort, while another, near enough to land to be reached on foot at low water, contains the grave of the great French writer Chateaubriand.

"He was born at St. Malo, and the townspeople presented this rocky island to him.

"It was rather an awkward present, after all—too small to live upon, and too large to carry away and put in a museum; so Chateaubriand

now for the first time I learned the cause of this, being told by a Frenchman that formerly there was no bay, but that centuries ago the mainland had been split by a great earthquake, which had let in the ocean.

"I was interested by this account, and was wondering over it, when the sight of a ghostly looking machine, creeping along across our path, roused me.

"It was the rolling bridge that plies between St. Malo and St. Servan. The 'bridge' is a sort of railed platform, bearing a small covered cabin, and supported high in air by slender trestle-work; beneath the trestle are set the wheels, which run on rails laid upon the bottom and visible at low water. The passengers being all on board, a man sounds a trumpet, and then the machine glides silently and swiftly across, worked by a little engine on one side of the harbor. When it is high water, and the lower part of the bridge can not be seen, it is most peculiar to watch the spidery-looking contrivance making its way across without any visible propeller."



## THE BOY IN THE MOON.

BY CLARA L. BURNHAM.



A WEE baby boy sitting up in his cradle,  
With fleecy cloud-curtains draped high o'er his head.—  
He blinks at the "dipper," that big starry ladle,  
Nor fears that the "great bear" will tread on his bed.  
But night after night, as he sails through the heavens,  
His cradle is changed to a golden balloon,  
And baby, grown older, leans out and looks earthward,  
Where children hail gayly the Man in the Moon.



## A TRUE STORY ABOUT A QUEER FLY.

By L. H.

It was on Little Snake River, near the Colorado line, that I saw my queer fly, one bright, sunny day, in the early summer, when the vegetation was just blossoming in that high latitude, although much further advanced in more favored regions. On a well-beaten path in the alkaline soil, which the sun had warmed and dried, the fly was hurrying along, dragging, with its slender legs, another insect, apparently dead, which seemed a heavy burden for it. The little creature would stop every few minutes to take a breathing-spell, and at these times it would spread its wings upon the ground and lie perfectly motionless; then, as if receiving increase of strength from contact with the earth, it would shake itself, and return to its wearisome task. We soon discovered that its purpose was to find a perfectly dry and safe spot in which to bury its burden, until the occupant of the egg that she was about to lay in it should come to life, feed on the entombed insect, and at last rise from its grave, expand its iridescent wings, and fly away.

There were four of us, officers of the army, watching the performance, which was new to all, and, as the sequel proved, very interesting. After a few moments, the fly dropped her burden and went off to select a spot suitable for her purpose. But, in a short time, apparently fearing that her treasure might be disturbed during her absence, she started to fly back. While she was gone, however, one of us moved her prey a short distance away from where it had been left, and when she returned and did not find it, she fell into a flutter of excitement. She flew swiftly about in circles, widening at every round, until she became wearied, when she spread herself prone on the ground until rested, and then retraced her path, lessening the circles and never becoming confused. Soon the insect was placed where she could find it, when she seized it with unmistakable pleasure and bore it away to the site of the grave, and, after resting a second or two, began to dig with might and main. Her manner of excavating was peculiar; she stood on her head and, spinning swiftly around like a top, bored into the ground like an auger, making a humming noise with her wings. When exhausted by this violent exercise, she was not satisfied with

merely resting on the ground, but sought the shade cast by a blade of grass or a leaf of a tiny shrub, which afforded a cool retreat to her slender body.

The hole was soon bored out, and smoothed to exactly the right width and depth to receive the seemingly dead insect, although no measurements had been made by this Lilliputian engineer, who had worked with unerring skill, unheeding the giants watching her. Having completed her task, she took a good rest within the shadow of her favorite leaf, and then sought her burden. But, again, it was gone!

At this, she acted precisely as if she were saying: "Oh, dear, dear! I laid the thing there, close by the grave, as sure as sure. And yet I must be mistaken; for I had paralyzed it with my sting so that it could neither fly nor walk; and those hulking giants standing around here would not be so mean as to steal it from me. Oh, fie! There it is. I fear my brains are in a whirl from overwork in this hot sun. I could have sworn I laid it on *this* side, instead of on *that*." (One of us had moved the insect again.) Then she laid an egg in the insect.

The burial did not take her long; deftly she patted down the dust, and butted at it, using her small head as a battering-ram; but before she had half finished, she was forced from sheer weakness to seek again the shady covert of the leaf.

And during this interval,—so eager were we to observe the little worker's queer ways,—we took advantage of her absence to remove the insect from its hole and lay it on the ground alongside. When she returned, she looked at it intently for a moment, and then patiently went to work to put it back; and this was repeated twice, with the same result. Finally the patient fly, after resting a longer time than usual, returned to give the finishing touches to the grave, and finding it again despoiled, seemed to become terribly enraged, as if convinced that the insect was trying to make a fool of her. She fell upon it and stung it again and again, and finally destroyed it by repeated blows.

At this unexpected *dénouement*, we walked away to our tents, amazed that so small a head should contain such a volume of wrath.





BY AUNT FANNY.

"WHAT you fink I dot in dis box?" asked Ma-yo, hold-ing out a lit-tle yel-low pa-per box that once had held ice-cream.

"I don't know," said Aunt Ni-na.

"Well, you dess," said Ma-yo.

"Oh, must I? I guess it is ice-cream!"

"No!" shout-ed Ma-yo. "It is two 'it-tle mous-ies." And o-pen-ing the box, he dropped in his aunt's lap two ti-ny mice, quite dead.

"Where *did* you get these?" asked Aunt Ni-na.

"Mar-gy gave dem to me. She shook 'em out of a 'it-tle red box."



"Oh, poor lit-tle things! That red box was a trap; it killed them, and now their moth-er is look-ing for them. Poor mam-ma mouse!"

"Tell me 'bout it," said Ma-yo, ea-ger-ly, and he climbed to his aunt's lap and put the mice back in the box. Aunt Ni-na began:

"Once up-on a time, there lived un-der the pan-try floor a brown mouse, and she had two lit-tle mous-ies named Brown-ie and Black-ie. They were ver-y hap-py. They played hide and go seek, and they had plen-ty to eat, for the serv-ant let ma-n-y crumbs of bread and cake fall on the floor. The moth-er mouse was al-ways tell-ing her chil-dren nev-er to go near a big creat-ure that lived in the house, and that had great green eyes and fierce whisk-ers, and would pounce up-on them and eat them up, if he should catch one of them.

"So, when Brown-ie and Black-ie came through the lit-tle hole in the cor-ner of the pan-try, just a-bove the floor, their bright black eyes looked right and left, and up and down, to see if that dread-ful creat-ure was a-ny-where near.

"Some-times the pan-try door was o-pen, and they would see the creat-ure sit-ting close by, and then, whew! they would rush back through the hole, their hearts beat-ing fast be-cause they were so fright-ened. Do you know the name of that big creat-ure?"

"I dess it was a nor-ful bear," said Ma-yo.

"No; it was a CAT!" said Aunt Ni-na. "Let us look at the poor lit-tle mice in the box. Don't you see that a cat is twen-ty times big-ger than one of these mice? A cat seems as big to a lit-tle mouse as an el-e-phant seems to you.

"Well, one day the pan-try door was shut, and out came Brown-ie and Black-ie to hunt for a break-fast. It was not a dark pan-try, for there was a lit-tle win-dow in the side of the wall. They whisked and frisked a-round, and soon saw in one cor-ner a great ma-n-y bread-crumbs. In an-oth-er was a lit-tle heap of su-gar, a-bout as large as a sil-ver dol-lar, and at least half a crack-er lay near it. Here was a splen-did feast!—too much, in-deed; so the good lit-tle things car-ried the crack-er to the hole and pushed it through, so that it might be hand-y when sup-per-time should come.

"'Let 's play hide and go seek,' said Brown-ie, who could not work for long with-out hav-ing a game of play.

"'Oh, yes!' cried Black-ie. 'And I'll be the one to hide first—why, what 's that?' he asked, point-ing with his sharp nose at a small red box un-der the shelf.

"'Let 's go and see,' said Brown-ie. 'Oh, how nice some-thing smells!' And he went sniff, sniff, sniff-ing, close up to the box. 'Look! There is a



round hole in it!—sniff, sniff. ‘I do de-clare, it is that lit-tle yel-low lump, in-side, that smells so sweet! Dear me, Black-ie! It makes me feel so hun-gry that I’ll have to go and try a bit of it.’

“‘No; let me go!’ cried Black-ie.

“‘No! I found it first,’ said Brown-ie.

“‘Well, so you did,’ an-swered the good lit-tle broth-er; ‘but don’t you eat it all, will you?’

“‘Why, no! I would n’t be so mean.’ Then Brown-ie ran quick-ly and put his head through the hole.

“‘Click!’ went some-thing, and a shin-y wire hoop, that was ly-ing on top of the box, flew up and made an arch. Brown-ie’s legs kicked a lit-tle, and then he was quite still.

“‘Dear me, how long he stays!’ thought Black-ie, quite read-y for his bite of the yel-low lump. ‘I do be-lieve he means to eat ev-ery single bit. I think it is too bad of him.’

“He went to his broth-er, and tried to pull him out by his legs, but Brown-ie did not stir. At this, Black-ie be-came ver-y an-gry, and said: ‘I’ll just go home and tell my moth-er how mean he is!’ Then he ran a-round the red box, and what should he es-py but an-oth-er hole, and in-side of it an-oth-er yel-low lump!

“‘O-ho!’ he cried, ‘I can have a feast, too! What fun!’

“He poked his head, in a great hur-ry, through the hole, and the next in-stant that sound came a-gain—‘Click!’ And an-oth-er wire hoop flew up on top of the box.

“And oh, what a pit-y! Both lit-tle broth-ers were caught, and killed in the cru-el trap—and here they are, dead, in your box. Are n’t you sor-ry?”

“Yes,” said Ma-yo. “Poor ’it-tle mous-ies! ’at was a jef-ful bad t’ap to kill poor fings!” and he took them up gent-ly and smoothed their soft fur.

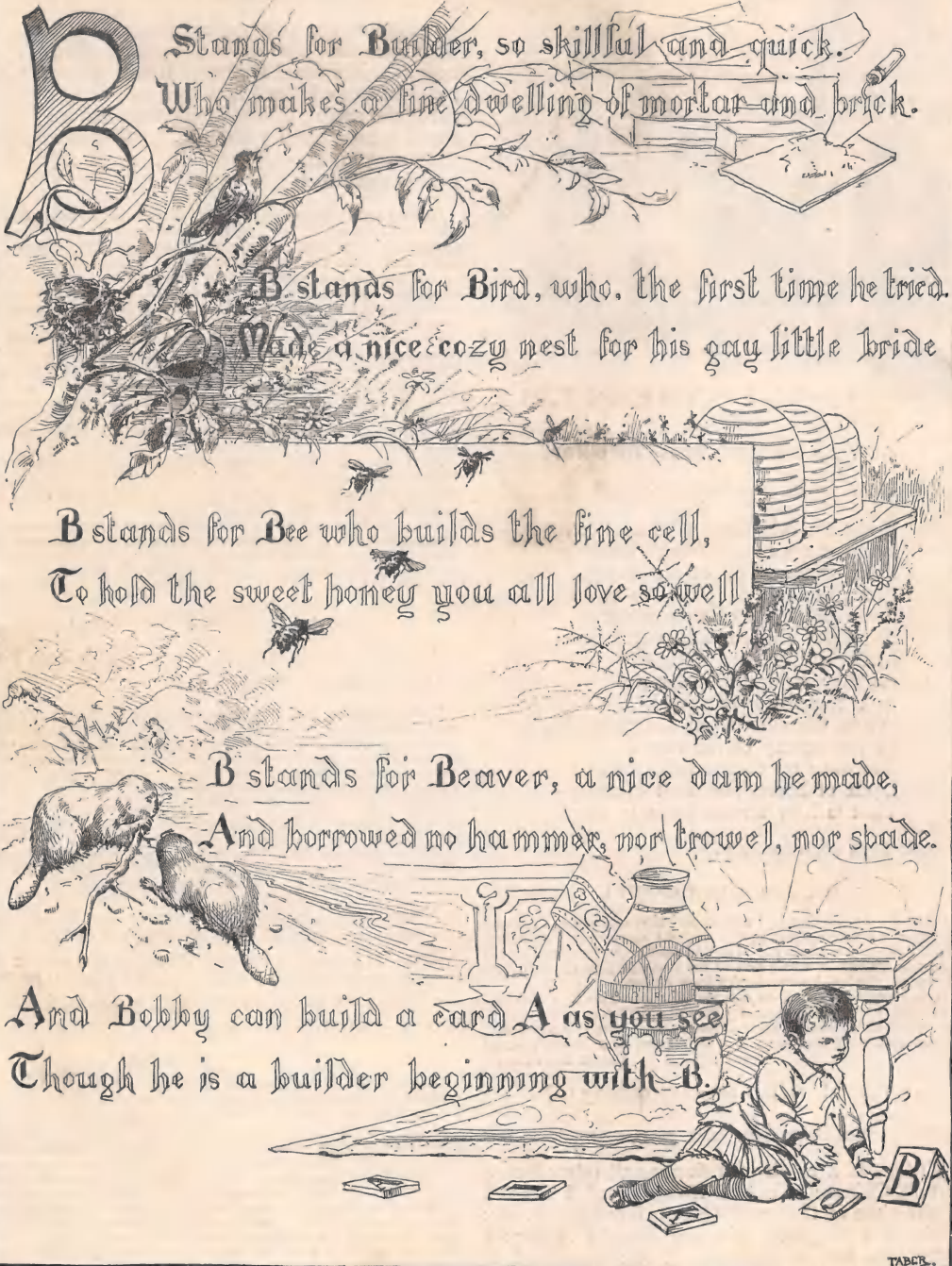
Then, what do you think that lit-tle boy did? He slid down from his aunt’s lap and went to Mar-gy, the cook, and begged her to give him the red box; and at last she gave it to him. Then Ma-yo went in-to the gar-den and poked the trap a-way un-der a cur-rant-bush, where no-bod-y would ev-er think of look-ing for it. “Bad box!” he said, shak-ing his fing-er at it; “you s’ant kill a-ny more poor ’it-tle mous-ies!”

He car-ried Brown-ie and Black-ie ’round the house all that day. He showed them to the gar-den-er, and the coach-man, and the cook; and in the af-ter-noon his aunt coaxed him to dig a hole un-der a rose-bush, and there they bur-ied the two lit-tle broth-er mice.

Ma-yo still feels sor-ry for the “poor ’it-tle mous-ies.” I do, too. Don’t you?



## THE LETTER "B."







## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

### HOW DO BIRDIES LEARN TO SING?

How do birdies learn to sing?

From the whistling wind so fleet,  
From the waving of the wheat,  
From the rustling of the leaves,  
From the rain-drop on the eaves,  
From the tread of welcome feet,  
From the children's laughter sweet,  
Little birdies learn their trill  
As they gayly float at will  
In the gladness of the sky,  
When the clouds are white and high,  
In the beauty of the day  
Speeding on their sunny way,  
Light of heart, and fleet of wing—  
That's how birdies learn to sing.

Jack says so, any way.

### HO, FOR A NEW CANDY!

DEAR JACK: Having just seen a curiosity, one which I am sure will be found very interesting to many of your readers, I thought I would write to you about it. It is "Violet Candy," made of *violets grown* in Paris. It was given to my uncle in New Orleans, by a gentleman who had just received it from France.

It is beautiful as well as delicious, for it retains its shape and color, and, wonderful to say, its *flavor* also, if I may so express it. The whole violet, with its stem and every petal perfect, is conserved, and in both smell and taste it is as fragrant as a freshly plucked flower.

Yours truly, FRANK BETHUNE.

Poor violets! What are they coming to?

### THE ORIGIN OF THE NAIL-MARK.

THERE is a mark of a finger-nail minted on a certain Chinese coin, and it originated, I'm told, in the time of the great Queen Wentek. A wax model of a proposed coin was brought to her for inspection, and in handling it she happened to leave upon it the impression of one of her finger-

nails. Nobody dared to efface it, and for hundreds of years the curious nail-mark has appeared on that Chinese coin. And it has even been copied in those of Japan and Corea.

### SOME QUEER FACTS ABOUT CHICKENS.

"HUMPH! a pretty pass things have come to, when people must know everything about everybody," said a timid feathered friend of mine when I told him of a letter I had received, detailing some particular secrets of Mr. Chanticleer and his family, and I sympathized with him. "The interests of science, you know," was all I could say. And here is the letter:

DEAR JACK: A gentleman friend of mine, who is very familiar with the habits of chickens, says that the rooster, when danger approaches, almost always gives a peculiar warning cry of alarm. It is not noisy, like the crow of defiance or triumph, but when the human ear has once observed it, it does sound very strikingly like an alarm. It has a guarded "Look out—something is wrong!" sound, and is given whenever the rooster is startled, or sometimes when he is suddenly disturbed.

If there is no rooster about, the hens will sometimes make the sound described; and the mother-hen will always do her best for her chicks in time of danger. I have known them to so thoroughly hide themselves, under her instructions, on the approach of a hawk, that I did not dare step about in the half-grown clover for fear of treading upon them; yet she had not staid by them. I found her near by, under some tall bushes, the clover probably being too short to hide her.

My friend raises many chickens, and whenever an egg is near hatching he can tell, by placing it suddenly close to his ear, whether the chick inside is a rooster or not; for it will give an alarm note resembling the one I have told you of.

I suppose he would not be absolutely certain that silence meant a cunning little Dame Pullet inside, but he says that he has very often heard Master Chanticleer declaring in advance, while not yet out of his shell, his determination to protect himself and his friends.

Yours truly, M. A. P.

### A VILLAGE CAPTURED BY BEES!

If you don't believe it, just read this item from a trustworthy newspaper:

"The village of West Fairview, Cumberland County, Pa., has been afflicted with a plague of bees. Two of the citizens keep some one hundred and thirty hives, and as bad weather made other food scarce, the interesting insects invaded the stores and houses in quest of sweets. Half a bushel of them swarmed in one man's kitchen, of which they remained sole tenants for a week. In that house, on their account, all fruit canning and preserving had to be done at night, and for many days all the family had to climb out and in by the windows, the bees laying siege to the doors. In addition to this, whole orchards of fruit and arbors of grapes were devoured by the bees. Dozens of persons were badly stung while passing along the streets, and a reign of terror was established."

Your Jack has nothing to say for those bees—excepting that when men "invade" the bees' homes "in quest of sweets," we seem to see no newspaper notices of "a reign of terror"! But the bees may take account of it, perhaps, in some way of their own.

### MUSIC-LOVING RATS.

DEAR JACK: In the December number of the ST. NICHOLAS I read about a music-loving squirrel, which made me think of a story my mamma often tells us. When she was a little girl, she used to stand in a window near a stable, in the yard of which there were a great many rats. As soon as she began to sing, one rat after another would stick its head out of a hole; but as soon as she stopped, away they would go. In a house we used to live in, there were a great many rats, which made such a noise in the garret that it sometimes frightened strangers who came to stay all night. We had a bag of chestnuts on the stairs. One night the rats discovered them, and we could hear them pitter-patter up and down the stairs, scamper across the floor, and then drop the nuts down between the walls. This they kept up until we spoiled their fun by taking the nuts away.

Your faithful reader, BLANCHE McCORMICK, 12 years old.



## SIDE-SADDLES FOR MEN.

WONDERS will never cease! Who would believe that in *any* part of the world men would ride on ladies' saddles? But an English gentleman,—Mr. Palgrave,—who has been to Arabia, says that it is all the fashion in one part of that country, where both men and women ride their donkeys with side-saddles.

## THE SPERM-WHALE.

HERE is a letter, my friends, which to a land-lubber, like your Jack, is very interesting, and I am sure it is true. So let's read it together, and take a good look, too, at the picture.

As I am an honest Jack, the enormous, finny, fish-tailed fellow shown here looks very like a fish.

and dragged up high and dry for inspection. He reminds me, somehow, of a story about one Gulliver that the Little School-ma'am tells. But here is the letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is a picture of a "great big fish" that is not a fish at all: and you therefore may be pleased to show it to your young friends. Though whales live in the water, you may say, they are not really like fishes. They can not breathe under water, and would be drowned, just as we should, if kept there too long. They hold their breath while below, and when they come to the surface they blow out the used air through blow-holes near the top of the head.

The two kinds of whales are called Boned whales and Toothed whales. The boned whales have no teeth, but have instead a mass of what is known as "whalebone," hanging down from the roof of the mouth at each side of the tongue. By means of this whalebone they secure their food, which consists of very small, soft, floating creatures. The toothed whales, on the contrary, have stout, strong teeth, and with these they kill and tear to pieces the great animals on which they feed. The sperm-whale is the largest of the toothed



But the letter says he is not a fish. And I am told that Mr. Ingersoll says the same thing about those queer creatures, the seals, in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS.

By the way, Jack does n't quite see how that whale ever got up on the shore so nicely. It is n't enough for some of you clever youngsters to say that the artist *drew* him up there. We want something more scientific. May be, the huge creature has been thrown up by some terrible storm,—and, may be, he has been caught by whale-fishermen

variety, and it is a sperm-whale which is represented in the picture I send. Some of them grow to be sixty-five and even seventy feet in length. The sperm-whale is killed not only for the sake of the oil or blubber which it yields, but also for the spermaceti—a material which is found in the head of the whale, and which looks something like camphor gum and is used for making candles and other things. Another curious product, which is sometimes found in the body of the sperm-whale, and which is worth more, even, than the spermaceti, is called ambergris. It is a substance used in the manufacture of perfumery, and brings a very high price.

The sperm-whale feeds chiefly on cuttle-fishes, which it easily destroys with its very strong teeth, sometimes killing cuttles that are nearly as long as itself. It is found mostly in the seas near the equator, unlike some of the other species, which seem to love the cold.

Will you tell your children all this, with my compliments, and believe me, dear Jack,

Yours truly,

W. O. A.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

As a great many of our new subscribers may not have seen the earlier volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, they may be glad to read here one of Mr. Longfellow's contributions to this magazine,—the fine poem of "The Three Kings," originally printed in the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS for 1877.

## THE THREE KINGS.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And the Wise Men knew that the coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;  
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at the way-side wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,  
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,  
For we in the East have seen his star,  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain;  
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"  
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain  
Like riders in haste who can not wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;  
And said: "Go down into Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,  
The only one in the gray of morn;  
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,  
Through the silent street, till their horses turned  
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;  
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in the manger lay,—  
The child that would be king one day  
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,  
Sat watching beside his place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet;  
The gold was their tribute to a king;  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone;  
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,  
Remembering what the angel had said  
Of an endless reign, and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,  
With the clatter of hoofs, in proud array;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

In connection with the mention of "The Old Clock on the Stairs," in the two articles concerning Mr. Longfellow, given in the present number, it should be said that the clock upon the stairs in his house at Cambridge was not the one mentioned in his famous poem. That special clock stood in the house of Mr. Longfellow's father-in-law, at Pittsfield, Mass. But the poet was in the habit of pointing out particularly the favorite old-fashioned clock on the stairs of his Cambridge home, and naturally visitors sometimes made the mistake of supposing this one to be the old clock of the poem.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You asked in the April number who could say more about "El Escorial." I think, as I have seen it, I shall be able to do so. It was built by Philip II., king of Spain, three centuries ago, in memory of a battle fought on the day dedicated to San Lorenzo, who was martyred on a gridiron, for which reason the palace is built in the shape of a gridiron. By some it is called the eighth wonder of the world. It is situated about two hours' ride from Madrid, and on the edge of a hill, in a prominent position. It is comparatively plain on the outside, but very handsome in the interior. There is a church in the center, under which is a grand and beautiful mausoleum, built of marble from all parts of the world. Many kings of Spain are buried there and several niches are empty, waiting for future kings. The walls of some of the rooms are inlaid with woods which came from South America and cost seven million francs.

I am always very anxious to receive ST. NICHOLAS, and all the time I was abroad I watched for it with as much interest as we did for letters. Yours truly, EMMA W. COMFORT, 12 years.

MR. WILLSON'S article in the February ST. NICHOLAS, on "How to Run," has, it seems, proved very popular among the boy-readers of ST. NICHOLAS; and the following, which is one of the best letters that we have received, shows how practical and useful Mr. Willson's hints have been:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read that article in your number for February on running, and we tried breathing through our noses. Though not able to run a quarter of a mile before, yet the first time I tried it I ran nearly three-quarters of a mile, and I can now run a mile and a half without any difficulty, and my sister, who is writing with me, ran a mile the first time she tried.

MARGARET W. STICKNEY.  
WESTON STICKNEY.

In connection with this article, also, we must add the following newspaper items concerning two famous runners, which have been sent to us by kind correspondents:

"Count Eugène Kinsky, of the old Czechian nobility, was noted in Austria as an athlete and runner. A friend of his in Pesth was the other day singing the praises of the 'Orloff' trotters, which at one time did excellent work in the trotting races in Vienna. The Count made a large bet that he would beat this pair on foot at a short-distance race, viz., half a length of the Pesth Rondeau, some two



Hundred yards. The race came off promptly, the Count getting well away at starting and coming in some fifteen feet before the horses, much to the disgust of their owners."

"The pedestrian feats of the present day are cast into the shade by the recorded exploits of Ernst Mensen, a Norwegian sailor in the English navy, early in the present century. Mensen first attracted attention by running from London to Portsmouth in nine hours, and soon after he ran from London to Liverpool in thirty-two hours. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Navarino, in 1827, he left the navy and became a professional runner. After winning a number of matches he undertook the feat of running from Paris to Moscow. Starting from the Place Vendôme at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremlin at 10 o'clock A.M. on June 25, having accomplished the distance, 1,760 miles, in thirteen days and eighteen hours. The employment of Mensen as a courier extraordinary soon became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, bearing messages of congratulation or condolence, and despatches, and always beat mounted couriers when matched against them. He never walked, but invariably ran, his only refreshment being one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry syrup per day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes each in twenty-four hours. These rests he took standing, and leaning against a tree or other support; at such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept. After the nap, he pursued his way as much refreshed as though he had slept for hours. In 1836, while in the employ of the East India Company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of despatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. At last he was employed

to discover the source of the Nile. Setting out from Silesia on May 11, 1843, he ran to Jerusalem, and thence to Cairo, and up the western bank of the river into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syang, he was seen to stop and rest, leaning against a palm tree, his face covered with a handkerchief. He rested so long that some persons tried to wake him; but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him."

THE author of "The Children's Fan Brigade" (printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1881) writes to us to say that repeated trials have shown that the Drill Prompter, suggested in that article, is rather a hinderance than an aid, as it is confusing to have a voice break in when the drill must go bar by bar with the music, and each bar brings the next movement to mind. The drill is essentially a silent one, as each child carries the movements mentally, and the music itself is the prompter.

She calls attention also to an error in one of the illustrations of the article. In the picture entitled "Gossip," there should be only one straight line of girls, instead of two. The directions concerning this movement are correct, as they include but one row of girls.

The Fan Brigade has proved to be one of the most popular entertainments ever printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and we gladly make room for these corrections for the benefit of any persons who are thinking of performing this entertaining and picturesque drill.

## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTEENTH REPORT.

At the time of making our latest report the highest number on our register was 2143. Now we number 2630—making a gain, in two months, of nearly 500. At this rate, we may hope for a membership of 5000 before Christmas.

### EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Minerals.—H. E. Sawyer, 37 Gates St., So. Boston, Mass.  
Other flowers, for any violets excepting *Viola cucullata, blanda, pedata, pubescens, sagittata, and delphinifolia*.—F. T. Griswold, Columbus, Wis.  
Foreign and native woods, sea-mosses, wood-mosses; shells, ferns, flowers, and minerals.—Wm. C. Phillips, New Bedford, Mass.  
Geodes, from the size of a walnut to the size of a water-bucket.—Z. T. Snively, Wayland, Clark Co., Mo.  
"The Mysterious Island," "Dropped from the Clouds," and "Abandoned," by Jules Verne.—Russell D. Jannez, Marietta, O.  
Birds' eggs and woods, for eggs.—I. B. Russell, 95 Belleville Ave., Newark, N. J.  
Encrinure stems for sea-shells.—John T. Nixon, Osage City, Kan.  
A great variety of minerals, for others or Indian relics.—A. J. Martin, Jr., 1914 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sea-shells and sand-dollars, for ores.—Philip C. Tucker, Jr., Galveston, Texas.  
Insects.—G. W. Pepper, Taunton, Mass.  
Five cocoons of *Attacus Cecropia*, for one living cocoon of *Attacus Luna*. Also, ores and pearl shells for exchange.—Thomas B. Emery, 3238 Dearborn St., Chicago.

### REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Feb. 28, 1882.

Within the year we have added to our cabinet many specimens of minerals and precious stones; 175 species of fossil shells, corals, and woods; 20 species of river shells (*Unio*); 15 land shells and 50 sea shells; and about 100 miscellaneous specimens. The entire collection is now valued at more than \$250.



Late in the fall, my brother and I found in the river a very large chrysalis. At first I thought it was dead, but when I got home and was showing it to Mother, it moved, and I am now anxiously wait-

ing for the appearance of the moth. It has a curious stem-like appendage growing from the head, curved backward, and fastened to the middle of the back. I inclose a drawing of it.

WILL A. LIGHTON.

[Questions for the A. A.: I. What will the moth be? II. What is the appendage? III. How did the chrysalis get into the river?]

NEVADA CITY, CAL.

Our collection is rapidly increasing; an interesting feature of it is a tarantula's nest. It is made of mud and clay, and has a trap-door, apparently on hinges. The spider enters, closes the door, and it is impossible to open it. The only visible fastening is a small white spot, just inside the door; but the manner of holding it closed is a puzzle, as yet unsolved. Can any one throw light on it? We wish to exchange California flowers for sea-weeds and mosses. We will mount them, and wish others to do the same. Please reprint the secretary's address, giving the name of Yours truly,

MAUDE SMITH.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

This branch was organized on Wednesday, the 25th of January, 1881, and although the society is only a year old, in the treasurer's book are recorded the names of one hundred and twenty-five members. We have a cabinet filled with specimens, fifty dollars' worth of which we purchased.

We have a small library of volumes by the very best authors in natural history. We have everything we need, excepting a microscope, and we intend to purchase one some day. We have a picture of Louis Agassiz hanging over our cabinet.

GEO. W. POUND, Sec.

[This letter is truly inspiring. It is an illustration of what might be done in hundreds of towns if young and old, school committees and teachers, parents and children, would all unite. Not much sale for dime novels in Lockport!]

PIGEON COVE, MASS., Feb. 27, 1882.

We now number nine active and two honorary members. We formed in February, 1881, and now our cabinet overflows with valuable specimens. We have most of the common minerals in our vicinity. [Good!] We have for exchange marine curiosities and Cape Ann minerals, some of which are found nowhere else. Please refer us to Chapters in the West and South.

CHAS. H. ANDREWS, Curator.

Will you admit us as a Chapter of your Association? I am a type-setter, and work ten hours in the office, and walk four miles besides, every day. [Think of that, boys, who think you "have n't time!" This is a young lady, too—you must know!] Three others are my sisters, from nine to nineteen. Seven others are bright,



hard-working, economical German boys and girls, and the rest are Americans. We none of us know anything, in a systematic way, about natural history, but some of us know all about where the earliest flowers grow, can tell ever so many different kinds of wood in the lumber, and all know marvelous stories of the instinct and "human ways" of domestic animals. We have few books and almost no books of reference. We have little time, and less money to spend. Now, do you want us? We are ready to do our best.

[Thrice and four times welcome! A Chapter after our own heart.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1882.

We have ten members. Our aim is not to have a large number, but to have a few good workers. We have honorary members, among whom are Prof. Bastin of the Chicago University, and Prof. Delfontaine of the High School. Prof. Bastin recently gave us a lecture on the "Motions of Climbing Plants." We use Geikie's Geology, printed in the Science Primer edition, and assign passages to be elaborated by our members. One of our number was lately fortunate enough to win a \$110 microscope, in a prize examination in microscopy open to the students of any incorporated college in this city. C. S. BROWN, Sec., 117 Park Place.

[The whole "A. A." will feel pleased that one of its members has won this fine instrument. The adjective "fortunate" is entirely too modest.]

GENEVA, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

The scholars and teachers of the "Quincy School" have been much interested in the Agassiz Association. We have formed a Chapter under the name "Geneva A. A.," with twenty-five members. Our first meeting was held last week. We talked about sponges. Six boys took part. At the close of a very interesting discussion, a Venus basket-sponge was presented to us. Our next talk will be on gamebirds. We shall be glad to correspond and exchange with other chapters. MISS N. A. WILSON, Sec.

[These school Chapters constitute one of the pleasantest features of the A. A. Teachers and scholars work much more frequently side by side than formerly, and it is an excellent thing for them both.]

COLUMBUS, WIS., Feb. 26, 1882.

Our time has been divided among flowers, insects, and minerals, and we have good collections of each.

We consider our seventy-five specimens of flowers as only a beginning. We have them nicely mounted, with a full analysis of each, and we are very anxious for spring, that we may again search the woods and meadows. There are so few of us, that we think of having painted badges. Yours for the cause, F. T. GRISWOLD, Sec.

DEPERE, WIS., Feb. 27, 1882.

We have eleven new members, making twenty in all, to which number we have limited our Chapter for the present. Our badges are of double-faced satin ribbon, pink on one side, and blue on the other. They are stamped with A. A. in gilt, and painted, on the blue side, with trailing arbutus. The pink side, being used to distinguish the officers, is painted with wood violets and grasses. At our last meeting, some very convincing evidence of animals' counting was given, in the case of a water-spaniel. If his master, while hunting, drops two birds, he will not return to the boat without both, and if only one has fallen, he returns satisfied when he has found that one.

MRS. R. W. ARNDT, Sec.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

At first we were six, but we now number twelve. There is not a boy among us, and we are going to see what the girls can do alone. We are making mineralogy a study. We have a very simple method for making spirit-lamps: Take a glass bottle with a wide mouth, a cork to fit it tightly, a thimble without a top, and some cord wicking or piping cord. The thimble must be forced through a hole in the cork, and the wick drawn through the thimble. With alcohol in the bottle, the lamp is ready for use. For a blow-pipe, we use a common clay pipe, placing the bowl at the mouth to blow. EDITH SAMSON.

6 AVE. DE CHATEAU, NEUILLY, FRANCE.

I notice, in my letter printed in ST. NICHOLAS, it says that Agassiz was born by Lake Geneva. I should have written Neuchâtel Lake. We have to pay a good deal, because almost everybody sends a postal and no stamp. KENNETH BROWN.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 28, 1882.

I collect caterpillars and keep them under glasses, feeding them until they change. I sometimes have a hundred glasses at a time. I learn what they eat, and their habits. My two sisters are interested alike with me, and assist in getting specimens. We have Edwards's, Harris's, and Packard's books, yet we often have great difficulty in finding the right names. Are there catalogues of butterflies and moths, with descriptions of Massachusetts insects? Last July, I found near a pond what looked like a caterpillar covered with chin-chilla feathers. Its body was a beautiful pink underneath. Black head, and some black lines on the body. The most beautiful colors I have ever seen on a caterpillar. In less than half an hour it went into a pink cocoon, half wrapped in a blackberry leaf. The cater-

pillar was about three inches long. The moth came out yesterday. It measures about two inches from tip of wing to tip. It is of a dusky reddish brown. There are zig-zag lines of darker shade, blending into white. On the upper wings a sort of diamond spot which looks like a *Polyphemus*. Both upper and lower wings scalloped; the edges white, with a line of black inside. Under the magnifying glass it is just the color of a fox with snow dusted over it. I wish to learn its name. WILLIE C. PHILLIPS.

[Here is a fine opportunity for a little study. Who will be the first to send me the name of this beautiful insect, and the name of a satisfactory and exhaustive insect manual?—H. H. B.]

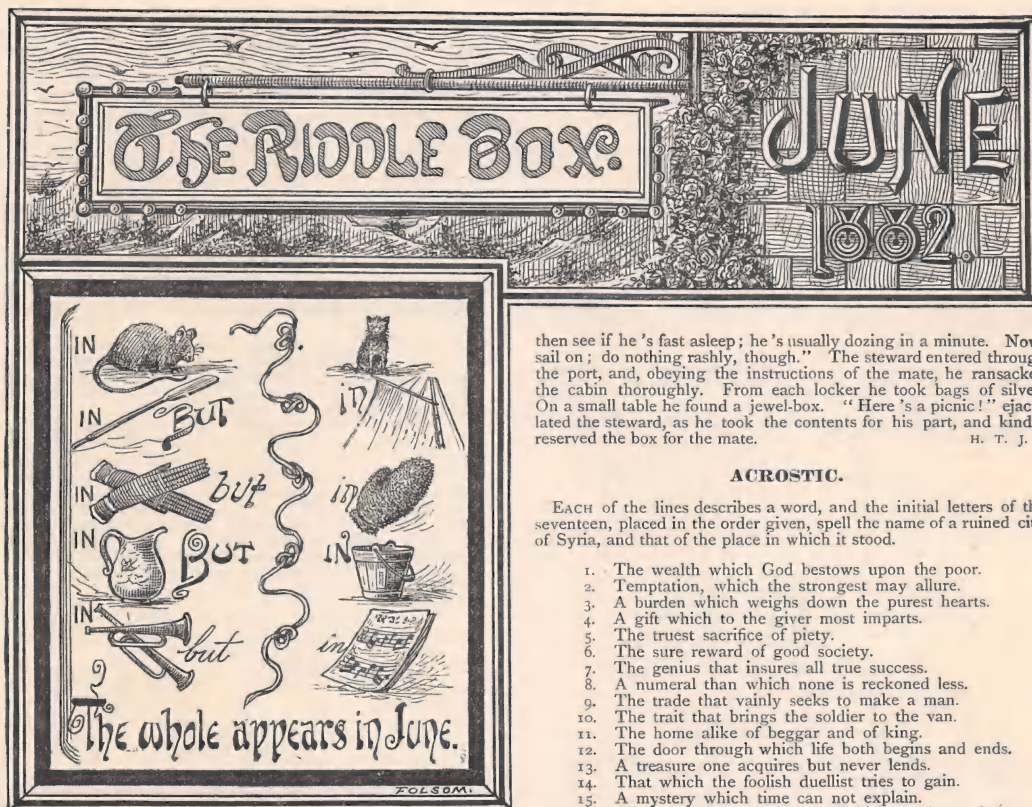
Some people have spoken of the wisdom of bees and wasps in constructing their cells in a hexagonal shape. Now, on the contrary, others believe, and I have been taught, that their wisdom has nothing to do with it. If a bee begins to build around himself as a center, he naturally makes a cell in the shape of a cylinder. As the different bees build, and their cells press against one another, they will be crowded into the form of a hexagon. A good way to illustrate this is to take a small tube and some not too soapy water, and blow air through the tube so quickly that the bubbles formed on the surface will be crowded together. They will be pressed into hexagonal shape. A. B. G.

[A. B. G.'s reports are always very suggestive and interesting. The Chapters may like to discuss this question. If the above theory is correct, the outer row of cells should be cylindrical, since they are not subjected to pressure. Is this so? Will a bee make a cell if placed alone in a glass case? Let this be tried, and if he makes a hexagonal cell, the pressure theory is disproved; and *vice versa*.]

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
184.	Peoria, Ill. (B).....	10. Eddie Smith,	1143 So. Adams St.
185.	Ashtabula, Ohio (A).....	15. May H. Prentice.	
186.	Geneva, N. Y. (A).....	25. Nellie A. Wilson.	
187.	Albany, N. Y. (A).....	7. J. P. Gavit, 3 Lafayette St.	
188.	Newport, R. I. (A).....	5. R. S. Chase.	
189.	West Medford, Mass. ....	15. Edith Samson, Box 175.	
190.	Duncannon, Pa. (A).....	12. Annie J. Jackson.	
191.	New York, N. Y. (E)....	4. Harry L. Mitchell,	23 W. 12th St.
192.	Waterbury, Conn. (B)....	5. Charles Merriman.	
193.	Providence, R. I. (A)....	7. Florie E. Greene,	261 Pine St.
194.	Minneapolis, Minn. (B)....	7. Burtie W. McCracken,	1016 Western Ave.
195.	Rutland, Ind. (A).....	5. Birdie Blye.	
196.	Dayton, Ohio (A).....	24. Abbie L. Dyer.	
197.	Philadelphia, Pa. (G).....	6. Geo. Cattrell,	1934 Jefferson St.
198.	Philadelphia, Pa. (H).....	6. W. R. Nichols, 2016 Arch St.	
199.	Wellsboro, Pa. (A).....	11. Margaret S. Potter.	
200.	Germantown, Pa. (B).....	4. Frank Brown, 123 Price St.	
201.	Fitchburg, Mass. (C).....	12. Ellen Snow.	
202.	St. Louis, Mo. (C).....	10. Letty M. Follett,	3014 Cass Ave.
203.	Framingham, Mass. (A)...	4. C. F. Cutting.	
204.	San Francisco, Cal. (C)....	5. Bert. W. Stone,	2104 Jackson St.
205.	Waco, Texas (A).....	23. Jennie Wise,	(care Rev. S. P. Wright).
206.	State College, Pa. (A)....	5. Geo. C. McKee.	
207.	Bowling Green, Ky. (A)....	5. Jessie P. Glenn.	
208.	Washington, D. C. (D)....	6. W. B. Emory,	1234 6th St. N. W.
209.	Brownville, N. Y. (A)....	7. John C. Winne.	
210.	Lowell, Mass. (B).....	7. Geo. A. Whitmore.	
211.	Pittsfield, Mass. (B).....	5. R. H. Peck.	
212.	So. Boston, Mass. (B)....	8. Homer C. Clapp, 79 E. 4th.	
213.	Fort Wayne, Ind. (A).....	13. John L. Hanna,	210 Madison St.
214.	Austin, Minn. (A).....	.. Please send address.	
215.	The Oaks, Tioga Center, N. Y. (A).....	4. Angie Latimer.	
216.	Allegheny City, Pa. (A)...	7. David K. Orr,	138 Jackson St.
217.	Hyde Park, Mass. (A)....	11. Lillian E. Rogers.	
218.	Clinton, Mass. (A).....	6. Gerald Alley.	
219.	Taunton, Mass. (B).....	10. A. C. Bent.	
220.	De Pere, Wis. (C).....	14. Jessie R. Jackson.	
221.	De Pere, Wis. (D).....	7. Carrie Dubois.	
222.	Highgate, Eng. (A).....	4. Geo. S. Hayter, Gleugle,	Woodlane, Highgate, N.
223.	Cambridge, N. Y. (A)....	5. W. J. B. Williams, Box 33.	
224.	Cambridgeport, Mass. (A)...	5. Frank T. Hammond.	
225.	Burlington, Kansas (A)...	7. P. M. Floyd, Lock-box 9.	





### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a six-line stanza, which forms a cross-word enigma. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar enigmas.

GEORGE FOLSOM.

### PL.

FROM what poem by a leading American poet is the following stanza?

Tins aguestuin! Lewl hats touh dais,  
Htat fo rou cevis ew nca farne  
A delard, fi ew lilw tub dreat  
Thenbea oru efte ache eded fo mashe.

### TWO EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I. My first is in corn, but not in sheaf;  
My second in mutton, but not in beef;  
My third is in school, not in vacation;  
My fourth is in speech, not in oration;  
My fifth is in bad, but not in good;  
My sixth is in victuals, but not in food;  
My seventh in period, not in time;  
My whole is a flower almost in its prime.

II. My first is in taper, but not in torch;  
My second in burn, but not in scorch;  
My third is in wren, but not in lark;  
My fourth is in flame, but not in spark;  
My fifth is in court, but not in yard;  
My sixth is in minstrel, but not in bard;  
My seventh in sweet, but not in sour;  
My whole is a little woodland flower.

DYCE.

### TWELVE CONCEALED CITIES.

ALL was quiet on the ship. "A risky piece of business," murmured the steward. "Over the side with you," said the mate; "the best way is to wait until the captain takes his nap on the sofa;

then see if he's fast asleep; he's usually dozing in a minute. Now, sail on; do nothing rashly, though." The steward entered through the port, and, obeying the instructions of the mate, he ransacked the cabin thoroughly. From each locker he took bags of silver. On a small table he found a jewel-box. "Here's a picnic!" ejaculated the steward, as he took the contents for his part, and kindly reserved the box for the mate.

H. T. J.

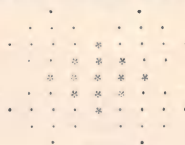
### ACROSTIC.

EACH of the lines describes a word, and the initial letters of the seventeen, placed in the order given, spell the name of a ruined city of Syria, and that of the place in which it stood.

1. The wealth which God bestows upon the poor.
2. Temptation, which the strongest may allure.
3. A burden which weighs down the purest hearts.
4. A gift which to the giver most imparts.
5. The truest sacrifice of piety.
6. The sure reward of good society.
7. The genius that insures all true success.
8. A numeral than which none is reckoned less.
9. The trade that vainly seeks to make a man.
10. The trait that brings the soldier to the van.
11. The home alike of beggar and of king.
12. The door through which life both begins and ends.
13. A treasure one acquires but never lends.
14. That which the foolish duellist tries to gain.
15. A mystery which time can not explain.
16. What bad men fear, and for which good men hope.
17. The topmost burden laid upon a Pope.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

### ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times; once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

- I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In appears. 2. To view. 3. Fruit. 4. A period of time. 5. In appears.
- II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In soon. 2. A unit. 3. A spectacle. 4. A termination. 5. In need.
- III. Central Diamond: 1. In host. 2. An animal. 3. Scanty. 4. To blunder. 5. In keep.
- IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In summer. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. To gaze intently. 4. Before. 5. In stone.
- V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In space. 2. Uncooked. 3. Earnest. 4. Damp. 5. In root.

GEORGIA HARLAN.

### NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in January; my second is in October; my third is in April; my fourth is in June; my fifth is in November; my sixth is in February; my seventh is in August; my eighth is in September; my ninth is in March.

My whole is the name of a patriotic maiden who was put to a cruel death on the 30th of May, 1431.

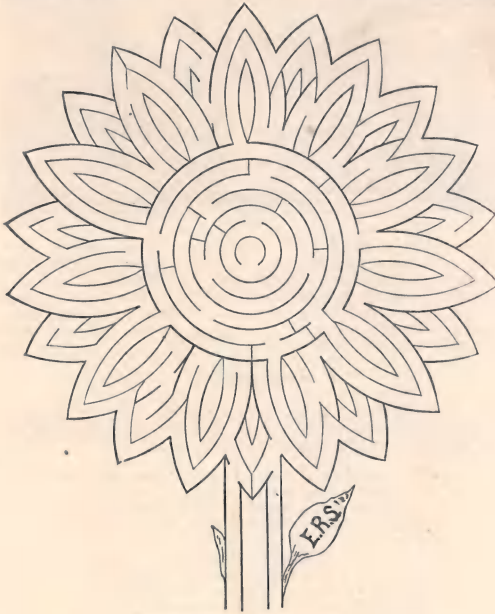
M. C. D.



## TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A kind of grain. 2. A trembling fit. 3. A melody.  
4. Observed. II. 1. A time of blossoms. 2. Employed. 3. Necessity. 4. A current.

WESTON STICKNEY.



## SUNFLOWER MAZE.

ENTER at one of the openings in the stem, and trace a path to the center, without crossing a line.

E. R. S.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-six letters, and form one line of a short stanza.

My 1-9-41-23-31-52-15-23 is poet laureate of England. My 5-

54-26-22-29-36-18 discovered the satellites of Jupiter. My 45-8-40-55-56-15-23 is a castle rendered famous by Byron. My 2-54-10-12-9-1 is the hero of one of Shakespeare's plays. My 43-22-20-6-33-37 is a number. My 27-4-19-43-41-54-21-48-47 is the name of a battle which occurred in 1708, in which the French were defeated by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. My 35-54-25-34-49-50-51-25 is the name of a famous battle fought in 1066. My 6-54-21-3-13-19 was killed in the latter battle. My 46-49-17-35-7 is a number. My 53-11-42-24-30 is a nickname sometimes given to a naval officer. My 46-52-14-47-44 name one of Queen Elizabeth's favorites, who was beheaded in 1601. My 45-11-39-45-32 was an enchantress. My 26-27-50-38-16-9-56-12-3-28 is the name of the poet who adapted from the German the stanza from which my whole is taken.

LILA.

## AN AVIARY.

EACH of the following puzzles may be answered by the name of a bird. Example: A consonant and a rank or file. ANSWER: C-row.

1. A time of darkness, a preposition, and a high wind.
2. A metal, part of a fish, and one-half of a word meaning idle talk.
3. A consonant and a place of safety.
4. A beverage and a consonant.
5. The young of a fowl, a vowel, and a consonant.
6. Fruit, and the cover of an opening in a ship's deck.
7. A boy's nickname, a vowel, and part of a chain.
8. A sound made by a bird, and a consonant.
9. A fowl, a vowel, and a number.
10. To cut quickly, and a vowel.
11. A scourge, impecunious, and a nickname.
12. A girl's nickname, and an article of food.
13. A manner of drinking, and a side-building.
14. One-half of a word meaning a diagram, and above.
15. A monarch and one who angles.
16. Three-fourths of a word meaning a slender cord, and a snare.
17. To disfigure, and a metal.
18. To box, and to impel by means of oars.
19. A number, and a tin vessel.
20. One-third of a word meaning a royal seat, and to move with rapidity.

CLARA J. CHILD.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The initial and central letters, when read downward, form three words; these name a famous event which took place on the 18th of June, less than one hundred years ago.

- ACROSS: 1. An arbor. 2. To degrade. 3. An appellation. 4. Something given for entertainment. 5. A kind of tree. 6. A girl's name. 7. Oxygen in a condensed form. 8. To scowl.

M. C. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Levi—live—veil—vile—evil.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Aristides. 1. Sp-A-in. 2. Ti-R-ed. 3. Pa-I-nt. 4. Pa-S-te. 5. Ti-T-le. 6. Ca-I-rd. 7. Bo-D-le. 8. Ab-E-le. 9. Ha-S-te.

INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. Foliage. 2. Folio. 3. Old. 4. S. PROVERB REBUS.

He that leaves certainty, and sticks to chance,  
When fools pipe, he may dance.

J. F. B. and others: Answers to puzzles should be addressed to "St. Nicholas Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York City. The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received from "Marna and Bae."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 20th, from "North Star" and "Little Lizzie," 8—"Sunflower," 6—Myra Doremus, 3—Alise M. Ballou, 1—"Warren," 4—V. P. J. S. M. C., 6—Genie Callmeyer, 12—Severance Burrage, 2—Nellie Blodgett, 5—Arthur, 4—Emma Drake, 3—Annie Falge, 7—Edith M. Bradley, 1—G. L. and J. W., 5—Florie Baker, 7—Seyon, 4—May Beadle, 8—Anna Guion, 2—"Bantam," 5—Joseph H. Targis, 3—Minnie B. Murray, 12—E. F. G., 1—"Rory O'More," 8—Florence E. Pratt, 11—Everett Lane Jones, 3—Jesse S. Godine, 2—Camilla W. Mansur, 8—Jenny Noyes, 5—Robert Hamilton, 3—C. F. Horne, 13—May L. Shepard, 5—Willie Walker, 8—Edith Baffington Dalton, 5—"Two Cousins," 5—Stella E. Goodlett, 1—George A. Joplin, 3—Bessie H. Smith, 7—Nellie Mott, 1—Anna Clark, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 11—Henry L. M. Mitchell, 5—Lizzie D. Flyer, 5—"Griffin," 8—"Alcibiades," 13—John W. Gary, 3—Helen Phillips, 3—"D. and D.," 5—Josie Mitchell, 1—"Partners," 10—May, Bessie, and Jennie, 8—George F. Hall, 6—"Professor & Co.," 13—"H. F. and B. B.," 8—Mary D. Reeve, 1—James R. Moore, 5—Eliza L. McCook, 5—Katie L. Robertson, 8—Amy Mothershead, 9—Paul England & Co., 12—Zaita, 4—Raymond D. Thurber, 10—Eleanor Telling, 7—D. B. Shumway, 8—Anne Lovett, 12—Sallie E. Hewit, 10—Lalla E. Croft, 1—Carrie H. Wilson, 2—Sidney and Charlie Russell, 12—Bertie Bushnell, 12—Marguerite, 7—Mamie Baker, 1—Ariana Moore, 11—Edith McKeever and Amy Elliott, 7—C. O. B., 7—Grace and Blanche Parry, 12—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Ethel and Oscar Weekes, 11—E. F. Biddle, 9—Charles H. Parnly, 10—Louise Kelly, 5—Algernon Tassin, 8—Frank and Maud, 1—Virginia Crater, 6—Maud and Sadie, 6—Lena, Elsie, and Luzia, 6—Emma D. Andrews, 8—Clara and her Aunt, 13—Bessie C. Rogers, 12—Vin and Alex, 8—Louise Gilman, 9—Kittie, Mary, Flora, Dora, and Birdie, 4—Appleton H., 13—The Two Millies, 4—Carrie L. and Anna C. Lindholm, 3—Julia T. Pember, 11—Louis F. Zimmerman, 8—Livingston Ham, 2—Hugh Burns, 11—Busy B's, 13—James H. Strong, 10—Fred. Thwaites, 13—X. Y. Z., 10—T. W., 8—"Queen Bess," 12—Sallie Viles, 10—B. B., 7—Robert C. Stearns, 6—Madge Tolderlund, 4—Adele, 5—Emilie and Rosa, 8—Mary Ann and Susan Jane, 5—Lyde W. McKinney, 10—Lottie A. Best, 12—Verna Barnum, 4—Helen E. Mahan, 10—Florence Leslie Kyte, 12—Maud Badlam, 1—J. S. Tennant, 10—M. W. and W. Suckney, 3—R. Kilbourne, 1—F. P. Jones, 1—Eirie, 6—G. E. M., 2—D. F. and E. B. Barry, 7—R. S. and H. Lowrie, 1—M. D. and Polly, 3—A., M., and F. Knight, 11—S. R. Marshall, 1—Clara J. Child, 12—Frederick Pember, 1.





THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

[See page 700.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1882.

NO. 9.

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## INSIDE A FISH-NET.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

OF all the stories which have been written since the world was made, it is safe to say that this one is the first written inside a fish-net.

There are three of them,—nets and reels,—and all of them stand about two hundred feet from land, by the side of a pier that heads out into the sea full one hundred feet beyond the reels. With its lonely and almost desolate surroundings it is, indeed, a curious place in which to write a story.

The net was bought only last summer, and its cost of somebody's money eight hundred dollars. But the story itself is now to be told.

Three or four winters ago, when the ice began to grow along the shores of Cape Cod, and grew so fast and so strong that it shut up all the fishing ships before they could get to land, the "Little Katie" was caught in its grasp. On the "Little Katie" was Captain John Rose, and in Provincetown, on the Cape, were his wife and Wild and Johnny, the girl and boy who saved their father by building a big kite and flying it out to the ship when all Provincetown was trying, in vain, to devise some manner of getting food to the boats. That blessed kite carried the string that carried the line that carried the bread that carried life to the starving crew of the "Little Katie."

After that hard winter, Captain Rose said that he would not go to the "Banks" any more for cod-fish, but would catch menhaden along the shores of the ocean and in the bays and inlets of the coast, while the fishing season should continue, and then, when the very cold weather should come on, he would

stay in his house and let Cape Cod sands blow all over it and pack it down as solidly as they might.

And this is what came of that venture :

The first season, everything moved along happily, and the fish came to the seine, or rather the seine went around the fish, so that the Rose family began to see prosperous days and to dream of a time when they might move from Cape Cod and live somewhere upon the "Main."

The first summer, Captain Rose was only a mate, and the fishing gang to which he belonged carried their menhaden to a floating fish-oil mill, anchored in one of the inlets on the coast of Maine.

Before another summer came, the oil-ship burned, and everything in and upon it was utterly destroyed. Captain Rose, his wife and children heard the bad news with dismay in their hearts.

It was Wild who said : "Never mind, Father : there are more oil-ships and more nets, and more fish in the sea a-growing every single minute."

"And more fishermen a-growing to use them, too!" groaned Captain John, with a wild look of despair in his face at the thought that the oil-ship owner might not be able to pay him for his last season's labor. Captain Rose had been living on credit until the oil should be sold, and now the oil had ascended to the sky in flame ; and it might be that no man would trust him with food ; for the news of his loss was abroad in Provincetown.

That was a dark day in the sand cabin, and many a bright and long-cherished hope of good things to come turned to leaden facts.



A week went by, and there was no word of news from the oil-ship owner. Meanwhile, Captain John and his son John (Johnny's first trip) went to the Banks on a fishing schooner, for, come what would, bread must be won.

When they were well away, and the topsails of the schooner had slipped down almost out of sight, Wild said to her mother: "We may as well go on fixing up the clothes, for clothes will be needed, fishing or no fishing." And so they worked while they waited.

It was in the spring, in March, that Captain Rose and Johnny went. They had been a week gone when one of the fiercest gales that ever blew on any coast, since coasts were made, blew down from the north, and shouted in from the east, and tore fearfully through the sands of Cape Cod. It was during this storm that a letter for Captain Rose was carried to the cabin by a brave neighbor lad, who struggled with it through the shifting sands, with a vague feeling that it might have in it good news; and the lad—it was he who had helped Johnny to build the famous kite—was very glad to fetch any good news to Wild Rose. A rushing blast swept in at the door as he opened it and panted into the kitchen, closing the door with his foot as he sank into a chair, the letter standing well out of his jacket pocket.

"Peter Petit!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose. "Whatever in this world sent you over here in such a storm?"

"Nothing sent me. I just came," answered the boy, rising and drawing the letter forth. "I was down to the post-office when the mail came in, and the post-master took notice of this letter, and says he: 'I hope,' says he, 'that this here letter's got some good news in it for John Rose, I do. It comes from the owners of that oil-ship that burned up his summer's work!' When he said that, says I, 'Give it here, and I'll take it over,' and here it is,"—handing the envelope to Mrs. Rose.

"Open it, Mother, do!" pleaded Wild, with flushed face. "Who knows but that it ought to be answered?"

"Course! That 's what made me fetch it," said Peter. "It would keep jest as well in the post-office as 't would here."

"I never open Father's letters," said Mrs. Wild; "he would n't like it."

The sand just then beat in showers against the cabin, and the sea sound came raging over the Cape from the Highland Light.

"I wish you was over in the town to-night, where there's more folks to hear it blow with you, and I'm just sorry I came, if I have n't got any good news inside that letter," said Peter; and then he rose and bade them "Good-night."

He went away, feeling disappointed; for Peter had a vague feeling that things were going all right whenever Wild's eyes gleamed with happiness,—but to-night there was no happiness shining in them.

Wild took a dozen good hard looks at the big envelope before she went to bed, and thought it too bad in her mother not to open it.

Ten days later,—the storm having blown out itself and ships and souls together,—a letter, addressed to the oil manufacturer in Wild's peculiar handwriting, was mailed at Provincetown. This was the letter:

"CAPE COD, March 15, 1879.

"MR. WASHINGTON WILES: Father went off to the banks a week ago afishing and your letter is come, but nobody has opened it, cause mother says father 'don't want anybody to.' Please, if it 's good news, wont you keep it for father, cause we all need good news so much—*more 'n you can tell.*"

WILD ROSE."

Wild's letter went over the distance between the sand cabin of John Rose and the pleasant village home of Mr. Wiles, and chanced to be given into his hands just at the moment when his neck was clasped about by the arms of his daughter Maud, a young girl as old as Wild Rose herself; and Maud was saying, in her most entreating tones:

"Papa, dear! Don't you remember, you promised me a new piano this spring? And I want it now, before my new teacher comes."

"Let me read my letters first, Maud, and then I will tell you."

Maud's gray eyes penetrated to the very heart of Wild Rose's letter as she looked at it.

"Tell me, Papa, all about it. Who is she, and why do they need good news?"

"I have never seen the child," said Mr. Wiles, "but I have heard how Captain Rose's children saved him and his fishing crew from starving, by getting a kite-string out to the boat, across the ice, where no man could go; and this letter is from Wild, the girl."

"But why do they need good news? Does she want a new piano, I wonder?"

Mr. Wiles smiled. He had once seen the sand cabin, as the neighbors called John Rose's habitation. Presently, his face grew very grave, as he said: "Maud, this Wild Rose means that they have no money to live upon; that all her father's summer work was burned up in the oil-ship. Perhaps they have no bread in the house. I am very sorry for him, my child."

"So am I, Papa. When you get me my new piano I'll send this Wild my old one. She will be glad to get it. What makes you look so grave, Papa?"

"Maud," said her father, "I did promise you a new piano, but I have been thinking a good deal, lately, of Captain Rose and his hard lot, and I



know of but one way to help him. If you will give up the new piano for this year, I will take the money it would cost, and with that buy a new seine, and give Captain Rose the new yacht, 'Rosemary,' and let him have a chance this summer."

"Why can't you do both, Papa?"

"Because I have not the money. I lost a great deal of money when the oil-ship burned."

"Then, what did you write about?"

"I told him that there was no money for him, and that I could not give him work this summer. I was very sorry to write it, Maud, and I am very glad his poor wife did not open the letter when he was away."

Maud inserted a quick little kiss just above the sharp edge of her father's collar, and said, very swiftly: "I *would* have any piano! I want Captain Rose to have the 'Rosemary.'"

"Very well, my child. Write, yourself, to this Wild Rose, and tell her the good news."

Maud wrote:

"DEAR WILD ROSE: I don't know you, but Papa got your letter, and he says he wrote your father that there was n't any boat, nor any seine, for him; but since your letter got here, there is a yacht, the 'Rosemary,' and there is going to be a new net for him, too, just as soon as he gets back from fishing. Papa says so, and he told me I might write the letter to you and tell you the good news. I hope he'll take you up here in the boat some time. I want to see you, and have you tell me all about that kite you and your brother made. I wish you would write me a letter, and tell me all about Cape Cod and everything you do down there.

"Your friend, MAUD WILES."

Everybody knows just how anxious and worried and agonized all the fisher folk of Cape Cod were, that spring-time, when the great gale had blown over, and the boats did not get home. When the days came one after another, and families looked their eyes dim with peering past the Highland Light to catch the first glimpse of the inward-bound sail, that might mean great joy to some one of their number, Wild Rose was there early and late.

"He will come! He *must* come! Oh, I know he will come back to us, and Johnny with him!" she kept saying over and over to herself, as she went her way across to the light-house in the morning; and, in the evening, as she turned her back upon the wild, tossing sea, she still repeated the comforting assurance to herself; and she whispered it to her sorrowful mother as she bade her "good-night" after each dreary day.

At length, the clothes they had made ready were put out of sight, and the waiting became full of pain.

A week went by, and then it was Peter, again, who fetched Maud's letter to Wild—Peter kept careful watch over the sand cabin in those days. Wild was just setting forth to take one

more look at the spread of ocean, from the Highland itself, when Peter shouted to her from afar, holding up the white envelope.

Wild ran, as fast as the sands would let her, to meet him. Had her father reached some port, and sent them word of his safety?

With panting heart, and fingers all in a flutter of eagerness, she reached out to receive it.

"It's something so out of the ordinary for a letter to come for *Miss* Wild Rose, that I thought I'd just come right ahead with it. Provincetown watches all its letters mighty close just now, you'd better believe, Wild, and if there's any news, let's have it right off, and I'll run back with it."

Peter went on talking, whilst Wild got inside the envelope with all speed.

"Oh, Peter! Peter!" she cried, as she read. "Father *will* come now,—I'm sure he will,—to get the good news. He's going to be captain of a yacht, and have a new net all to himself, and we'll have *such* times!"

At any other period in her life—excepting when her father was caught in the ice—Wild would have been gladdened to the utmost of joy. Now she ran with the letter to her mother, and then, holding it fast, she made her way to the Highland once again, to search for the sign by which she should know her father's sail. Wild was the only watcher that day, and, when the light was trimmed and the keeper gone, she had the place to herself. Poor, young, faithful Wild, with such good news for a father who might, at that very moment, be lying beneath the ocean!

Wild leaned forth from the tower, and looked northward. She opened wide Maud's letter. She shook it as a signal. She cried out: "Oh, Father, Father! Come! Come! Come to your new sloop and your new net! Come *home*, you and Johnny!"

Four sails came into sight during the watch, but not the sail for sight of which her eyes ached. Wild went down and homeward, meeting, as she went, the housewives whose work-day at home was over, and who might, in the afternoon, take the dreary march across to the Light.

Wild had folded away her good news, and it lay in her pocket as she passed one and another. It was Peter whom she saw, when about half-way home, plodding valiantly through the yielding sands to come to her in haste.

"There's somebody a-waiting, Wild, to see you to home," said Peter, from afar, the words brimming from his heart through his lips and flowing onward to Wild, who responded:

"Who is it?"

"It's a man and a boy: it's Captain Rose and Johnny—it's your father and brother, Wild Rose,



it is!" and Peter laid hold on Wild's hand to pull her onward.

"Peter Petit! You're not cheating, are you?" gasped Wild, feeling with her free hand for the good news in her pocket.

"Cheating you, Wild! Did I ever cheat you in my life? They are there, safe and sound; but the batteredest-looking things! When the bark came to dock, the old sails were nothing but string strips, and they just whipped around the mast; the wind went through and through everything like a chopping-knife. But every man is safe."

"Oh, Peter!" cried Wild,—her feet never did seem to sink so deep in the sand before,—"I think I'm the happiest girl! I'd rather be just Wild Rose than anybody else in the whole world; God is so full of goodness to me. Peter, are any other boats safe, did they say?" And so talking they came to the sand cabin, which, for that night, held within it as much joy as a palace could contain.

The next two weeks found the Rose family packing up their effects and flitting from Cape Cod to Long Island.

A small house on its northern shore was taken for a temporary home, for it was within the waters of Long Island Sound that the new yacht was to cruise for fish. Captain Rose went over to Connecticut to take command of the "Rosemary," and back to Long Island to gather his crew, and it was there, within sight of his new home, that the seine was to be made ready.

It was brought, a huge bundle of netted twine, and opened in the presence of all the family. When its grand length was outspread over a wide field, Wild went about it with intense joy, and begged her father to let her help to finish it; for it had to be tarred, lined, corked, and leaded before it was ready for use.

Neither her father, nor Johnny, nor even Peter—for Peter was to be one of the crew on the "Rosemary"—despised her deft helpfulness, and the end of May found everything ready for the first start.

Mrs. Rose and Wild went down to see the seine put into the boats and the yacht sail away over the blue in search of menhaden. Three hours later, Wild had the happiness to see the two seine-boats row from the yacht and pay out the net, half of it from one and half from the other boat, as they described a huge circle in the water, in which circle were imprisoned thousands of white-fish.

Two months went by, and not once had the yacht returned to the place whence it had sailed.

The soft summer days slipped into the beginning of July, and then Captain Rose wrote that he should run over to spend the Fourth at home. He had only pleasant things to relate of his summer, thus far. Half a million fish had come into the new

seine, and, if all went well, last year's misfortune would be more than made good.

On the morning of the fifth, the "Rosemary" was to set sail in the early dawn. That all might be in readiness, Captain Rose and Peter slept on board, while Johnny, who said he should not fail to hear the horn-call, staid at home.

We who live within sight of Long Island Sound all remember how the thunder called to us that night; how the peals of sound rolled from cloud to cloud, following the lightning flash; how we seemed wrapped in a blaze of light and crash of thunder.

The "Rosemary," lying at anchor, lay in the lightning's way. A ball of fire shot through the cabin—and lo! the fishing yacht flashed into flame! Wild and her mother and Johnny saw it together, as the yellow fire wrapped it about.

Half-dressed, they got down the oars and made haste to the dock. There was no time to summon the nearest neighbor to the rescue, and they must do what could be done, with speed.

As they got into a great row-boat, Johnny saw, for the first time, that Wild carried an ax. "What in the world did you fetch that for?" he questioned.

"May be we can cut a hole in the yacht and so save her," said Wild, obeying her brother's instructions to herself and her mother in regard to their combined management of one oar.

They worked with courage undaunted, pushing out, by the lightning's blaze, over the white-caps to the burning yacht. The seine-boat was awkward and heavy, and the great oar was hard to hold.

At last a shout was heard. Somebody was alive on the burning boat.

"Coming! Coming!" called Johnny, rowing harder; while his mother gazed wildly at the flames, and clung with both hands to the big oar.

On the bowsprit stood Captain Rose and Peter. They were cut off by the fire from everything that could aid them. Even the boat, anchored at the stern, they could not reach.

"Father! Father! Let us save the new net," called Wild, as Captain Rose and Peter dropped into the boat. "And see! I've fetched an ax to scuttle the yacht," she added, as the boat pushed off to avoid the fire.

It took but a moment to row around and cut loose the other seine-boat, in which lay fully half of the great net.

While Johnny and Peter, Wild and her mother dragged at the other half of the seine, which lay on deck, and was surrounded by flame, to get it into the water, anywhere away from the burning, Captain Rose wielded the ax against the side planks of the "Rosemary," that he might sink her, if possible, and thereby save something for her owner. The planking gave way and the water poured in,



but the flames poured up and over and drove both boats away. With scorched hands, the net being saved, they sorrowfully left the pretty "Rosemary" to her fate and pulled away to witness the burning.

"She's sinking!" cried Peter, as they watched.

"She's surely going down!" echoed Johnny.

"She is!" confirmed Captain Rose, as the mast with flames curling about it swayed and swayed and slowly settled down, lower and lower, until the cooling sea surged into the flame on deck and put out the fire.

The crew had been aroused, in their boarding-house, and had made haste to the shore; but the brave "Rosemary" could cruise no more for them.

"Misfortunes never come single," said the mate, as Captain Rose reached the wharf.

to learn the full extent of the loss. It chanced that only Wild was at home when he arrived, and thus she had opportunity to tell the story in her own words.

"I know," said Wild, "that my father tells the truth always, and he says a ball of fire came right into the cabin and set everything into a blaze, and he would have saved the pretty yacht if he could. I'm very sorry for you, Mr. Wiles," she added, "to lose so much money; and for my father, too, and for everybody; but it is a comfort to know that God took it all, is n't it? I believe He's going to send us back something a great deal better in its place, don't you?"

The oil manufacturer turned away, not knowing what to say to the girl who held such faith in the all-goodness of the Power that rules our



"WITH COURAGE UNDAUNTED THEY ROWED OVER THE WHITE-CAPS TOWARD THE BURNING YACHT."

"Something better than the 'Rosemary' is coming for my father," said Wild. "I *know* there is; but I am glad we've saved the new net with only one edge burned a little—see."

It was in the dawn, and the blackened edge of the netted twine lay on the water between the two boats that had brought it to shore.

The telegram sent over to Connecticut in the early morning of the fifth of July contained the words:

"The 'Rosemary' was struck by lightning and burned to the water's edge last night. Net saved."

The same day, Mr. Wiles crossed to Long Island

lives; nor do we know what to say more than that the seine saved from the burning yacht has been brought across the Sound and reeled here, to await the finding of a new fishing-boat for its captain, John Rose.

For dear Wild Rose's sake we pat its brown meshes softly as we write the last words, and hope that her faith may grow and grow until it blossoms in the good times, and even better times, that she dreams of; for this is a real net and a real reel, and this story has really been written here, and the pretty yacht was struck by lightning and burned on the night of the Fourth of July.



## TINKEY.

BY S. A. SHEILDS.

"SCHOOL-TIME, Tinkey! Nearly nine o'clock!"

Tinkey was in the attic, stretched out at full length upon some sacks of potatoes, reading a fairy story. His Latin grammar lay in front of him, open at the lesson he should have been studying. Tinkey really had intended to divide the hour before school-time between Latin grammar and fairy tales, but when his mother called, he found the hour was over, and the fairy tales had had the whole of it.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tinkey, looking up from his book, and putting his fists under his chin. "Oh, dear!" He kicked up both feet, by way of a preparation for changing his lazy position, and said, wistfully:

"I wish there were fairies nowadays!"

"And who told you there were not?" cried a very sharp, thin voice that came from close before him, right under his nose, it seemed to Tinkey. He looked up quickly. Was that a fairy? It was certainly unlike anything Tinkey had ever seen before, and a sight to startle anybody. A little old woman in a scarlet cloak, a black pointed hat, and tiny high-heeled shoes, leaning upon a crutch, and standing upon the pages of Tinkey's open Latin grammar.

"Who told you there were no fairies?" she repeated, thumping her crutch upon the book, and looking into Tinkey's



"WHO TOLD YOU THERE WERE NO FAIRIES?" SHE REPEATED, bewildered face. "There are just as many fairies now as ever, and they are just as powerful, too.

Dear me, boy, don't stare at me so! The eyes will drop out of your head. You don't believe me, eh?"



"I WISH I WAS THAT CALF AND NEED N'T GO TO SCHOOL!"

"I am sure, ma'am," stammered Tinkey, "I did not say ——"

"No, but you thought! Nobody need ever speak to a fairy. You do not believe I *am* a fairy. Well, perhaps you will, before the day is over, for I mean to grant the very first wish you make. Be careful, now, what you wish for first; for, as surely as I am a fairy, whatever it is, you will get it!"

Then the funny little old woman made one jump on to the sill of the attic window; and Tinkey, looking after her, saw a tiny carriage, with sails like a boat, and ten butterflies harnessed to it, waiting for her. She sprang into it, took a seat, waved her crutch to the astonished boy, and the butterflies carried her up and up in the air until she was quite out of sight.

Wondering, yet half inclined to think he had been dreaming, Tinkey took up his grammar, tucked his fairy-tale book under a potato-sack, and went slowly down the stairs. There was no one in the entry as he took his hat from the rack



and sluggishly dragged his unwilling feet across the garden walk into the road.

Not one single lesson had Tinkey studied, and he was half tempted to wish he knew them all. But, no! He would not waste a fairy wish upon one day's lessons! Perhaps he would wish for a bicycle, or a new fishing-pole, or, better still, for a million million dollars, and then he could buy anything he wanted.

It was a scorching day in June, and the road to school was very hot and dusty, excepting at one spot, where a little wooden bridge crossed a narrow creek that crept through the meadows on each side of the road. The water rippled by with a cooling, musical gurgle, and Tinkey stopped to rest his chin on his hand, his elbow on the railing, and follow the stream with his eyes, into his father's meadow, till it wound around under a clump of large trees,



"HE TRIED TO FIND HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

where a group of cows and their babies stood knee-deep in the water, under the cool, shading branches. The school-bell was clanging noisily; the sun was pouring its hot rays on Tinkey's head; punishment was in store for neglected lessons; and reality for a moment was stronger than hope. Quite forgetting his fairy visitor, Tinkey cried, aloud:

"Oh, dear, I wish I was that red-and-white calf under the willow, and need n't go to school!"

In one second there was a cool rippling of water around Tinkey's feet, and, instead of two legs clothed in dusty trousers, there were four covered with hair, in the running stream, while something went flopping on one side and the other, keeping away all obtrusive flies.

Tinkey turned his head, and took a long look at his hairy sides, his long, awkward legs, and the reflection of his face in the clear water. Then he burst out into one long, wailing cry, the well-known bleat of a distressed calf.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Tinkey. But it sounded like "B-a-a, b-a-a." "I have made my wish, and wasted it by turning myself into a hateful, ugly calf. Oh! Oh!"



"SENT HIM SPRAWLING UPON THE GROUND."

Here a motherly old cow lifted her head, and tossing it up, said:

"Be quiet! Don't make such a row!"

But, as Tinkey had not yet learned the cow language, it only sounded to him like "Moo-o-o," and he paid no attention to it. The old cow lowered her head, and gave him a sharp dig with her horns, which made his tears flow faster than ever. But not being accustomed to weep over a brook, Tinkey wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and, forgetting he no longer possessed pockets, he reared up on his hind legs and tried to find his pocket with his fore legs; he strained his neck in looking up and down his sides, and cut up such antics in the water that the cows became quite indignant at having their quiet so disturbed, and fairly drove him away.

"Mrs. Whiteface always did spoil that calf," said one old cow, pettishly; "he is really too rude to be in decent society, making such a noise and commotion! Just see how he has muddied the water with his capers!"

"Let the little plague amuse himself in the



"TOM BATES, YOU'RE CHEATING!"

sun awhile, until he learns to behave himself properly," grumbled another.

But Mrs. Whiteface, the motherly old cow who



had first spoken to the distressed calf, was sure something dreadful must be the matter with her baby. Never before had he acted so strangely, and, full of anxiety, she slowly waded to the bank



"'HERE I AM, PAPA,' SAID TINKEY, TRYING TO TAKE A SEAT."

and followed him across the meadow. He was seeking a shady spot under a great spreading oak-tree, walking slowly and clumsily along, his head and his tail hanging down in the most disconsolate way.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Whiteface, kindly.

"Moo-o-o," sounded in Tinkey's ears; and, afraid of feeling the old cow's horns again, he tossed up his head, and trotted away as fast as his awkward legs would carry him.

He ran across the meadow, through the corn-field, around the duck-pond and into the yard adjoining the school-house, a bare stretch of ground without shade or shelter. He was all out of breath, and trembling from head to foot, as he stood for a moment's rest under the school-room window. The voice of the school-master came through the open window, calling out the names of the boys.

Now Tinkey's proper name was Frank Kirke, but the school-boys had each a nickname, and were known at home and in play-time quite as well by such names as Tinkey, Bobo, Fuzzy, or Tip, as by their proper names of Frank, Harry, Tom, or George. But Tinkey knew very well who was meant when the master asked:

"Where is Frank Kirke this morning?"

"Here I am, sir," said Tinkey, thrusting his head in at the open window.

"B-a-a-a," said the calf, and all the boys shouted, and the girls giggled, making a great commotion in the school-room. Even the master felt a little twitching in the muscles about his mouth, but he only said, very sternly:

"John Smith, drive that calf away!"

Tinkey looked around for the calf, and then suddenly remembered that he, Tinkey Kirke, was the animal to be driven away.

"John Smith," thought Tinkey, scornfully; "he had better try it. I can lick John Smith any day." So, when John Smith lazily sauntered into the school-yard, he was amazed to see a calf bristling all over with fight, that, before he could make an effort to drive it away, rushed forward, thrust a hairy head between his legs, and sent him sprawling upon the ground.

But Tinkey had forgotten that he could not throw stones, and, before he could make another charge, John had pelted him so rapidly with heavy stones that he was glad to run away, bruised and sore all over. As he stood in the hot June sun, afraid to venture near the water, or into the meadow, Tinkey thought, mournfully, that it was not much fun to be a calf, after all. He wandered about sore and sorry, until, suddenly, with a rush and loud shouts, the boys and girls came pouring out of the school-house.

"Recess! Hurrah!" thought Tinkey, hurrying to join his school-fellows, and quite forgetting he was a calf, as he trotted into the play-ground.

Here were boys eating luncheon, boys playing marbles, boys spinning tops, boys swapping pencils and jackstones, boys whittling "pussy" sticks, but not a boy, no, not one, reading or studying.

Tinkey ambled up to one group after another, but none of the boys noticed him, except to shove him away, if he came too close. His especial



"HE DREAMED OF COOL WATERS AND SHADY LANES."

friend, Jim Jones, was one of three boys playing marbles, and Tinkey, unrecognized and unnoticed, stood near, sadly conscious that he could not use any one of his four long, clumsy legs to join in the game. But as no one drove him away, he stood watching the play until Tom Bates cheated. There was no doubt about it, and Tinkey thrust his head into the group, crying:



"Tom Bates, you 're cheating!" At least, that is what he thought he said. What he really did say, was—"B-a-a-a!"

Never was a game broken up more quickly! Every boy was on his feet, with a stick or a stone, and, in an instant, every other game was abandoned to make general war upon poor Tinkey.

Driven away, he found two boys strolling down the road, talking, and heard this sentence:

"He 's only playing off sick, I know. Tinkey Kirke is the laziest boy in school; he never knows his lessons."

"I 'm no lazier than you are, Bobo Wells," cried Tinkey, in a prolonged "B-a-a-a!" at the same time giving Bobo a vicious dig in the ribs with his head.

"Jiminy!" screamed the boy. "What 's that? Hey! Here 's a young mad bull, boys! Hey! At him!"

Every boy in the play-ground answered the loud call, and Tinkey, with a wholesome fear of stones and sticks, galloped away, followed by a shower of boy ammunition.

He was very sore all over, very weary, very hot, and there came over him a great longing to put his aching head down into his mother's lap to be petted, and have a good cry. He was very hungry, too, and the attempt which he made to eat grass proved a miserable failure. "It is too nasty for anything," Tinkey decided. Just as he reached home, the family were sitting down to dinner, and Mr. Kirke asked:

"Where is Tinkey? He is always late!"

"Here I am, Papa," said Tinkey, in his long "B-a-a-a," walking in at the door and trying to take his seat.

With laughing shouts, the whole family sprang up to drive him away, and Tinkey ran to his mother for protection. Surely, surely, his own dear mother would know him!

But Mrs. Kirke ran screaming away. Something was the matter with the calf, she thought, and she was afraid of it. Mr. Kirke caught him at last, but not until every chair was upset, the table-cloth pulled off, the dishes smashed and scattered, the dinner a wreck, and the room in dire confusion.

Well belabored with a heavy stick, Tinkey was led to the barn and tied up, to think over the delights of being a calf and the misery of being a well-fed school-boy with a happy home.

He was horribly hungry, and made several attempts to eat the hay and oats before him, but he could not swallow them.

On a level with his head there was a kitchen window, plainly visible through the great space left by the barn doors standing wide open. It was baking day, and loaves of bread stood on the table;

three large, tempting pies were cooling on the window-sill, while a pitcher of milk was just behind them on the table. Tinkey tugged and jerked, until he succeeded in breaking the rope holding him, and was once more free. He trotted off to the window, only to meet a new difficulty. It did not occur to him that he could eat a pie in any way but with plate, knife, and fork, or, without these, by taking it in his fingers. His hands, or fore legs, would not reach up to the window-sill, try as hard as he would to make them, and, in his efforts,



"ALL HIS EFFORTS FAILED TO GET EVEN ONE HIND LEG INTO THEM."

he knocked two of the pies to the ground, breaking them to pieces. Only one remained, and, inspired by hunger, Tinkey at last put his nose down to the plate and ate up the pie. By a great effort of stretching he got the pitcher over on its side, and eagerly lapped the milk as it ran out. But, suddenly, a most tremendous blow fell upon his head, as his mother shouted:

"Get out! Go away! Father, the calf has broken loose!"

Quite sure that his father would find a stronger rope the next time, Tinkey ran away as fast as he could, through the cabbage-patch, over the flower-beds, around the house, from the kitchen window to the front porch, where he stood panting and listening as his father hunted in the barn and at the back of the house for him. The front door was standing ajar, and as Tinkey looked at it a brilliant idea rushed into his head—he would go into his own room and take a nap.

His head ached, and every bone in his body seemed to be sore with the variety of hammering he had received. Nobody was about. Indeed, the confusion in the dining-room was likely to keep everybody busy for one afternoon, and



nobody saw Tinkey as he made frantic efforts to walk upstairs on his hind legs, and hold the balusters with his fore legs. By and by it occurred to him to try the ascent with all his legs down, and at last he accomplished it in that way.

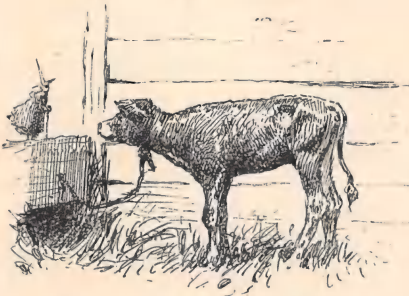
Getting into bed presented another difficulty, as his legs would not go up high enough to scramble in, in his usual fashion, but, after many efforts, the desired result was gained by standing sidewise and rolling himself over. Then a long sleep fell upon the weary little boy-calf, and he dreamed of cool waters, of shady lanes, of refreshing drink, until a welcome sound awakened him—the tea-bell.

But he was confused by his nap, and he mistook the bell for the summons to breakfast. Upon a chair were thrown his best suit and some clean underclothing that his mother had been mending; and, knowing he would be late, as he must have failed to hear his mother's usual morning summons, Tinkey scrambled awkwardly to the floor and took up a shirt.

By a great effort he reared up, and tried to lift this garment over his head. All in vain! Struggle as he would, it only hung upon the hoofs that had no fingers to grasp it, until it fell upon the floor. Perhaps he could do better with the trousers! At least he could try.

But the trousers were still worse. He braced himself against the wall, and hung the waistband upon his fore legs, but all his efforts failed to get even one hind leg into them. He reeled over, he fell upon the floor, he reared up, and tipped over. He even tried to crawl into his clothes, after pushing them into place upon the floor.

But it was of no use, and, while he was still working over this problem, harder than any sum he had ever puzzled out in school, the door opened.



“SO YOU DO BELIEVE I AM A FAIRY?”

Again that dreadful shout, now so familiar to him, fell upon his ears, as Bob, his younger brother, rushed into the room.

“Oh, Papa! Mamma! Here ’s fun. Here ’s that calf in our room, pulling Tinkey’s clothes all over the floor!”

“You just shut up!” said Tinkey, in a terrific “B-a-a-a!”

“Sho! Get out of my room!” shouted Bob.

“It is just as much my room as it is yours,” cried Tinkey, angrily, dashing at Bob and driving him against the wall. “Oh! Oh! Papa! Come! He ’s killing me!” yelled Bob.

“You big baby,” sneered Tinkey, in calf language. “I have n’t touched you!”

But while he spoke, Mr. Kirke and two hired men were coming up the stairs, and another chase ended in poor Tinkey’s defeat.

But it was not until the neat, pretty bed-room of an hour previous looked as if there had been a whirlwind through it. Everything that could be knocked down *was* knocked down; everything that could be smashed *was* smashed; and from the dire confusion he had made, Tinkey was at last led out, and tied, very strongly this time, with these words of his father’s to comfort him:

“I can’t imagine,” said Mr. Kirke, “what ails that calf; but I will send him to the butcher’s in the morning!”

Tied up securely, the barn doors closed and fastened, Tinkey had plenty of time to think over his day’s experience.

The butcher! Cold chills ran over him, as he thought of the long, bright knife he had seen many times in the hands of the butcher. Great tears ran down his face, and he was bitterly regretting his rash wish, when there was a soft whirr in the air, and the fairy car, drawn by butterflies, floated down upon a corn-bin. The wee woman stepped daintily down, and walked along the edge until she stood in front of poor, shivering Tinkey.

“So,” she said, “you don’t like it! You are tired already of being a calf!”

“Oh, yes! yes! Very tired! Please, dear Mrs. Fairy, make me a boy once more, and I will never, never be so foolish again!”

“I ’m not so sure of that! You don’t like Latin grammar.”

“But I like it better than being stoned and beaten and driven about. Oh, please, please don’t go away and leave me a calf, dear Mrs. Fairy.”

“Oh, ho! So you do believe I am a fairy?”

“I am sure of it.”

“I will not be a cruel fairy, then. You shall have one more wish. Be a boy again!”

She waved her wand as she spoke, and a queer, numb feeling crept over Tinkey. The barn faded away; the fairy car floated up out of sight; for a moment all was black, and then he found himself lying on the potato-sack, in the attic, with the Latin grammar still open before him.

With a joyful shout he sprang to his feet, very glad to be a boy once more!



## THE CONSCIENTIOUS CORREGGIO CAROTHERS.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

CORREGGIO CAROTHERS was a man of much renown;  
 The dolls he made and painted were the talk of all the town;  
 In a room half shop, half study, he would gayly work away,  
 Completing, by his diligence, one dozen dolls a day.

If it chanced to be fine weather, every Monday he would go  
 With a number to the toyman's, where he 'd lay them in a row;  
 And some would be so beautiful that one could scarce refrain  
 From kissing them; while others would be very, very plain!



"Correggio, Correggio," the toyman oft would cry,  
 "Oh, why do you persist in making dolls no one will buy?  
 In my second-story wareroom I have hundreds stored away;  
 And, if each had a pretty face, they 'd not be there to-day!"

"My work is conscientious, sir," he proudly would explain;  
 "As dolls are mimic people, some of them must needs be plain.  
 I can not, I assure you, give good looks to every doll,  
 Since beauty is a priceless gift that does not come to all!"



## THE YELLOW PANE.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

WHEN overhead the gray clouds meet,  
 And the air is heavy with mist and rain,  
 She clammers up to the window seat,  
 And watches the storm through the yellow pane.

At the painted window she laughs with glee;  
 She smiles at the clouds with a sweet disdain,

And calls: "Now, Papa, it's sunshine to me,"  
 As she presses her face to the yellow pane.

Dear child, in life should the gray clouds roll,  
 Heavy with grief, o'er thy path amain,  
 Stealing the sunlight from thy soul,  
 God keep for thee somewhere a yellow pane!

## AN EARLY AMERICAN REBELLION.

BY F. N. DOUBLEDAY.

THE event I want to tell you about took place more than two hundred years ago, and it was exactly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was framed at Philadelphia—which makes the date 1676, an easy one to remember. If you will recollect this date and the story of Bacon's Rebellion, you will have learned of one of the most important and interesting occurrences in the history of our early colonies. The affair was of so much consequence that I should think every American would be familiar with the story; but if you will ask some of the older people what it was all about, they will very likely answer that they "used to know, but somehow have forgotten," and they "have not studied United States history for so long a time, you know"—or in other words of that kind.

All that now remains of old Jamestown, the first settlement made by the English under the famous Captain John Smith, is an old stone wall which once formed a side of the first church in Virginia, where the people assembled from all the country around to worship as their custom had been in England.

At the time of which we write, Jamestown was quite a colony; the people had built for themselves comfortable houses; the ground they cultivated yielded them good crops of tobacco, much of which they sent to England, where it was just beginning to be considered a great luxury. They received a good price for their commodities, and they would have gotten along very well if they had not happened to have a very unsatisfactory government, which taxed their lands heavily and interfered greatly with their liberty.

The Governor of Virginia at this time was Sir

William Berkeley, who had been appointed to the post by his King, Charles II. of England. Sir William was not a popular officer; he was grand and dignified; he felt himself to be above the common people. He lived in Jamestown, a short distance above the James River, in a big house, which was filled with servants and attendants. In everything he did he sought to make a great show and to appear very grand. When he rode about, he went in a ponderous great coach; nothing in Virginia had ever been seen like it, and by the simple planters it was regarded with awe. He could afford to cut such a fine figure and to keep up such style, because he was very rich, and made a great deal of money from the Indians, to whom he sold gunpowder; and as he was the only one allowed to trade in that dangerous commodity, you may be sure his profits were enormous.

To disturb such good customers as the Indians was far from his intention. Although the savages often attacked the settlers, and carried off cattle and sheep whenever they had a chance,—and they took care to make a good many chances,—the Governor would not seriously attack them, and issued a mandate forbidding any company of settlers to do so.

Among the owners of plantations was a young man of good family, named Nathaniel Bacon. He was warm-hearted and generous; the sufferings of his neighbors had awakened his sympathies, and he determined to make some effort to lessen their troubles. Although only thirty years old, the settlers must have had great confidence in him, for they had already elected him to a seat in the Governor's council.



When, therefore, this man called his neighbors together and said that, whether the Governor liked it or not, he meant to go out against the Indians with whosoever would follow him, four hundred men immediately placed themselves under his command.

The company started; but they had not gone far when a messenger came up with them, and, in the name of the Governor, denounced all those as rebels who should not return immediately to their houses and abandon the expedition.

Now, in those days, to be known as a rebel was a very serious matter. It meant that the person thus entitled would be the victim of any abuse the

started out to drive off the Indians who had robbed them and slain their friends, and they would finish the undertaking.

The little band now pressed forward into the wilderness, confident of soon coming on the savages and striking a quick and decisive blow. But they learned, as many have learned since, that one of the most difficult parts of Indian warfare is to find the Indians. For days they wandered about, keeping up an earnest but fruitless search. Then a new trouble appeared: their supply of food ran low; starvation looked them in the face; it seemed for a time that nothing remained to do but to return in humility to Jamestown and submit to what punishment the Governor might be pleased to inflict.

Bacon's pluck, however, never failed; he sought to encourage his men by cheering words and to push on till food could be obtained of some friendly tribe. It was in this, their darkest hour, when all were disheartened, that they suddenly came upon the hostile Indians. The spirits of the little band of white men rallied instantly. Now was the time to show that it was not safe to rob and kill the English settlers. Before the savages had time to prepare, an attack was made on their stronghold. For a time the fight was fierce; but quickly the Indians wavered, deserted their defense, and fled into the thick woods. The victory was complete, although the red men numbered three times as many



GOVERNOR BERKELEY CHALLENGES BACON TO SHOOT HIM.

people might choose to heap on him, and not only would he be made the object of taunts and jeers, but if the Governor and his council should so decree, his property, of whatever kind, might be taken from him. Among so many difficulties the "rebel" would be in a sorry plight indeed.

None understood better than Bacon's men the danger they ran in disobeying Sir William's command; and, although all the four hundred were attached to their young leader, only fifty-seven had the courage to stick by him. But those who were left were brave and determined men; they had

as the little company of half-famished settlers.

Bacon hurried back to Jamestown. He was satisfied that, for a while at least, no trouble was to be feared from their old tormentors. The news had gone before him, and the people received the brave leader and his men with every show of joy and esteem; they insisted that, in spite of his being a "rebel," he should again occupy in the council the seat to which they had elected him.

Of course, Bacon's triumph over the Indians did not add to Berkeley's regard for him. But the Governor was shrewd enough to see that this was



no time to inflict punishment; so, after the young man had asked forgiveness for going against the Indians without permission, he no doubt thought it a great condescension when, a few days after, the Governor accosted him in the Council-room, saying, with a great deal of affected sorrow: "Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but until next quarter court, I will promise to return you to your place there," and he pointed to Bacon's empty seat.

The quiet that now reigned in Jamestown did not last long; for soon the cry went around the country: "Bacon is fled!" "Bacon is fled!" and tumult and uncertainty ensued. The forgiven rebel had doubted the Governor's sincerity, and had fled for safety. Moreover, he was dissatisfied, and wished to have the right to go against the foes of the colony whenever he might think proper. So, once more he gathered his friends around him, and within a few days he returned to Jamestown, which he entered without resistance, accompanied by five hundred armed men. All was confusion in the settlement; no one in authority dared to act.

Bacon issued an order commanding the members of the Council to appear before him, and while he waited he walked excitedly along a line of troops drawn up to receive the expected Councilmen. Of a sudden, some one forced a way through the crowd, and made toward the young leader. It was Governor Berkeley, pale and agitated. Scarcely knowing what he did, he thrust himself before Bacon, and baring his breast, cried: "Here! Shoot me! 'Fore God, fair mark! Shoot!"

Bacon stepped back, resting one hand on his sheathed sword, and respectfully holding his hat in the other. Simply, and with cool politeness, he said to the frantic Governor: "No; may it please your honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We have come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, and," he added, with less calmness, "we shall have it before we go."

Sir William said nothing, but turned and walked away. The next day Bacon

received his commission, granting him the right to go against the Indians whenever he might choose.

But their strife did not end here. When Bacon next attacked the savages, the Governor denounced him again as a traitor; and when Bacon heard of it, he replied: "We will go see why he calls us traitors;" to which his men all shouted, "Amen!" But when Berkeley found that the man he had called a traitor was coming back to Jamestown, he fled, and tried to rally a few followers to support him against his enemy. These friends having come together, as soon as he began to speak, cried, "Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!" and refused to listen. All this and a great deal more is related in the full history of Jamestown.

When the troops arrived, the Governor was nowhere to be found, for he had sailed down the James River, to be out of harm's way. In a tumult of excitement and rage the men set fire to the houses; and from the deck of his ship the craven Governor looked on helplessly at the destruction of what to him had been a little kingdom. It took but a few hours to completely destroy the little settlement: the people then dispersed, and in process of time built new houses for themselves among the surrounding plantations. It was, perhaps, on the whole, well that Jamestown was destroyed; for the place was very unhealthy.

In this expedition Bacon brought on a serious illness by exposure and fatigue; he rapidly became worse, and soon died. He was deeply mourned by the people, for during his short life he had been a faithful friend and protector to them.

Governor Berkeley staid in America several years after this, and when he was recalled home, in dishonor, he was a feeble old man, and he did not long survive his disgrace.

This old Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, was never rebuilt, and the church wall, covered now with vines a century old, is all that remains to mark the spot where once so much that was stirring and interesting took place.



THE OLD CHURCH WALL AT JAMESTOWN.



## TAG'S 'COON.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



"WHAT 'S DAT!"—EVERYBODY STARTED IN AFFRIGHT." [SEE PAGE 686.]

IT was a bright scene in front of the house at Ormsley farm, one September night, just after supper. The night was dark, but the lawn and the porch were lighted up by several torches of "fat pine," which were blazing in the hands of some negro men and boys; a number of dogs were running about, barking and yelping as if they were impatient to go somewhere; three white boys stood on the steps of the porch, talking to some young ladies who seemed in a very merry mood; and in the door stood a pleasant-faced, middle-aged gentleman.

"What are you all waiting for?" said this latter personage. "You make so much preparation and noise that I don't believe you'll do any hunting at all, and I'm afraid that Walter will never see a 'coon until some steady person like myself goes out with him."

"Oh, Father," cried one of the young ladies, "if Walter never sees a 'coon till you go with him,

he'll have to buy a book on natural history to find out how the animal looks."

"Perhaps that is true," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Early has gone to tie up Tag," said one of the boys on the steps. "You know we can't start till he is tied up. But here comes Early, and now we are off, sir."

The boys ran down the steps, and started away, followed by the dogs, the negro boys carrying the torches, and the negro man with an ax.

"Good luck to you!" shouted one of the girls from the porch. "If you don't find a 'coon, perhaps we'll take Walter out some night."

Walter Mason was a boy from the North, on a visit to his Virginia cousins, Gilbert and Joe, who were now taking him out on his first 'coon hunt.

The party rapidly made its way out of the great gate, across the road, and over the fields, toward a high hill-side covered with forests, about a mile from



the house. Here the 'coon hunters entered a wood-road, and more slowly made their way among the high trees. They had gone but a short distance into the woods, the dogs sniffing and yelping ahead of them, when a rush and a bark were heard behind the party, and, in a moment, a large dog was jumping and barking around Gilbert and Joe.

"Here is Tag!" cried Gilbert. "Why, Early, I thought you 'd tied him up."

"Dat no 'count good-for-nuffin' Tag!" exclaimed Early, the negro man. "I done tied him up, but he 's bruck loose."

"We might as well give up 'coon hunting now," said Joe.

"I 'se a great mind to hit yo' in de head wid de ax," said Early, glaring at the dog. "What yo' mean, sar, comin' here to spile de fun?"

"Let him alone," said Gilbert. "Now he 's here, he 'll have to stay. Perhaps he wont spoil the fun after all."

Tag was a long-bodied, woolly dog, with a black face and a tawny body. On looking at him, one could not help thinking he ought to be a handsome dog, but he was not. He looked as if he were a good watch-dog, but he was not that. He was not a good sheep\*-dog. He would not drive hogs. He caught no rats. In fact, he was of no use at all; and was justly called by Early "a no 'count dog." Nobody wanted him on a 'coon hunt, because it was well known that Tag would never pursue rabbits, nor any other creature, but would jump among the other dogs and begin to fight them, and so give the game a chance to escape. He was larger than the other dogs, and would probably interfere so much with them if they were after a 'coon that there would be no sport at all. But now he was here they must make the best of him, and so they started on again.

Tag was certainly an absurd dog. The other dogs were now on the track of a 'coon, but he paid no attention to this important fact, and trotted along by himself as if he had changed his mind about joining the party and was thinking about going home. Reaching a cross-road he turned into it, and ran quickly into the darkness.

"Tag's done gone!" suddenly exclaimed one of the negroes.

"Glad of it," said Joe. "I hope he wont come back! And now, boys, keep your pine-knots burning, or we shall all break our necks."

The whole party was now hurrying forward as fast as the darkness, only fitfully dispelled by the light of the torches, would allow. The dogs were far ahead, and when the boys came up to them they were barking and clawing at the foot of a tall persimmon tree.

"Now, Walter," cried Gilbert, "they 've treed a

'coon. He is somewhere up that tree. We 'll cut it down, and then we 'll have him."

Two of the negro boys were holding the torches as high up as they could. "Dar he!" cried one of them—"dar he, Mahs'r Joe."

Looking up, the boys saw in a crotch of the tree, not very far above them, a mass of fur, not larger than a lady's muff, with a sharp nose and two twinkling eyes in front of it, and a cross-barred tail hanging down behind.

"Is that the 'coon?" cried Walter.

"That is the 'coon!" joyfully replied his cousins.

"Cl'ar away now!" shouted Early, beginning to swing his ax, "and I 'll have dis yer tree down in no time."

With strong arms, Early now began to cut into the tree. The chips flew, the dogs barked, the boys shouted, and the 'coon sat up aloft and watched the whole affair with its little twinkling eyes. Soon the tree began to lean slightly to one side. "Stand back!" cried Joe. And then it came crashing down.

At this moment the hunters and the dogs sprang forward, and the 'coon sprang, too. But the boys and the dogs sprang toward the top of the tree as it lay on the ground, while the 'coon sprang on the branch of a chestnut tree it brushed in its fall. The dogs dashed in among the fallen branches, and the hunters, with their torches, looked in vain for the game.

"Whar dat coon?" cried Early. But no one could give him an answer.

Gilbert was an observing and thoughtful boy, and he presently suggested that the 'coon must have jumped into the chestnut tree as the persimmon fell. It was not easy to see into the thick foliage of the chestnut, but the torches, being held up, soon revealed the 'coon creeping cautiously out toward the end of one of the lower branches.

"Climb up dar, you 'Lijah," said Early to one of the negro boys, "and shake him off. If you jump on de lim' he 'll drap."

"P'r'aps he 'll bite me," said Elijah, reluctantly climbing the tree, assisted by a boost from the other boy.

"Go 'long, and jump on de lim'," said Early. "De 'coon wont bite you if you don't bite him."

Elijah clambered out on the limb, and, standing on it, took hold of the branch above, and began to shake the branch he stood on. The 'coon was a good deal bounced, but he did not intend to be shaken off. He turned and ran along the limb toward the tree. Elijah, sure he was about to be attacked, gave a yell of horror, and drew himself up with his hands, jerking his bare feet and legs high into the air. The 'coon dashed under him, reached the trunk of the tree, and disappeared.



Whether he ran out on another limb and got upon a neighboring tree,—for the woods were very thick just here,—or whether he had concealed himself in the top of the chestnut, the hunters could not tell.

Early himself climbed up into the tree, and a torch was handed him, but he could see nothing of the 'coon. The tree was too valuable to be cut down, and the hunters concluded they would have to let that 'coon go.

"I hate to give up a thing like that," said Joe, "but it 's no use wasting our time. There are plenty more 'coons in these woods."

Off they went again, dogs, boys and Early, and in less than fifteen minutes they were all after another 'coon. This creature did not seem to want to go up a tree, and it led the dogs and hunters a doleful chase. Through thickets and brambles, over fallen trees, half the time in darkness and guided only by the noise of the dogs, the boys pushed bravely on.

"This is hard work, Walter," said Joe, as the two boys panted along together, "but we are bound to get a 'coon. I 'd be ashamed to go back to the house without one."

"That 's so," cried Walter, cheerfully; "we 're not going to give it up yet."

When at last the 'coon was kind enough to go up a tree, the hunters had descended to the other side of the hill, and found themselves on the bank of a small creek. The 'coon had run up a low, crooked tree on the very edge of the water, and the dogs were furiously barking below.

"You 'll have to be careful how you cut down this tree," said Joe to Early, "and see that it falls on shore and not into the water."

"I don't reckon I 'll have to cut it any way," cried Early, who was holding a torch out over the creek. "Look-a-dar! He 's gwine to jump!"

Everybody looked, and they saw the 'coon sitting near the end of a limb that hung over the water. He was a larger animal than the other one, and much quicker in making up his mind. The next instant, he leaped from the limb and plunged into the water.

"At him! Sic him! Catch him!" shouted the boys, and the dogs dashed into the water. Before the 'coon could reach the other side the dogs surrounded him, and a terrible fight ensued.

In the water a 'coon has great advantages over dogs, as these fellows soon found out. The 'coon seemed to have half a dozen mouths, and every dog snarled and yelped as if they had all been bitten at the same moment. They kept up a furious attack, however, upon their common foe; the boys and negroes, meanwhile, urging them on with shouts and cries.

There was one dog in the water that belonged

to Joe. This was a setter named Ponto, and was, indeed, much too good a dog to go on a 'coon hunt. The 'coon appeared to find out that Ponto was the best of the dogs, and thinking, probably, that if he conquered him he could get away from the others, he seized the setter by the nose and began to pull his head into the water.

Poor Ponto jerked up his head, and the other dogs splashed and snapped at the 'coon, who was nearly out of sight beneath the surface; but the brave little creature held on firmly, and down went Ponto's head again.

Everybody was greatly excited, and especially Joe. He was sure his dear Ponto would be drowned. The struggling animals in the creek had drifted a little down the stream, and were near a fallen log that lay across the creek. On to this log sprang Joe. If he could seize his Ponto he would pull him out of the water, 'coon and all. But, alas! there was a crack and a crash! The rotten log broke in the middle, and down went Joe into the dark stream! For a moment he disappeared, and then, by the light of the uplifted torches, he could be seen struggling to his feet.

In an instant Gilbert, Walter, and Early dashed in to his assistance. The water was about up to their waists, but they did not stop to think whether it was deep or shallow.

Early seized Joe, and attempted to pull him to the bank, but Joe, by this time, had hold of Ponto, whose nose was held by the 'coon, upon whose hind quarters and tail two dogs had now fastened, and so the negro man had rather a heavy tow. Joe shouted to him to let go of him, for he was not going to leave Ponto. Gilbert also seized hold of the setter, and Walter made several cracks at the coon with a stick he had picked up.

Suddenly all was darkness. The negro boys on the banks, in their excitement, had forgotten to renew their fat-pine torches, and for some minutes Elijah had held the only one left burning; this had burned down to his fingers without his noticing it, and then he had suddenly dropped it.

In the dark confusion which then ensued, everybody scrambled to shore, but Joe did not let go of Ponto. The boy and the dog climbed up the bank together, but there was no 'coon on Ponto's nose. Gilbert had some matches in an upper pocket, and there were several pine-knots left. These were lighted, and the boys looked at one another and laughed.

Joe was wet all over, and the others were dripping to their waists. The dogs were climbing out of the water, and the 'coon was gone.

"Look h'yere!" cried Early to the negro boys, "jump 'round lively now, and pick up some dry wood! We 'se got to have a fire and all get dry



afore dere 's any more huntin' done. I don't want to take anybody home wid de rheumatiz."

It was not long before a fire was blazing merrily in an open space among the trees, and those of the party who had been in the creek were glad to gather around it and dry themselves. Ponto, who had had enough active exercise for the present, remained with the group near the fire, but the other dogs were scattered about in the woods, sniffing around for the track of another 'coon.

Joe was just beginning to feel that he was about half dry,—and that is generally dry enough for a boy who has a good deal of walking or running before him,—when, suddenly, among the trees, a short distance from the fire, was heard a dreadful crash. High overhead there was a sound of breaking limbs, then a rush and a clatter, and a thump on the ground, followed by a muffled cry and a great stir and confusion among the dark and spectral trees.

Everybody started in affright, and the eyes and mouths of the negroes flew wide open.

"What 's dat?" whispered Early, his legs trembling beneath him.

Nobody answered a word. In fact, the white boys were nearly startled out of their wits.

The disturbing noise had now ceased, and in a moment Elijah opened his mouth: "It 's little Jacob!" he gasped.

"Little Jacob!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes," said Elijah; "he done died day 'fore yist'day."

"Stupid!" said Joe, who was now beginning to recover himself. "You darkey boys are always looking out for ghosts. What do you suppose poor little Jacob would be doing up a tree?"

"And he was so drefel thin," said Early, who was glad to assure himself that he had not heard a ghost, "he could neber 'a' made all dat noise a-fallin'."

"Let 's go and see what it is," said Walter. And the white boys, followed at a little distance by the negroes, proceeded cautiously to the spot where they had heard the noise. There, by the light of the fire and the torch, they saw upon the ground a large dead limb, broken to piecces, while in the trees above them there began a flapping and a fluttering.

"Oh, hi!" cried Early, holding up a torch. "I'll tell you what all dis bizness is, Mahs'r Joe. Dem yar 's tukkey-buzzards a-roostin' up dar. Dey was scared by de fire, and one of 'em jumped on de rotten limb and down come he. And dat was de whole magnitude of de t'ing! And, now, I tell yo' what 't is, yo' boys," said he, turning to Elijah and his companion, "yo' ought to be 'shame' o' yo'selves, bein' skeered at ghos'es. Yo 's allus get-

ting skeered half to death every time you hears a little noise."

"Oh, ho!" cried Elijah, boldly. "Yo' was skeered yo'self, Uncle Early. Yo' done reckoned it was little Jacob, coffin and all!"

The white boys burst out laughing. "You were just as much frightened as anybody, Early," said Gilbert.

"I neber did hear anybody make such a talkin' and clatterin' as dese two boys," said Early, still glowering at Elijah and the other negro. "Dey 's enough to frighten all de 'coons out o' de woods."

"Come on!" cried Joe. "We are ready to start now, and we'll see if there are any 'coons left."

The party clambered up the hill again, considering it better to make their way toward home. They had scarcely reached the top of the ridge when the dogs started another 'coon. The hunters followed for a short distance, but as the chase led down into a deep ravine, filled with brushwood and bushes, the boys stopped, feeling that they had had enough of that rough kind of work for the night.

The late moon had now arisen, and by its light the boys could see the dogs clamoring at the foot of a tall tulip-poplar tree on the other side of the ravine.

"That 's the meanest thing of all!" cried Joe. "There 's a 'coon in that tree, and he just went up there to make us feel badly. He knows we can't cut down that tree, for it is the finest poplar in these woods. People come out here just to look at it. We might as well keep on. But I do hate to go home without a 'coon. I hope the folks are all in bed."

The boys found it very difficult indeed to get the dogs away from the poplar tree. The animals would not listen to their calls, and the negroes were at last obliged to cross the ravine, and drive them away from the tree. The party had now reached the wood-road by which it had first entered the forest.

The torches were all burned out, but the light of the moon occasionally breaking through the tree-tops enabled the hunters to see their way. It was not long before they heard the barking of a dog in the distance.

"Have any of those dogs got off again?" said Joe, turning to Early. "I told you to keep them with us. We don't want any more break-neck chases to-night."

"Dey 'se all here, Mahs'r Joe," said Early. "I done tied a string to old Zack and I'm leadin' him, and de udders wont go for no 'coon widout he goes fust."

"The dogs are all here," said Gilbert, who had



called them to him. "It must be some other dog we hear."

The barking of this dog was heard more plainly as they proceeded, and when they reached a cross-road, Early stopped and exclaimed:

"Mahs'r Joe, dat 's Tag!"

"It can't be Tag," said Joe; "he went home long ago."

"It 's bound to be dat dog," persisted Early. "I knows his bark just as well as if 't was my old dad a-speakin' to me."

"Let 's go see!" said Joe. And the whole party ran along the road.

They had just gone around a little bend, when they saw Tag at the foot of a tall young tree. He was standing on his hind legs, with his fore feet against the tree, barking furiously.

"Well I declare!" cried Joe; "I do believe that Tag has treed a 'coon!"

There was no doubt of the fact. On one of the straggling limbs of the tree, which stood out in the full moonlight, a 'coon could be plainly seen.

"Did yo' eber see such a dog as Tag!" shouted Early. "He 's been a tryin' to scratch up dis tree by de roots. He 's done dug holes all 'roun' it."

"I guess he 's been here all the time," said Joe.

"And what 's more," said Gilbert, "I believe that he was on the track of that 'coon when he first turned into the road and left us."

"And if we 'd followed him I guess we might have had a 'coon long ago, might n't we?" asked Walter.

"I reckon so," said Joe; "but nobody ever follows Tag."

"I s'pose it 's about time to quit preachin' and go to cuttin'," said Early. And, taking the ax from his shoulder, he began to hack away at the tree.

Tag retired to a little distance, and sat down on his haunches, apparently satisfied that he had done all that could be expected of him, and that the enterprise would now be carried on by other parties. The boys, white and negro, stood back, holding the dogs out of the way of Early's ax. In a very short time the tree came crashing down. As its top fell into the road the dogs and the hunters dashed to the spot, and the 'coon was seized almost before he touched the ground.

Then there was a lively time! The 'coon laid down on his back, spinning around like a top, and bit and clawed until the dogs became almost afraid to touch him. Tag absolutely refused to have anything to do with the fight, and Ponto, whose nose was still sore from his adventure in the creek,

was not at all anxious to have another 'coon fasten upon him, and therefore showed but little zeal in this affray.

Then Joe, who was fearful that the 'coon would spring up and get away from the dogs, ordered Early to kill him with a club, which was accordingly done.

The 'coon was hung to a pole, and the hunters started home in triumph, everybody petting and patting Tag.

"Wid Tag to tree 'em, an' a bull-pup to fight 'em," said Early to his two companions as they followed in the rear of the party, "an' me to cut down de tree, dere would n't be no use for nobody else gwine on a 'coon hunt 'round here."

"Yo' go 'long wid yo' blowin', Uncle Early," said Elijah, contemptuously; "de tukkey-buzzards 'ud frighten yo' cl'ar out de woods!"

When the hunters reached home, they found the house lighted and the family up. It was late, but nobody wanted to go to bed until the 'coon hunters returned. The 'coon was pronounced a splendid one, and Mr. Ormsley gave directions to have it carefully skinned.

"Who do you suppose really got the 'coon?" asked Joe.

"Give it up," cried everybody, anxious to know.

"Tag!" said Joe.

"Not Tag!" cried the girls.

"Yes, Tag!" said Gilbert.

"Tag?" ejaculated Mr. Ormsley.

And the boys, in chorus, answered: "Tag!"



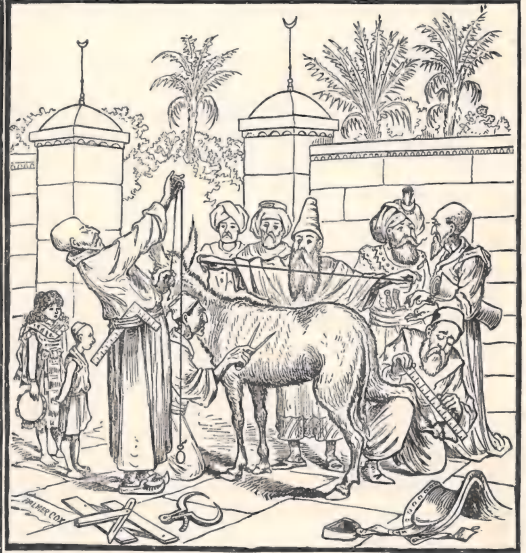


## THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

BY PALMER COX.

THERE was a Sultan of the East  
 Who used to ride a stubborn beast;  
 A marvel of the donkey-kind,  
 That much perplexed his owner's mind.

The beast was measured o'er with care;  
 They proved him by the plumb and square,  
 The compass to his ribs applied,  
 And every joint by rule was tried;



By turns he moved a rod ahead,  
 Then backed a rod or so instead.  
 And thus the day would pass around,  
 The Sultan gaining little ground.  
 The servants on before would stray  
 And pitch their tents beside the way,  
 And pass the time as best they might  
 Until their master hove in sight.  
 The Sultan many methods tried:  
 He clicked and coaxed and spurs applied,  
 And stripped a dozen trees, at least,  
 Of branches, to persuade the beast.  
 But all his efforts went for naught;  
 No reformation could be wrought.  
 At length, before the palace gate  
 He called the wise men of the state,  
 And bade them now their skill display  
 By finding where the trouble lay.

With solemn looks and thoughts profound,  
 The men of learning gathered round.



But nothing could the doctors find  
 To prove he differed from his kind.  
 Said they: "Your Highness! It appears  
 The beast is sound from hoof to ears;



No outward blemishes we see  
 To limit action fair and free.  
 In view of this, the fact is plain  
 The mischief lies within the brain.  
 Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,  
 A sail upon his back you fix,  
 Of goodly size, to catch the breeze  
 And urge him forward where you please."

The Sultan well their wisdom praised.  
 Two masts upon the beast were raised,  
 And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,

With halliards, spanker-boom, and sail,  
 In proper shape equipped was he,  
 As though designed to sail the sea!

And when the Sultan next bestrode  
 That beast upon a lengthy road,  
 With favoring winds that whistled strong  
 And swiftly urged the craft along,  
 The people cleared the track with speed;  
 And old and young alike agreed  
 A stranger sight could not be found,  
 From side to side the province round.

## THE EXTRA TRAIN.

BY YOUNG JOE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SECRET.

YOU'D better believe I was glad when that letter came from Uncle Joe; for Mother and Father had promised me that, if I should get a good average in my marks at school, I might go and spend the vacation at Uncle Joe's. I put in and studied like a Trojan, and, at the end of the term, I stood third in my class. Jim Stearns and Wally Lyon were ahead of me; but Jim is sixteen, and Wally's mother helps him at home. At any rate, Father and Mother were satisfied, and that's all I cared for.

But, about Uncle Joe's letter. Oh, was n't I glad! Uncle Joe is a splendid man; I was named after him, and he always calls me Young Joe. He lives in Massachusetts and is President of a Railway Company. He said in the letter that I must be sure to come, for he was going to take us young ones away somewhere to have a good time all summer.

As luck would have it, school was just over when the letter came. I was measured for a new roughing suit of clothes; Father bought me a stunning fishing-rod and tackle, and I squeezed in my baseball and bats after Mother had packed my trunk—I had to laugh when I saw how she had put all the socks and handkerchiefs in little rows and piles. I thought they would n't stay that way a great while. And right on the top of all I put the presents I bought for Cousin Hal and Susy and Baby Bunting. At last I started. I went by the Fall River boat, and Father stood on the pier waving his handkerchief until we were out of sight.

Cousin Hal met me at the train the next morning when I got out. They were all real glad to see me, and Aunt Maria had a tip-top breakfast. Hal's school had closed the day before; but Uncle Joe said we should not start off on our trip until the next week, so we should have two or three days to knock around in.

It was a great secret where we were going. Hal did n't know. Susy did n't know. And when we asked any questions Uncle Joe had a funny twinkle in his eye and Aunt Maria laughed. They said it was n't to the seaside, nor to the mountains, nor to a hotel, nor to a boarding-house, nor on a ship, nor in a tent. At last, Susy guessed "up in a balloon," and everybody laughed; but Uncle Joe shook his head again, and so we gave up guessing.

That was on Sunday night, just before we went upstairs. Hal went down, when he was half-undressed, to ask if it was in a cave; and when his father said "no," Hal said, then it could n't be anywhere. We went to bed at nine o'clock, for we were going to start early the next morning.

Hal and I were up before everybody else. We could n't eat much breakfast, in spite of all that Aunt Maria said. We had a good many things to see to. Hal was going to take his dog, Susy her canary, and Baby Bunting a pet rabbit, which we carried in a box. Uncle Joe said it was a regular menagerie.

We went down to the depot in two carriages, with a lumber wagon behind to carry all the baggage. We had hardly got there, when the train came along. We had a whole car to ourselves, and, as Uncle Joe is the President, of course we were "passed," and the conductor did n't come around to take our tickets. So Hal made believe



he was the conductor, and put a badge on his hat and went up and down the aisle, calling out at every step, "Tickets, please!" and Baby Bunting gave him a bit of card, and it tickled Baby Bunting 'most to death.

We went through a good many towns and places, but we did n't stop, except once to "water up." It was past noon when all at once we "slowed up," in a wild sort of place out in the woods, and pretty soon we began to back. We backed and backed as much as a quarter of a mile, on a side track, until we came to a place that was all woods on one side and clear, open fields upon the other; and then we stopped. We asked Uncle Joe what it meant, but he told us to keep still and we should see very soon; and then he got up and went out and talked with the engineer and brakemen. We could n't hear what they said, but pretty soon the engine went off and left us. We told Aunt Maria, and she laughed again, but said nothing.

By and by, Uncle Joe came back and said: "Now, youngsters, come with me!"

We all jumped up and followed him in Indian file. He went out and unlocked the door of the next car and told us to go in. We rushed past him into the car and stopped, and all cried:

"Oh!"

What do you think it was? Why, the car was made into a parlor—not a Pullman palace-car, but a regular parlor, such as we have at home. All the seats had been taken out, there was a carpet on the floor, there were the sofa and easy chairs from Aunt Maria's room put around the wall, there was the piano at one side, there was a center-table and some shelving for books, just like a room at home.

We asked Uncle Joe lots of questions, but he only smiled and again said: "Come along!" and went on to the next car. Then we all shouted again, for that was fixed up for three sleeping-rooms: one for Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria, at one end, a little one in the middle for Susy and Baby Bunting, and then one at the other end for Hal and me. There were six little iron beds, and all the rooms were divided off with heavy curtains, and there were funny little wash-stands, and combs and brushes, and lots of nails to hang our clothes on, and it was just the jolliest thing you ever saw!

Then Uncle Joe led us into the next car, and there was a dining-room—a large table in the middle, a lot of chairs, and a cupboard up in the corner with plenty of crockery.

As soon as we saw that, we all clapped our hands and cried out:

"Oh! now we know the secret: we are going to live in the cars all summer!"

Uncle Joe smiled and looked at Aunt Maria.

"But where 's the kitchen?" cried Susy. "Are we going to cook out-of-doors?"

Uncle Joe did n't answer, but went to the door and beckoned, and there was another car! And when we went in, we found it was a splendid kitchen, and there sat our own cook and second girl from home, laughing and kind of blushing to see us rush in. They had a nice little bed-room partitioned off for them at the further end of the car, but when Aunt Maria asked them how they liked it, we all laughed to hear the cook answer:

"Shure, 't is very nate an' foine ma'am, but we 'd he shcared out of our lives wid the wild bastes an' Injuns."

"Now, pickaninnies," said Uncle Joe, when we went out, "this is to be your home for the summer!"

We shouted with delight, Hal and I threw up our hats, Susy danced a little jig, Baby Bunting flourished his fat little arms, and altogether we made so much noise that Aunt Maria begged us to stop.

"This is to be our summer home," said Uncle Joe, again. "And now the question is, what shall we call it?"

"Let 's call it 'The Sportsman's Bower,'" cried Hal, thinking of his gun and fishing-rod.

"Or 'The Huntsman's Haunt,'" said I.

"Or 'The Railroad Ranch,'" cried Susy.

"Or 'The Traveling Troupe,'" said Hal.

"Or 'The Roving Roost,'" said I.

"Why not call it what it is?" asked Uncle Joe—"The Extra Train."

We all thought that would be first-rate, and said: "Yes, let 's have that!"

"Very well," said Uncle Joe. "I will have a sign painted, and send it down to-morrow when Bo's'n comes with the horse."

"Is Bo's'n coming?—and the horse, too? Oh, what fun!" cried Susy.

"Yes," said Uncle Joe.

"Where will they stay? There is n't any stable," suggested Hal.

"We shall have to build one," said his father.

"Let 's go out now and choose a spot."

We all went out and jumped off the car, and then we saw what a beautiful place we were in. It was very high ground. There was a mountain not very far off on one side, and a little lake quite near on the other. There was a splendid view; we could see miles and miles away. There were ever so many hills,—big hills, too,—and lots of towns and villages 'way, 'way off in the distance, so that we could just see the spires of the churches—oh, I can't tell you how grand it was!

Uncle Joe told us that the track we were on ran about a quarter of a mile farther to a gravel-pit,



but that it had not been used for several years and we should not be disturbed. He said, also, that the cars were old cars that the company did n't want any more, and that's how he came to take them. The engineer and brakemen had blocked the wheels tight before they went away, so that we could n't move. The track was not sandy as most railway tracks are, but the grass came clear up to the rails, and the blackberry vines ran all over the sleepers in some places.

We hunted around for a spot in which to build the stable, and Uncle Joe at last picked out one in a little clump of trees, at one side of the big open

measured off and arranged, Aunt Maria came out to join us, and we played all the afternoon.

After that there was the prettiest sunset I ever saw: the lake was all gold and the mountain deep purple. But it seemed sort of solemn and dreary at first, when the night came on, there were so many queer sounds. For, besides the crickets and tree-toads, there were lots of whippoorwills and something else, now and then, that Uncle Joe said was a screech-owl. I could n't help thinking then of what the cook had said about the "wild bastes an' Injuns," but I did n't say anything to Hal about it, for he would have laughed at me.



THE STOPPING-PLACE OF THE EXTRA TRAIN.

place. We left him drawing plans upon a piece of paper while we ran and capered all over the wide green pasture, which we named "The Field," playing "Tag" and "Gule" and "Leap-frog," till all at once Aunt Maria came out of the dining-room car and stood on the steps ringing a big bell. We wondered what it was for, but when we went in we saw a splendid dinner ready, set just as it is at home. We were glad to see it, too, for we were pretty hungry by that time.

After dinner, Uncle Joe said we should go out and pitch the lawn-tent and set up the croquet wickets. We found a fine place, and after we had got it

We forgot about the woods pretty quickly when we went in; for Aunt Maria had the big astral lamp lighted on the center-table, and we had games, and some music on the piano, and then we thought it was great fun going to bed in those droll little beds and bed-rooms. We knew nothing after that until old Meg, the cook, rang a tremendous big bell for us to get up in the morning.

We did n't know where we were at first, but we soon were dressed and out. And, oh, you never saw anything so fresh and sweet as the woods were, nor heard such a racket as the birds made!

We had breakfast pretty early, because Uncle



Joe was going away. We went with him down to the main track; he shook his handkerchief when the train came along, and the engineer, who was on the lookout, stopped and took him up.

That afternoon a car was switched off upon our track by the "up" freight-train, with two carpenters and a lot of lumber on it. The carpenters went right to work building the stable. It was a rough-looking little shed when it was done, but it was nice and warm inside, and it was hidden by the trees, so its looks did n't matter. The carpenters staid two days, and did a lot of little jobs for Aunt Maria; they made some steps to go up into the cars by, for the car-steps were too high to be easy; then they made some benches to put around in "The Field," where Aunt Maria could come and sit to see us play, and where we could sit when we were tired.

The day after the stable was done, Bo's'n came with the horse. We were awful glad to see him. You ought to have seen how he grinned when he saw the stable and we told him about naming "The Extra Train." Bo's'n is a real good-natured fellow; he is as strong as a giant, almost, and knows how to do everything. His name is n't really Bo's'n, you know—it is George Latham; but we call him Bo's'n because he was once a real boatswain on a great ship. He said he would show Hal and me how to snare rabbits and partridges in the woods, and teach us to swim and dive and float and a lot of things.

Aunt Maria said she felt more "to rights" after the carpenters had gone and Bo's'n had come; for she confessed she had been a little afraid, before, though Hal said she need n't have been, for he had his shot-gun.

Bo's'n found a splendid spring in the woods, and used to bring the water every day in big buckets. Then he found an old grass-grown road by which we could drive the horse and carriage out to the highway; and then we used to take a long ride all 'round the country every day.

Uncle Joe came down 'most every night, and always brought a big basket of things from the city. That makes me think I have n't told you how we did our marketing.

Why, the morning train used to stop and drop it off, in a big market-basket, two or three times a week, and Bo's'n was down there to get it. The engineer soon knew the spot, and used to give us a salute whenever he went by—a kind of "toot, toot!" on the steam-whistle. We liked to hear it, but I guess the passengers in the cars thought it was funny.

Saturday night an engine came down late on purpose to bring Uncle Joe, who had been kept by business too late to take the cars. Then Aunt

Maria said, as long as the engine was there, she wanted the cars shifted so as to put the sleeping-car at the farther end from the kitchen, which was a good deal better; for then we did n't have to go through "the sleeper" to get to the dining-room.

You know now, pretty well, what sort of a place we lived in, and so I 'll go on and tell you some of our adventures.

## CHAPTER II.

### "JIM CROW."

AFTER the first week, we felt just as much at home on "The Extra Train" as in our own houses. Our papers and letters were thrown out of the cars every day by the expressman, in a little canvas bag, and Hal and I went down the first thing in the morning to get it.

Uncle Joe took us down to the lake one day, and picked out the very prettiest boat there, and hired it for the season. Her name was "Undine," and she was the fastest boat on the lake. Bo's'n rather turned up his nose at her, at first, I think, and said:

"She's all well enough, p'r'aps, for *fresh* water."

She was nothing but a row-boat, of course, but he fixed her up with a cat-rigging and we used to have some jolly sails in her.

Aunt Maria said it was a sweet little lake; and so it was; and not so very little, for it was six miles long. We used to go fishing 'most every day, at first; we caught perch and horn-pouts, and, now and then, a pickerel. We took Baby Bunting one day, and he actually caught a fish—a funny little flat fish—and pulled it in with his own fat little hands, and his eyes stuck out of his head, almost.

He took such care of that fish! He wrapped it up in a piece of paper, he put it in his pocket, he carried it home, and took it to bed with him, and cried as if his heart would break, next day, when Aunt Maria said it must be thrown away. But he stopped crying when we promised to get him some more. And so we did; we made a little aquarium out in a hollow rock, and put in two or three little fishes; but they did n't thrive, for Baby Bunting would take them out and nurse them every day, and squeeze them affectionately in his fat little fists.

But speaking about the boat makes me think of the first scrape we got into; and it *was* a scrape, I tell you. Everybody was scared 'most to death for a while. This is the way it happened:

Aunt Maria said, the day before Hal's birthday, that we should have a huckleberry pudding next day for dinner if we would go and pick the berries.

Of course we were glad enough to do that; so,



in the afternoon, Hal and Susy and I set out to go to the hills. But, after we had gone about half a mile, Hal stopped, all of a sudden, and said he remembered seeing lots of huckleberries over on Crow Island, and we 'd better go there.

Crow Island is the biggest island in the lake, and it got its name from always having flocks of crows flying and cawing 'round it.

We thought it would be ever so much more fun to go to the island; so we got the "Undine" and rowed over. We found lots of berries, and picked our baskets heaping full. It was nearly sundown when we started to come home. We were just getting into the boat, when Susy pointed to a large pine tree, not far away, in which the crows were making a great noise. We went 'round to see what it was, and discovered a big crow's nest near the top.

"I 'll bet there are some young ones up there!" I said.

"Come on, let 's go up, then!" cried Hal. "It would be such fun to have a young crow; we 'd teach him to talk."

Without another word we both started up the tree; it was pretty hard climbing, and when we got about half way up the old crows began making a horrible noise over our heads. But we climbed on, up and up, until we were within reach of the nest. There it was, sure enough, so full of young birds that it was a wonder some of them did n't tumble out.

The old crows made a great fight, and darted right at our faces. Hal said he was afraid they 'd pick out our eyes; and so was I. Worse than that, we were up so very high that I was dizzy and my knees shook like everything. I kept hold, though, like grim Death. Hal shouted:

"Brace right up, now, and don't go flunking!"

And I did n't. He kept the old ones off by fighting them with his hat, while I grabbed a fine young crow, and we scrambled down. I did n't dare to look below, for I thought I should fall every minute; and that young varmint of a crow—my goodness, did n't he caw and kick, though! He opened his mouth as if he were going to swallow me, tree and all. He knew he was being kidnapped, I can tell you.

But Hal and I did n't feel guilty, for we knew we were going to civilize that crow, and give him the advantage of an education; and then, if he wanted to, he could go back as a missionary to the other crows, you know. Any way, we got down with him all right, and now begins the scrape.

Just as we reached the ground we heard a cry from Susy. We ran toward the lake, and what do you think? There was the boat, with Susy in it, out in the deep water, half a dozen rods from the shore, and Susy herself, with one of the

oars, was paddling for dear life, and all the time only making the boat go 'round and 'round in a circle! She was so scared, when she first found herself floating away from shore, that she had lost overboard the other oar.

This was a pretty pickle; for Hal and I could only swim a few strokes then, and of course we could n't go 'way out there in that deep water. We made believe not to be scared, but we were; for the night was coming on, and we were left alone upon the island without any way of getting off. And there was the boat, with poor Susy in it, crying as if her heart would break, floating off toward the farther end of the lake, from which she would have to walk miles and miles through the woods to get home. Besides all that, we knew Aunt Maria would be frightened within an inch of her life.

We shouted to Susy not to be afraid, but to sit still in the boat, and she would float ashore; and then Hal and I began calling and shouting and hooting, in the hope that somebody would hear us. And soon we were both as hoarse as frogs. But of course Aunt Maria thought we had gone toward the mountain, and she would hunt in that direction first, when she missed us.

But all this time poor Susy kept floating farther and farther off, until she looked like a big speck on the water, and the light was fading fast.

At last, we saw somebody moving on the shore. We both tried to shout, but we were too hoarse to shout loudly.

Then what do you s'pose we did?—why, Hal stripped off his shirt, and we tied it to a tall pole by the sleeves, so as to make a white flag; and we waved it back and forth, taking turns at it, until our arms ached.

Pretty soon we heard a voice calling. We tried to answer, but we could n't make much of a noise; so we kept on waving the shirt.

By and by the voice came nearer, but the evening was becoming so dark that we could n't see anything plainly. In a few minutes we heard the splashing of oars, and then came Bo's'n's voice calling us by name. We managed to make him hear us this time; and, when he came up to the rock where we were, we both leaped into the boat and almost hugged him, we were so glad. He had brought along Tearer, Hal's dog, who nearly ate us up with delight, just as if he understood all about the scrape we had been in.

When we told Bo's'n about Susy, he seemed a little scared at first; but in a minute he said:

"Never you fear, she 's all right; we 'll git her—but we must give your ma the signal first; she 's over there on the shore, an' she 's e'en a'most crazy. I told her, ef 't was all right I 'd signal."

And striking a match as he spoke, he lighted a



lantern in the bottom of the boat and swung it 'round his head three times.

"There; that 'll ease *her* mind, I reckon, an' now we 'll go after the little one!"

With that, he just "lay to" the oars, as he called it, and made the boat almost fly through the water

would reach the other end of the lake. *We* thought he had made a mistake in changing his course, but he only said:

"Now, you jest leave this 'ere to me, boys; you jest leave this 'ere to me."

By and by, we saw the dark shadow of the woods on shore. We all shouted:

"Susy! Susy!"

But not a sound came back excepting a kind of echo from the woods. I kept swinging the lantern all the time, Hal was frightened nearly out of his wits, and Tearer barked like a good fellow.

Hal and I were going to get out, but Bo's'n stopped us. He said we could hunt better in the boat than on shore.

Then he rowed along shore, keeping well in, and pretty soon we saw some object in the bushes. We rowed up, and there, sure enough, was the "Undine," but — *she was empty!*

Oh, how scared Hal and I were! We could hardly breathe at first, and I felt all kind of hollow inside. We thought Susy was drowned, but Bo's'n kept saying:

"Don't you be scared a bit; set right still here in the boat! I 'll find her."

He jumped out, and called the dog. Tearer went bounding into the woods, and we could hear him, for a little while, racing back and forth, this way and that, trying to find the scent. In a few minutes the sound of Bo's'n's footsteps and the barking both died away, and it was terribly still and dark and lonely.

We waited and waited and waited, it seemed as if 't was almost a year, and by and by, after a long, long time, we heard a shout; then Tearer's bark; then the crackling of the bushes, and pretty soon out came Bo's'n with Susy in his arms. He came right on board, took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and put her down on the seat between Hal and me.

She acted in a very funny way, at first; she laughed one minute and she cried the next, her teeth chattered, and she shivered all over. Bo's'n said he guessed she'd got "the histrikes" slightly, but she'd get over *them* quick enough when she got back to her ma.

We did n't lose much time in getting home, you can imagine, and there was poor Aunt Maria waiting on the shore in the greatest fright. I expected she would scold Hal and me, but she did n't; she hugged us and kissed us and called us her dear children, and took us home and gave us a splendid supper, and was as kind as ever she could be. And she has never said a word about it since, nor forbidden us to go again, nor anything of the sort.

And I guess that was the best way, for Hal and



"HAL KEPT THE OLD ONES OFF BY FIGHTING THEM WITH HIS HAT."

in the direction we showed him. Now and then he stopped and wet his finger, and stuck it up in the air to see which way the wind blew. Then he would change his course and row harder than before. Hal and I were so anxious, that we did n't say much; but we kept a sharp lookout, and every now and then I swung the lantern. It seemed as if Bo's'n had rowed a tremendous distance, and that he never



I felt as bad as we could, any way, and I think it would have been a sort of relief to be scolded. Instead of that, Aunt Maria was so awful good to us that it cut us up worse than ever.

And that was our first regular scrape, but I forgot to tell one thing. After we had reached home and we stood shivering around the fire, Aunt Maria said to me suddenly:

"Why, my dear, what's that you have in your hand?"

I looked down, and there was the poor little crow which I had tied up in my handkerchief and carried all the time, without ever knowing it. He was all alive and well, in spite of what he had been through. We called him "Jim," in honor of the renowned "Jim Crow." We taught him a good many tricks and he grew up to be a wonderful bird—I wish I had time to tell you some of the funny things he did.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN.

NOW I must tell you about our trip up the mountain, for that was rather an exciting event; at least, we thought so.

We had been waiting ever so long to go, so, at last, Aunt Maria said one evening that we should start the next morning. It was a splendid day. We had an early breakfast. Aunt Maria packed a big basket with luncheon, and Bo's'n drove us over to the Mountain House, a hotel right at the foot of the mountain, where we left the carriage.

There was a good path, so we thought there was no danger of losing the way, and it was easy going, at first. Bo's'n carried Baby Bunting, and Hal and I carried the hamper. But, pretty soon, the way became steeper, and it got to be awfully hot. We all sat down in a shady place to get cool. We were so thirsty that we almost choked. While we sat there groaning for a drink, all at once Tearer, who had been dashing about in the woods, came rushing up to us.

"There! There! See that! He's found it!" shouted Bo's'n, and pointed at Tearer's feet.

We looked, and, sure enough, his feet were all wet. Then Hall and I jumped up, took a pail and went hunting about in the woods with him; and there, about half a dozen rods from the path, we found a splendid brook.

The water was as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. We took back a pail of it. Aunt Maria said it was the best water she had ever tasted, and that we must stop there on the way down, to get another drink.

Now, just that one remark of Aunt Maria's was

the cause of all the trouble that happened to us, and a pretty muddle it was.

We went on up to the top, and there we met a delicious breeze, as cool as could be, and saw the view—only there was so much of it that, of course, we could n't half see it.

Hal said he wished he had eyes like telescopes, and Aunt Maria said she would be a fairy god-mother for once, and gratify his wish. Then she smiled and said: "Presto—change!" and pulled a big spy-glass out of the basket. We took turns looking through it. It was funny to see Baby Bunting—he always shut up the wrong eye.

By and by we had luncheon, and when we were rested we started down. After a while, Aunt Maria and Susy wanted to sit down. Bo's'n said he "guessed he'd keep right on, and have the carriage ready for us when we got down." So off he went, with Baby Bunting on his shoulder.

Susy became so tired that Aunt Maria had to stop pretty often for her to rest, so Hal and I ran ahead. When we came to the place where the spring was, we remembered what Aunt Maria had said, so we struck into the woods to go over there, thinking she would stop when they came along.

Hal and I took a drink, and then went to work building a little dam, expecting every minute to hear Aunt Maria. We waited ever so long and did n't hear her, and so we filled our pail and came out upon the path. Aunt and Susy were n't there, and so we sat down and waited another long while, but still they did n't come. Then we thought perhaps they had gone past, and we hurried on.

After we'd gone about half a mile, we found in the path a whistle that I had made for Susy; then we knew they must be ahead, and ran as fast as we could to catch them.

Pretty soon, we came to a place where the path branched off in two directions, which we had n't noticed in going up. Hal and I took the left-hand path, which turned out to be right. We hurried down to the hotel, and there was Bo's'n and baby sitting in the carriage, but they had n't seen a sign of Aunt Maria. Then we knew right off that they must have taken the wrong path and gone astray.

We did n't wait a minute, but just turned 'round and cut right back. It was a pretty good distance, but it did n't take us long. It's funny that we did n't think of taking "Tearer," but we did n't; we left him behind in the carriage. We ran along the right-hand path, calling and whistling as loudly as we could, until pretty soon the path branched off again. Then we did n't know what to do. At last we agreed that Hal should go one way and I the other, and come back to that spot to meet.

And now the muddle begins: Aunt Maria and Susy came out upon some road at the foot of the



mountain, where they met a farmer driving along in an old-fashioned wagon, and he told them they were several miles away from the hotel, so they hired him to drive them around.

But, meantime, Bo's'n thought something must have happened to us, and so he tied the horse and left Baby Bunting in the carriage, with Tearer to watch him, and he started off up the mountain to find us.

Then Baby Bunting got lonesome without any of us, and he got out of the carriage and went wandering about, crying, until a lady found him and took him up to her room at the hotel; but all he could tell was that his name was Baby Bunting, and he lived on "The Extra Train"—which was n't very clear to the lady.

Then Aunt Maria drove up and found the empty carriage, and was dreadfully frightened. She asked if anybody had seen a small child and a man and two boys. Nobody had seen the two boys and the child, but a man told her that he had seen Bo's'n get out of the carriage and start off up the mountain a few minutes before. Then Aunt Maria hired the man to go with her, and she started off up the mountain again.

Now to come back to myself: After I had followed my path a long way, and found it end in a swamp, I went back to wait for Hal at the spot appointed.

He did n't come, but while I was waiting, Bo's'n came up and found me; we stuck a note into the tree for Hal and started back. We met Aunt Maria and the man. Then Aunt Maria and I went back toward the carriage, and sent Bo's'n and the man to find Hal.

After Bo's'n had told Aunt Maria that he had left Baby Bunting in the carriage alone, you can imagine she did n't think of anything but finding the Baby. We ran 'most all the way back. And then, lo and behold! Susy was gone, too! Aunt Maria had left her in the carriage and charged her not to stir.

It seemed as if everybody was bewitched.

I thought Aunt Maria would faint away, she was so tired and excited. But it turned out all right: somebody had told Susy that her little brother was in the hotel, and she had gone in to see; and while Aunt Maria stood there so bewildered, they both came out on the piazza, and how they *did* run when they saw her!

Then I wanted to go off after Bo's'n and Hal, but Aunt Maria would n't let me. She said she had had Box-and-Cox enough. So we got into the carriage and waited; and pretty soon up came Hal from just the opposite direction that we expected, and after a long time poor Bo's'n came back with Tearer; and how he did grin when he saw us all seated in the carriage.

It was long after dark when we got back to "The Extra Train," and found the two servant girls scared half to death at being left alone. And what do you think they said? Why, that Uncle Joe had come home and got alarmed about us, and he had started off toward the mountain to find us. Aunt Maria dropped into a chair and gasped out:

"Oh, dear, this caps the climax!"

Bo's'n stood there looking dreadfully sorry for a minute; then all at once he brightened up and said:

"I've got it! I'll fetch him; never you fear, marm!"

Then he ran out to the stable. Hal and I wondered what he was going to do, but we were so tired we did n't follow.

In a minute there was a tremendous rushing noise outside, and we ran to the window and saw what it was.

Bo's'n had set off a sky-rocket!

We had a half-dozen left from the "Fourth," and Bo's'n set off three—one after another. Sure enough, it did the business! Uncle Joe saw them, and knew we must have got home and that the signal was meant for him, so he came hurrying back, just in time to eat supper with us.

Aunt Maria said it seemed as if she was never so glad in her life, and that she had had enough of climbing mountains; that mountains were made to look at, but not to climb.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE CANADIANS.

THE days went by, and we had lived a good while without anybody having come near us, so we never thought of there being any danger. We had no neighbors, you know, and folks could n't see us from the road. We were so hidden among the trees that they never suspected any one was living there. We used to play all around where we liked, and Aunt Maria used to go away to spend the day whenever she wanted, without worrying about us.

But at last we had our eyes opened. We had a visit that we did n't forget. Hal and I used to read Walter Scott's novels, and wished there were castles nowadays and we could be in one just once, when it was besieged. We never thought our wishes would be granted. But they were. And this is the way it happened:

One fine day, just after dinner, Aunt Maria took Susy and started off for a town seven or eight miles away, to do some shopping. Bo's'n went with them to drive. The two servant girls had



done up their work and gone off for a walk in the woods. Hal and I were out in the field. I was painting the hull of a little ship we had been making for Baby Bunting, and Hal was fixing the rigging in a way that Bo's'n had showed him. Baby was inside, taking his afternoon nap on the parlor sofa, and Tearer was lying on the floor by his side.

It was just as still as it could be. The birds had stopped singing, because it was so warm, and there was n't any noise except the rustling of the trees and now and then a squirrel whistling in the woods.

All at once, Hal started up and said:

"What's that?"

We listened, and heard a furious crackling of dead branches in the woods, as if some one was running, and in a minute more out rushed our two girls, with their faces as white as a sheet. Hal and I sprang up and asked what was the matter. They could scarcely speak, at first, but they managed to stammer out:

"Ugh, ugh! Run, Misther Hal! Run, both o' yeess!"

"What is it?"

"Oh, they're comin'. They'll kill us—they'll murder us, and ate us!"

"Who?"

"Thim wild Injuns;—the woods is full of 'em! Quick! quick! Get into the kairs, like foine byes, now—they wont lave a stitch of flesh on yer bones, av they onct lay hands on yeess!"

Hal and I began to laugh at this wild story, but just then there was a sound of trampling in the woods, coming toward us, and we scrambled into the cars. Hal darted into the kitchen after the girls, and I was going to follow, but I happened to think of Baby Bunting, and rushed into the parlor-car.

Luckily, the two other cars were well locked. The girls always locked up the dining-room, between meals, on account of the silver, and Aunt Maria had locked "the sleeper" before she went.

As soon as I had got in and locked both doors of the car, I stuck my head out of the window to see what it was. But I popped it in again as quick as a flash; for there, close to us, was a party of rough-looking men coming through the trees. Then I ran and pulled down all the blinds, so that they could n't see into the car.

They came up and stared and stared all 'round "The Extra Train." They could n't make it out. I could see them, as plain as could be, through the shutters. They were about as dark as Indians, but they were n't Indians. I did n't know what they were until I thought all at once of what Bo's'n had said about there being a party of Canadians

encamped somewhere about the lake. I knew then it must be they.

They were rough, loaferish men, and I did n't like the looks of them at all. I wished I were in the same car with Hal. I wondered what he was doing. All the time, though, I kept a sharp watch on the Canadians. There were three middle-aged men and one young man.

Pretty soon they came up the steps and tried the door. Tearer jumped up; I grabbed him and stuffed my cap in his mouth to keep him from barking. But he is n't a barking dog. He does n't usually waste breath in barking; but when there's any danger he takes right hold. And so, when I saw him get up and go to the door and stand there so still, with the shaggy hair bristling up all over his neck, I did n't feel quite so scared.

The Canadians tried hard to get in. They shook the door; they dashed against it and they tried their best; but it was too strong for them. Then they went around and clambered up to look through the windows; but the blinds were shut, so they could n't see anything. I kept whispering to Tearer all the time, to keep him from growling. I thought perhaps if they did n't hear nor see anybody they might go away.

All at once the fellow at the window up with his fist and hit the pane a rousing crack. It was very thick glass and it did n't break, but I knew it would n't stand many such knocks as that. Just as he lifted up his fist to strike again, and I began to wonder what I should do, there was the sound of a gun, and the man jumped down to the ground like lightning.

I knew in a minute it was Hal, and I wanted to hurrah and clap my hands. He had opened the window and fired his shot-gun. I guess the Canadians were well scared, for they ran up to my end of the train, all four of them, and stood there under my windows, jabbering a lot of gibberish and looking around with an ugly scowl.

Just then I happened to see our little brass cannon under a chair in the corner. I knew it was loaded; we always kept it loaded—but only with powder, of course—so as to be ready for a salute.

I picked it up, put it on a little table close to one of the windows, raised the sash softly, and *bang!* it went, right over their heads!

I thought they would all jump out of their skins! I giggled right out, but they did n't hear me; they ran, as tight as they could go, across the field, over by the stable, and hid in the bushes.

The cannon waked Baby Bunting, and he began to cry. I had to quiet him, and by that time the Canadians had rallied, and began to throw big stones to break the glass.



Crash! crash! went two of the windows in a twinkling. I began to be afraid again.

I saw two of them go creeping off through the woods, and I knew they meant some mischief. I was afraid they meant to set fire to the train.

Hal shot off his gun again, but I had no more powder.

The Canadians kept well behind the trees, which showed they were afraid; but now and then one threw a stone. Luckily, they were a good way off.

At last, when I was just beginning to hope they had got tired and gone away, I heard a queer little noise under the train. In a minute more, we began to move. Then I knew what they had done: they had taken the blocks away from the wheels and pushed until they had set the car in motion. I was awfully scared at this; for it was a down grade clear to the main track, and if the train once got going I knew we could never stop it. Besides, it was 'most time for the regular express up-train, which would surely run into us and smash us all to atoms.

back, and there were two of the Canadians running across the field with Tearer at their heels. They disappeared in the woods. Hal loaded his gun with some more powder, and we went across toward the stable.

Somehow we were n't so afraid now we had seen them run.

We heard a tremendous tussle going on in the woods. We hurried up, and when we got into the edge of the woods we found that Tearer had put the whole of them to flight!

He had seized one by the coat-tail, and the fellow just slipped out of the coat and ran for his life.

Then Tearer pulled another down, and was just going to spring upon him, when another Canadian came up with a big club and cracked Tearer over the head.

Then Tearer turned upon him, and the first one got up and ran like a deer. The fellow with the club fought like a tiger for a few minutes, but at last he dropped his stick and darted up a tree.

Tearer flew after him, growling furiously, but the



THE EXTRA TRAIN IS BESIEGED.

That made me really desperate. I did n't wait another instant, but opened the door and sprang out on the platform, yelling like a Mohawk. Hal came out of his car the same minute. I set Tearer on the Canadians and we both sprang to the brakes.

As soon as we had stopped the train we looked

Canadian managed to draw himself up to a big limb, out of the way. Then Tearer sat down at the foot of that tree and held him prisoner. The fellow shouted to us, and talked a lot of gibberish, but we could n't understand him. We went up and patted Tearer on the head and pointed to the



man, and told him not to let his prisoner escape, and we knew he would n't.

When we got back to the train, there was the carriage, and there was Aunt Maria hugging Baby Bunting and listening to the story which the two girls were telling of the "wild Injuns."

Hal and I made believe 't was n't much of anything, so as not to scare Aunt Maria; but we told Bo's'n about the man in the tree, and he slipped out there to look at him, as soon as he had put up the horse. He patted Tearer, and nodded his head, and muttered:

"We 've got *you* trapped, my fine feller!"

We expected Uncle Joe early that afternoon, and he came just at sundown. We took him out to the barn and told him all about the whole affair, and how the tramp was "treed."

Uncle Joe flared up like gunpowder. He said things had come to a pretty pass if folks could n't be safe from savages in New England, by this time. He said he would send those fellows packing that very night, and told Bo's'n to harness up the horse right away.

Then he went out into the woods where Tearer was still keeping the man prisoner in the tree. Uncle Joe called the dog off, and told the man to come down.

At first the man was n't going to, but Uncle Joe has an air of authority about him,—he is used to commanding men,—and he put on a stern look which the man did n't dare disobey. So at last he came sneaking down, and Uncle Joe marched him back to the stable, and made him get into the wagon. Then Uncle Joe got in, took the reins, and drove away.

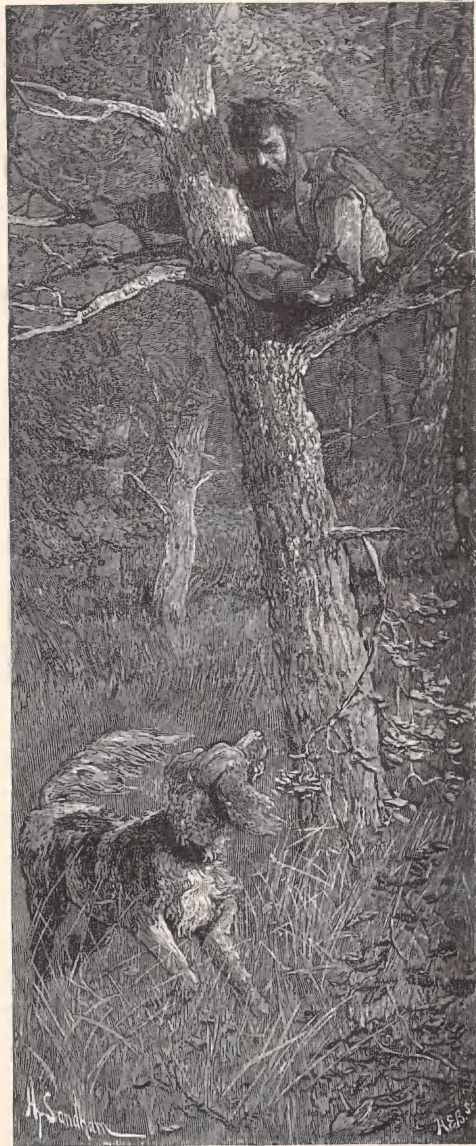
It was about an hour before dark. They drove a couple of miles over to where one of the selectmen of the town lived.

Uncle Joe got him, and then they went and hunted up the Canadians in their camp down by the lake, made them pack up their duds in their old tumble-down wagons, and clear off out of the town. Uncle Joe and the selectman followed them for several miles and threatened to arrest them if they were ever seen in those parts again.

And now my story draws to a close. There are a great many things more I should like to tell, but I guess you must be tired by this time. The summer was 'most gone, and there were only a few more days left of vacation—but I must tell you about the end of it, for that was real funny—the funniest of the whole, I think, and makes it all seem now, to look back upon, almost like a fairy story.

We had had a splendid time. We were awfully sorry to go home; we knew, of course, we should

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"TEARER HELD HIM PRISONER."

have to go pretty soon, but we did n't ask any questions—we did n't like to think about it. Uncle Joe and Aunt Maria had n't said anything, either, but at last, one evening,—it was Friday night, I remember,—Uncle Joe went out to the door, about nine o'clock, and came back pretty soon saying he guessed it was going to rain, and we 'd better get our playthings in.

We were in the midst of a game of "Logomachy," 'round the parlor table; but we jumped up and went out, and got in all our traps. It was real cloudy, and we thought Uncle Joe was right



about the rain, and never suspected anything, but went to bed as innocent as lambs.

But were n't we astonished in the morning, though? I waked up pretty early; I had been having dreams of rolling off a precipice and flying through the air, and lots of disagreeable things. I went to the window and looked out, rubbed my eyes, looked again, turned around and stared at Hal, rubbed my head, looked again, and finally roared out to Hal to get up and see what under the sun was the matter. He came to the window and rubbed *his* eyes.

What do you suppose it was? Why, the lake was gone, the mountain had disappeared, and there we were standing in the midst of a strange town. Finally, Aunt Maria came in laughing, and told us we were half way home: that Uncle Joe had ordered a locomotive to come up on purpose to take us, that we had started very early so as not

to interfere with the regular trains, that we were "watering up," now, and should go on in a minute, and, finally, that it was time for us to get up, for breakfast was almost ready.

We hurried, and were ready in less than no time. It seemed queer enough to be sitting there, the whole family about the breakfast-table, as comfortable as could be, while the cars were flying along like the wind.

When we arrived at our own station and got up to go, it almost seemed like leaving home. We all felt rather down in the mouth, I guess; but, just as we alighted on the platform, something happened that made us all laugh.

A man with a big carpet-bag, bundle, and umbrella came rushing up to Uncle Joe, all out of breath, and asked: "What train is this?"

"This," said Uncle Joe, with a twinkle in his eye, "this, sir, is 'The Extra Train.'"

## THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

"At the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was routed, the Queen, mounted on a superb charger, remained on the field attended by three or four of her escort. A band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group, and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse which her majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured."

### I.

FAIR Queen, away! To thy charger speak—  
A band of hussars thy capture seek.  
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.  
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;

They 're nigh.

Behold! They come at a break-neck pace—  
A smile triumphant illumines each face.

Queen of the Prussians, now for a race—

To Weimar for safety—fly!

### II.

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash—  
Over the field like the lightning's flash—

Fled.

Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,  
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,  
The Queen and her enemies thundering go—  
On toward Weimar they sped.

### III.

The royal courser is swift and brave,  
And his royal rider he strives to save—  
But no!

"*Vive l'empereur!*" rings sharp and clear;  
She turns and is startled to see them so near,  
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear  
And away he bounds like a roe.

### IV.

He speeds as tho' on the wings of the wind.  
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.

No more

She fears, tho' each trooper grasps his reins,  
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs, and strains,  
For ride as they may, her steed still gains

And Weimar is just before.

### V.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;  
She sees in the distance her laboring foes.  
The gates of the fortress stand open wide  
To welcome the German nation's bride

So dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,  
And the gates at once on her enemies close.  
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with those  
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!





WORKING BY THE DAY.

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## SWORDS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

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ONE of the most clearly marked differences between man and the brute beasts lies in the fact that with his own unaided strength man is seldom able to take the life of his fellow-beings. Consequently, when we wish to put ourselves upon a level with the tiger and the wolf, and to qualify ourselves for the shedding of blood and the taking of life, we are obliged to find some other weapons than those nature has given us. Here and there may be a man who can kill another man by the exertion of his unassisted strength, but it is very seldom indeed that human life is taken by human beings without the use of an artificial weapon.

The first weapon used by man was probably a club; and it is also likely that in time this was made of very hard wood, and somewhat sharpened on one or more sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound. Wooden weapons of this kind are now in use by some savage races. Then it was found that more effective weapons of the sort could be made of a harder substance, and short, unwieldy swords were hewn out of stone, very much as our Indians

made their arrow-heads of flint. But a sword of this kind, although a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong man, was brittle and apt to break; and so, in time, when the use and value of metals came to be understood, swords were made of these substances. The early Romans, and some other nations, had strong, heavy swords made of bronze. But when iron and steel came into use, it was quickly perceived that they were the metals of which offensive weapons should be made.

Thus it may be seen that the sword was one of the first weapons made by man; and, in time, it became the most important arm and auxiliary of warfare.

By a careful study of the form and use of the sword, from its first invention until the present time, we may get a good idea of the manner in which, in various ages, military operations were carried on. At first, men fought at close quarters, like the beasts they imitated. They struggled hand to hand, and with their short swords they banged and whacked at each other with all the fury and strength they



possessed. But as the arts of warfare began to be improved, and as civilization and enlightenment progressed, men seemed anxious to get farther and farther away from one another when they fought, and so the sword gradually became longer and longer, until, in the Middle Ages, a man's sword was sometimes as long as himself.

But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and when the use of projectiles which would kill at a great distance became general, it was found that a soldier was seldom near enough to his enemy to reach him with his sword; and so this weapon gradually fell into disfavor, until, at the present day, it is seldom used in actual warfare except by cavalymen, and these frequently depend as much on the fire-arms they carry as upon their sabers. It is said that cavalry charges, in which the swords of the riders are depended upon to rout the enemy, do not frequently occur in the warfare of the present day; and those naval battles of which we all have read, where the opposing ships are run side by side, and the sailors of one, cutlass in hand, spring upon the deck of the other, and engage in a hand to hand fight, are now seldom heard of. Our iron-clad ships fire at one another from a great distance, or one of them comes smashing into another with its terrible steel ram; and a sword would be a very useless thing to a modern sailor. Our armies lie a mile or two apart, and pop at each other with long-range rifles and heavy cannon, and to the great body of the opposing forces swords would be only an incumbrance. Even bayonets, which may be considered a sort of sword, though they more nearly resemble the lance, are not so much used as formerly in actual warfare.

The officers, even in the infantry service, now wear swords, but these are merely insignia of rank, and are seldom used to fight with; and, indeed, I have heard that it is not considered proper for an officer to have his sword sharp, because, when using it in marshaling and leading his men, he might accidentally hurt some of his command.

Swords have been made in so many different forms, on account of the various methods in which they have been used and the widely differing tastes of the people making and using them, that a description of all the different kinds of swords with which we are acquainted would cover a great deal of printed space. Some of the more distinctive forms of the weapon, however, are shown in the illustrations to this article.

First we see the short, bronze sword, used by the early Romans before they knew how much harder and better a weapon could be made of steel or even iron. There was also a longer, bronze sword with a formidable sharp point, but a very awkward

handle. After the Romans made much better swords, they still preferred the short, thick form, although a longer weapon was sometimes used. The most usual form of the ancient Roman sword is seen in the picture of the sword of Hadrian. These blunt, heavy weapons were employed in hand to hand conflicts, and their blows were warded off by stout shields or bucklers, which the warriors wore upon their left arms. The sword of the fourteenth century, which is shown in the next illustration, though in some respects more clumsy than the Roman sword, is longer, which shows that fighting men had already begun to get farther away from one another.

The claymore, once famous in Scottish history, was a very long sword, with a hilt so large that it could be grasped by both the hands of the warrior who wielded it, and when this tremendous weapon was swung around by any of the brave

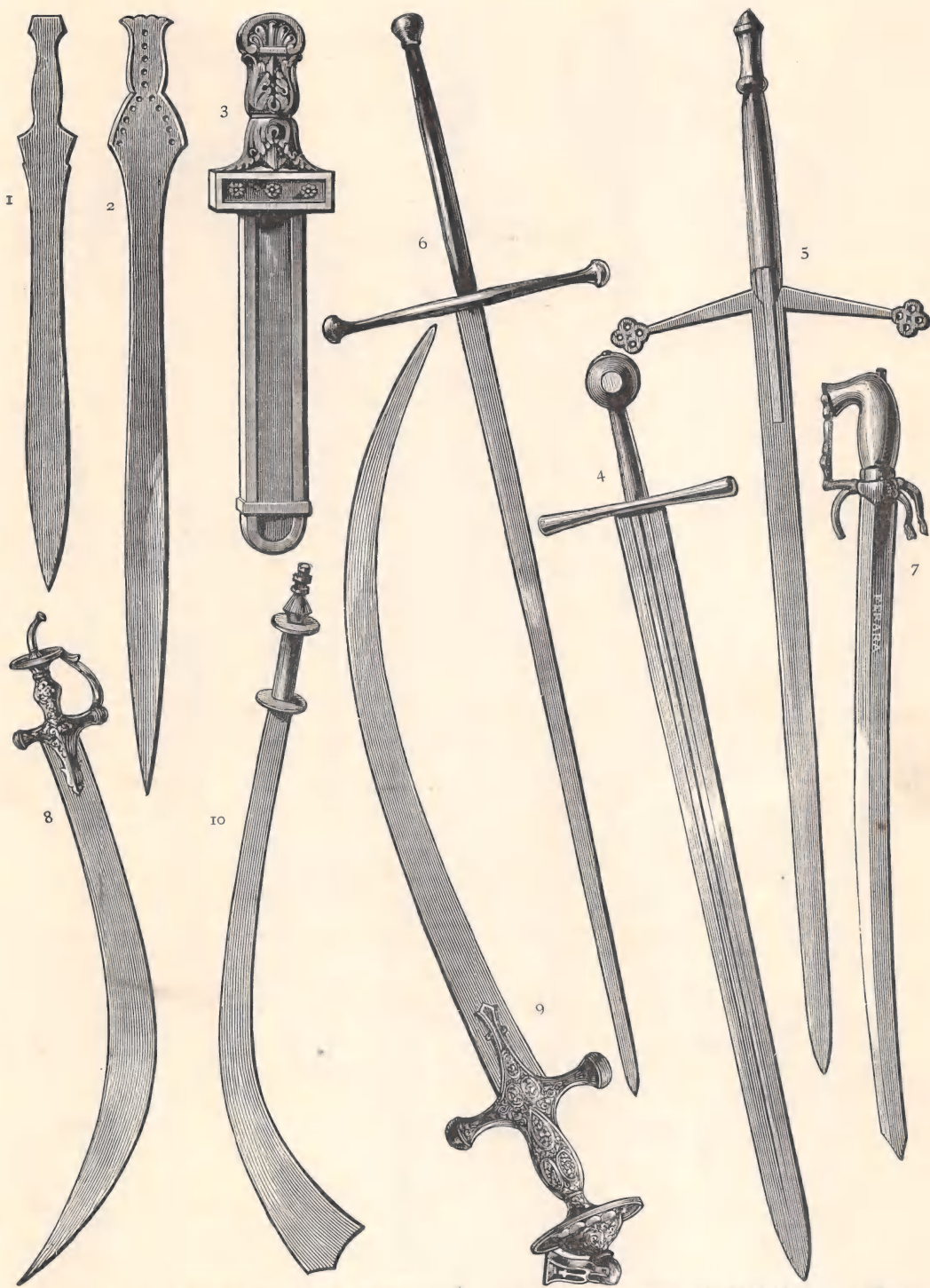
"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,"

there was every reason for the opposing soldiers to want to get as far away as possible. Long, two-handed swords were in use in various parts of Europe during the Middle Ages, but it is from Scotland that we have heard the most about them.

Andrea Ferrara, who was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a celebrated Italian armorer, and he made swords which were well known throughout Europe for the fineness of their temper and the beauty of their ornamentation. The hilt of the Ferrara sword shown in Figure 7 is of a rather curious form, although not very elaborate. But some of the swords made about this period for the rich knights and nobles who delighted in elegant armor and handsome as well as useful arms, were very elaborately ornamented, the hilts often being of complicated and artistic forms.

In Eastern countries, also, the ornamentation of swords was carried to a great extent. The East Indian saber, or Tulwar, shown in the illustration, has a neat and pretty hilt, while the East Indian scimitar is more highly and artistically ornamented. The Malabar sword is a simple weapon, but very broad at the end, and apparently intended to be used more as a hatchet than as a sword. The East Indian cutlass, or Polygars knife, is a weapon of somewhat similar shape, although not so blunt at the end. A cut from one of these heavy blades, wielded by a quick and powerful arm, must be a terrible thing. The modern cutlass, shown in Figure 12, page 704, was used very much in the same manner as these East Indian weapons—that is, its stroke was always a cut and never a thrust; but a blow with its comparatively slight blade must have





1 and 2. Bronze Roman sword. 3. Sword of Hadrian. 4. Sword of the fourteenth century, at the British Museum. 5. Claymore.  
6. Mediæval two-handed sword. 7. Andrea Ferrara sword. 8. Indian saber, or Tulwar. 9. East Indian scimitar. 10. Malabar sword.





11. East Indian cutlass, called a Polygars knife. 12. Cutlass. 13 and 14. Rapiers of the sixteenth century. 15 and 16. Swords of the sixteenth century. 17. Italian Malchus. 18. German sword. 19. German two-handed sword. 20. Michel Angelo's sword. 21 and 22. Japanese swords.



been much less effective than one delivered with any of the ponderous, curved weapons of the East.

From the first invention of the sword down to the period when the fifteenth century was drawing to a close, this weapon had always been used as an arm of offense. The person wielding it thrust it or hewed it into the body of his antagonist whenever he had a chance, and the only defense against it was stout armor or an interposed shield. It is not to be supposed that an ancient warrior, or one belonging to the earlier Middle Ages, never thrust aside or parried with his own blade a stroke of his enemy's sword; but this method of defense was not depended upon in those days; the breast-plate, the helmet, or the buckler was expected to shield the soldier while he was endeavoring to get his own sword into some unprotected portion of the body of his antagonist. But about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the science of fencing was invented. This new system of fighting gave an entirely new use to the sword: it now became a weapon of defense as well as offense. Long, slender rapiers, sharpened only at the point, were the swords used in fencing. Armed with one of these, a gallant knight, or high-toned courtier, who chose the new method of single combat, disdained the use of armor; the strokes of his opponent were warded off by his own light weapon, and whichever of the two contestants was enabled to disarm the other, or to deliver a thrust which could not be parried, could drive the sharp point of his rapier into the body of his opponent if he felt so inclined. The rapier, which was adapted to combat between two persons, and not for general warfare, soon became the weapon of the duelist; and, as duels used to be as common as lawsuits are now, it was thought necessary that a gentleman should know how to fence, and thus protect the life and honor of himself, his family, and his friends.

Swords of elaborate and wonderfully executed hilts, like those of the sixteenth century, shown in the cuts on page 704, excited the admiration of lovers of art, as well as of warriors.

People who understood such things regarded these beautiful weapons with as much interest as we look upon any work of art of our day; and, indeed, some of these sword-hilts were so admirably executed that those which are preserved in museums command as much admiration now as they ever did. The blades of swords were also sometimes beautifully ornamented, as may be seen in the cut of the Italian "Malchus" (Figure 17). The German sword next shown (Figure 18) exhibits a very artistic peculiarity of hilt.

Some of the German swords, used by the mercenary soldiers in the French religious wars, were enormous two-handed weapons, with sharp points, jagged edges, and great spikes near the base of

the blade (Figure 19). These were used only by soldiers who were uncommonly strong and skillful; for any awkwardness on the part of a man swinging such a tremendous blade was apt to inflict as much injury on his companions as on the enemy. Some of the long swords of the Middle Ages were used more for show and ceremony than for actual service. The sword of Edward the Third, which is preserved in Westminster Abbey, is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds. This, it is said, was carried before the King in processions, and was probably never used in any other way.

But the art shown in sword-making was by no means confined to beautiful forms and elaborate ornamentation. The greatest skill was exercised in the manufacture and tempering of the blade, which, in the days when swords were not only worn but used, was more important than any other part of this weapon. In Europe, the sword manufacturers of Spain first began to have a reputation for producing work of superior quality, and the armorers of Toledo stood foremost among their countrymen. A "Toledo blade" was considered to be a weapon of great value, and, even now, when we wish to speak of something remarkably fine-tempered and sharp, we compare it to one of these swords. The peculiarity of the Toledo blade was not only its extreme hardness, which enabled it to receive and retain the sharpest and most delicate edge, but its elasticity, which allowed it to be bent without being broken. Some of the most famous of these swords could be bent so that the points touched the hilts, and yet they would spring back to a perfectly straight line. It is said that, in Toledo, sword-blades have been seen in the cutlers' shops coiled in boxes like watch-springs, and although they might remain in this position for some time, they would become perfectly straight when taken out. Other places in Europe were also famous for producing good swords. Many excellent weapons were made in Italy, and Andrea Ferrara, the Italian sword-maker, who has been mentioned before, was better known throughout Europe than any other of his craft. To possess a genuine Ferrara blade was considered a great thing by the nobles of France and England.

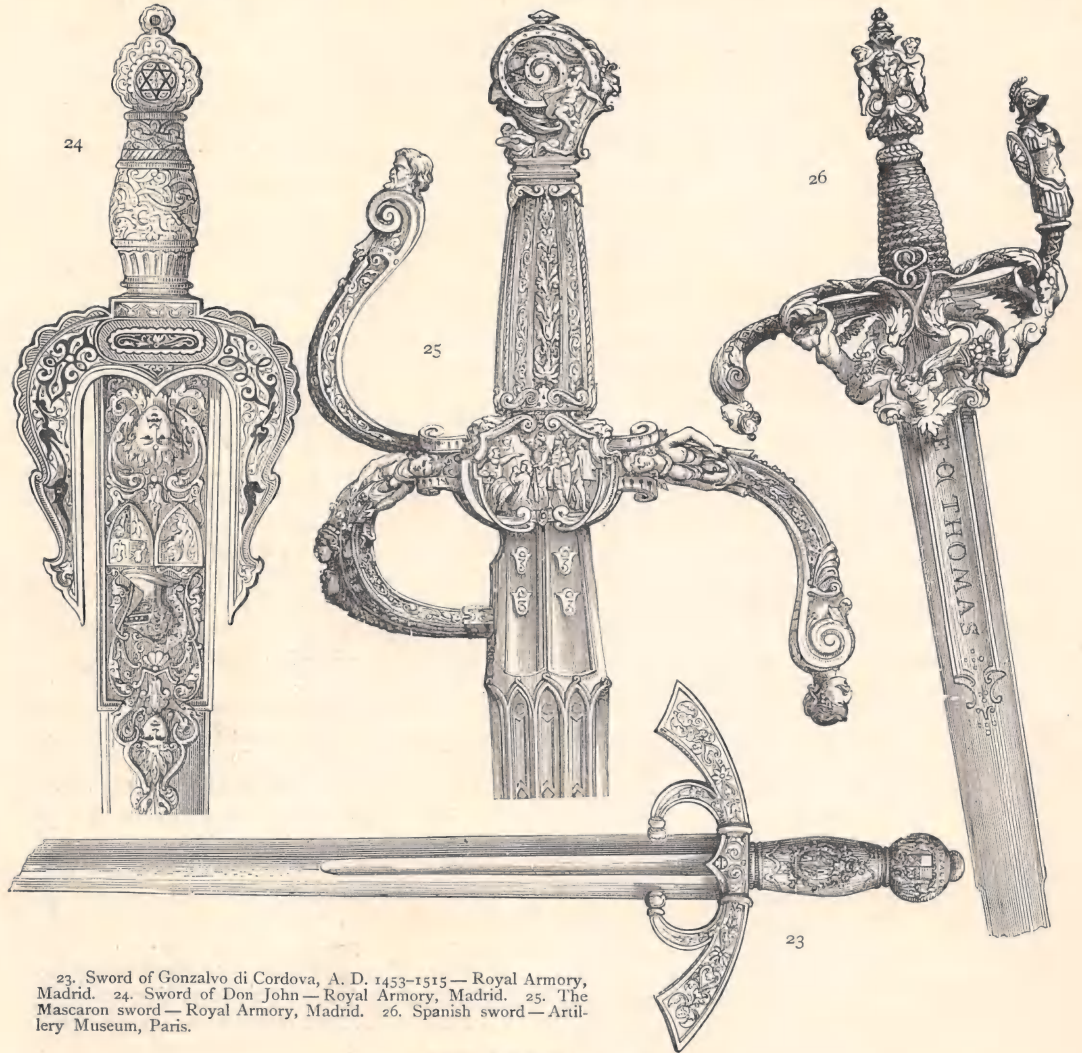
But it is to the East that the world owes the production of the most finely tempered swords it has ever seen; and the steel of Damascus has been celebrated for many hundred years as superior to any other metal that has ever been made into sword-blades. Even the cutlers of Toledo doubtless owed their skill and knowledge to the Moors, who brought from Damascus the art of making blades that were as hard as diamonds, as sharp as razors, and as elastic as whalebone.

Wonderful stories are related of these Damascus



swords. We have been told that with one of them a full-grown sheep could be cut in half at a single blow, a heavy iron chain could be severed without turning the delicate edge of the sword, and a gauze veil floating in the air could be cut through by one gentle sweep of the glittering blade. These wonderful scimitars are not manufactured now, but their

their manufacture will be attempted. We should consider, however, that although the present age is preëminent as an inventive and manufacturing period, there are some things which have been produced by the ancients and the artificers of the Middle Ages which we of the present day have not been able to equal. It is possible, therefore,



23. Sword of Gonzalvo di Cordova, A. D. 1453-1515—Royal Armory, Madrid. 24. Sword of Don John—Royal Armory, Madrid. 25. The Mascarón sword—Royal Armory, Madrid. 26. Spanish sword—Artillery Museum, Paris.

#### SOME FAMOUS SWORD-HILTS.

fame has exceeded that of any other weapon of their kind, and it is quite certain that their extraordinary excellence has not been exaggerated. It is probable that the workers in steel of the present day might be able to discover the peculiar methods by which the Damascus steel was made, but as there would be little use or demand for the blades after they had been produced, it is not likely that

that our steel-workers might never be able to make a Damascus blade, even if they wanted to.

Some of the swords of Japan are said to possess wonderful qualities of hardness and sharpness. The story is told that if one of these celebrated blades is held upright in a running stream the leaves floating gently down with the current will cut themselves in two when they reach the keen



edge of the sword. Samples of Japanese swords are shown in Figures 21 and 22, on page 704.

But these Japanese swords, some of which were held in such high esteem that they were worshiped, and temples were built in their honor, were only hard and sharp; they had no elasticity, they could not bend and they might break, and in this respect they were far inferior to the splendid scimitars of the Moors and Saracens.

To show still further the extent to which the art of ornamentation was carried in the manufacture of swords, we give pictures of the hilts of some of these weapons which are preserved in museums. Figures 23, 24, and 25 show the sword of Gonzalvo di Cordova, the sword of Don John, and the "Mascaron" sword, all preserved in the Royal Armory of Madrid; and Figure 26 represents a Spanish sword, of very beautiful workmanship, which is to be seen in the Artillery Museum of Paris.

Having said so much about the art of ornamenting and making the sword, we must add that the literature of the weapon has been as widely extended as its use. When the story-tellers and troubadours of the Middle Ages told or sang about a noble knight, his trusty sword was mentioned almost as often as himself. In those days, many of the swords were named, and in reading about them you might almost suppose that they were actually personified, and that they thought out in their own minds, and carried into execution, the brilliant deeds that are recorded of them. We all have heard of King Arthur's famous sword "Excalibur," and of the sword of Edward the Confessor, which was called "Curtana," the cutter, although we are told it was not very sharp. But even before the days of chivalry, the favorite swords of warriors bore titles and names. The sword of Julius Cæsar was called "Crocœa Mors"—"yellow death"; and the four blades used by Mohammed were called "the Trenchant," "the Beater," "the Keen," "the Deadly." The sword of Charlemagne, called "Joyeuse," is famous in story.

Not only were names given to swords, but inscriptions intended to indicate their quality, or the deeds they were expected to perform, were engraved upon their blades. Some of these were of a very vaunting and boastful spirit. The best inscription upon a sword of which I ever heard was one upon an old Ferrara blade, which read thus: "My value varies with the hand that holds me." On a great many of the blades made at Toledo was the inscription: "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor." Among the vaunting inscriptions was this: "When this viper stings there is no cure in any doctors' shops." A Sicilian sword bore the announcement: "I come," meaning, probably, that

everybody else had better go away; while a Hungarian sword declared: "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely." These are but a few of the legends by which a man's sword, in the days when cavaliers and warriors used to do as much talking as fighting, was made to imitate its master.

But the sword was not always used for the mere purpose of taking human life. From its first invention to the present day, it has, of course, like every other weapon, offensive or defensive, been mainly used in war or private quarrel, but, unlike all other weapons, it has a dignity and a quality, not so great now as formerly, but still recognized, which is entirely distinct from its character as an instrument for shedding blood. It was so long the constant companion of rank and valor that it acquired a dignity of its own. Thus the sword many ceremonies as a representative of its owner. In England, at there are various swords of borne in Lord Mayors' pro- other occasions. Among "Pearl sword," the the "Sunday Common



THE SWORD-BEARER OF EXETER.

accompanying picture is seen the ceremonial weapon borne by the sword-bearer of the city of Exeter.

But not only did the sword represent and indicate rank and high position, whether civil or military, but it was used, and is still used in parts of Europe, as an instrument for conferring rank. When an English commoner is to be made a knight, and he kneels before his sovereign as plain



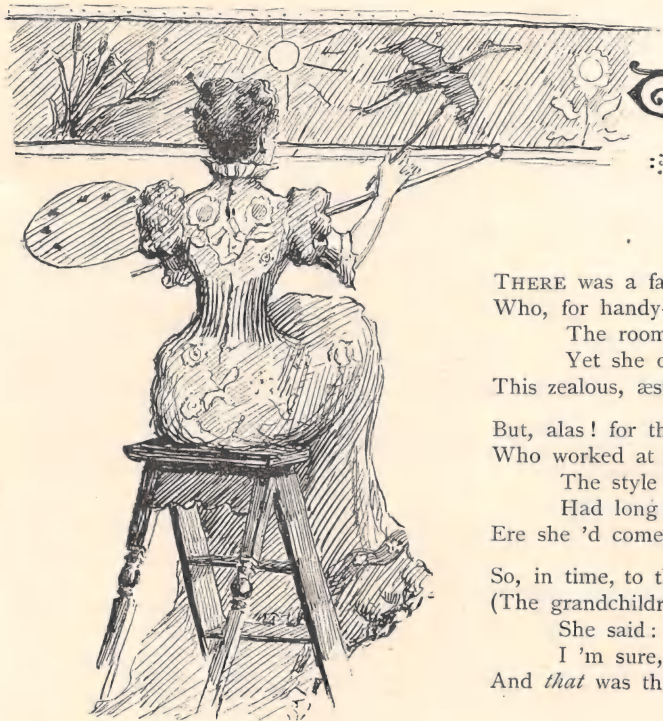
Mr. Thomas Brown, the regal personage touches him on the shoulder with the tip of a sword, and he rises—*Sir* Thomas Brown. Nothing but the sword-blade is considered adequate to confer knighthood. A man might be touched by his monarch with a battle-ax of solid gold, or a most costly rifle, but he would never consider himself a genuine knight or baronet. It is the sword alone which is aristocratic enough to confer aristocracy.

Not alone, however, for such noble purposes has the sword been used. In many countries, both barbarous and civilized, it has been the weapon of the executioner, and we read of great blades made for this purpose, containing within them a narrow channel in which ran a column of quicksilver. This heavy and fluid metal, suddenly flowing from hilt to point as the sword was swung, gave an additional impetus to the blow, and made the work of the headsman easier and more certain. The sword was used, too, in the bull-fights of Spain, to dispatch the wounded and maddened animals.

But, as we have said, such uses as these are merely incidental, and do not detract from the rank and character of the sword, which, although it is not relied upon now, as formerly, in war and combat, is yet emblematic of all that it once was. Thus, when a general surrenders his army he hands his sword to the commander of the conquering forces, thereby indicating that he gives up his power to lead his men into further combat.

It is not at all likely that cannon, pistol, gun, or any weapon that may be invented will ever attain the peculiar regard and high estimation in which the sword has been held so long. A weapon which was the personal companion of its owner, and derived its greatest value from its holder's skill and courage, was considered almost a part of the soldier or cavalier, and with it he often carved his way to fortune or to fame.

But in our times, fame and fortune are seldom won, even in military life, by mere hewing and stabbing. The palmy days of the sword are over.



## The Æsthetic Young Lady



THERE was a fair maid named Louise,  
Who, for handy-work, painted a frieze;  
The room was quite big,  
Yet she cared not a fig!  
This zealous, æsthetic Louise.

But, alas! for the Lady Louise,—  
Who worked at her task by degrees,—  
The style of that day  
Had long passed away  
Ere she 'd come to the end of her frieze!

So, in time, to the group at her knees  
(The grandchildren whom she would please)  
She said: "'T will improve it,  
I 'm sure, to remove it,"—  
And *that* was the end of her frieze!



## THE BOY WHO LOST THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

NICK TWEEDLE sat astride the hen-house, whittling. The roof of the hen-house could not be said to afford a comfortable seat, especially in the position which Nick always chose; but it was a retired spot, and therefore suited to meditation, and Nick's mind was so absorbed that he thought little of his bodily comfort; besides, he liked to get astride the hen-house when he wanted to form a very brilliant plan, because it suggested being on a horse's back, and gave him a sense of courage and freedom.

He could n't be on a horse's back, because Aunt Jane did n't believe in boys riding horseback. The very worst thing about Aunt Jane was her skepticism; there were so many things that she did n't believe in.

She did n't believe in two pieces of pie.

She did n't believe in swapping jack-knives.

She did n't believe in circuses.

She did n't believe in dogs.

She did n't believe in guns.

She did n't believe in playing all day on Saturday.

She did n't believe in camping out.

She did n't believe in playing Indian, and would n't let Tommy be scalped.

She did n't believe in base-ball.

She did n't believe in carrying jam-tarts and pickles to bed.

She did n't believe in making a noise.

She did n't believe in leaving things 'round.

She did n't believe in red-headed boys, any way.

When she expressed that last sentiment, as she did very often, Nick found it hard not to regard it as personal; for his hair was undeniably red—so red that people were always making unpleasant jokes about its being a beacon light on the top of Tweedle's hill, and the men who lounged in the village store pretended to light their pipes by it. Perhaps Aunt Jane "did n't mean anything," as his father always assured him, but Nick thought it was a little singular that it never happened to be light-haired boys, nor brown-haired boys, nor black-haired boys that she did n't believe in.

She did n't believe in tearing trousers, nor being forgetful, either. In fact, Nick was of the opinion that a list of her unbeliefs would be longer than the catechism that he had to say in Sunday-school.

To-day, Nick had planned to go fishing with Jack Deering; they were going to Lazy Brook, where, as Jack declared, the trout were so thick and so willing to be caught that they would "peek out and

wink at you," and Aunt Jane had commanded him to stay at home and weed the garden, because she did n't believe in going fishing.

And Nick had made up his mind that there were some things that no boy could endure.

He had fully determined to run away.

Just how and where to go were the subjects to which he was now giving his attention. Although he sat astride the hen-house and whittled, no brilliant ideas seemed to come.

Nick did n't want to do anything commonplace; he was convinced that he had uncommon talents. He had thought of running away to sea, but three boys from the village had already done that, and so it seemed rather tame. Besides, Dick Harris, who had come home, darkly hinted that there was more hard work than fun about it, and it was a peculiarity of Nick's that he liked fun better than hard work.

Jacob, their hired man, had secured a position in a menagerie to educate a whale. That was an occupation that would just suit himself, Nick thought, but from inquiries that he had made he judged that whale educators were not in great demand. Not everybody was as lucky as Jacob—though Aunt Jane thought he had better have staid on the farm, and said she did n't believe in menageries nor whales.

Another thing that Nick wanted was to be a magician and take a cat and three kittens out of a hat that would n't begin to hold them, but he did n't know just where he could go to learn the business. His father could not tell him, and as for Aunt Jane, she did n't believe in magicians.

He had thought somewhat of joining an Arctic exploring expedition, until he read that the provisions almost always gave out; Nick never thought there was much fun where there was n't plenty to eat, and he read a list of the supplies that were usually taken, and found no mention of pies. After that he went over to Aunt Jane's way of thinking, and did n't believe in Arctic exploring expeditions.

He had intended to invent a telephone which should be so superior to those already in use that, instead of merely transmitting the sound of voices, it should do the talking all by itself. But he had not succeeded as yet, and it would hardly be prudent to run away from home trusting to that as a means of support, although, once out of Aunt Jane's reach, his chance of success would be much better, for he had no opportunity to experiment



now, because she did n't believe in telephones. Another plan that occurred to him was to ride around the world on a bicycle. He thought that by the time he got to Kamtchatka he might make money by exhibiting himself, as it was quite probable that they did n't have bicycles there; but there was a difficulty in the way—it would take money to get as far as Kamtchatka, even on a bicycle. A boy might possibly endure to sleep out-of-doors with only ambition to keep him warm, but Nick was of the opinion that ambition would never keep a boy with a big appetite from being hungry.

It is very sad, but one has to take a practical view of matters, even if one is a genius and expects to do great things in the world; so Nick decided that he would not attempt the tour of the world on a bicycle, even if he could get a bicycle, which was very doubtful, as Aunt Jane did n't believe in them.

Walking on a tight-rope he regarded as an agreeable and elevated means of gaining a livelihood; but an experiment of that kind which he had tried, with the rope fastened to the high beams of the barn, had proved so disastrous that he was forced to the conclusion that his talents did not lie in that direction.

Going to fight Indians on the Western plains was another of his favorite plans, but the unpleasant habit of scalping people which the Indians indulged in so freely made him feel some hesitation. He might be like the "Red-handed Rover of the Rocky Sierras," whose adventures he had read, who always turned upon the twenty-seven uncommonly large Indians who were about to scalp him, and scalped them with their own weapons. But although he might not have acknowledged it, he had some doubts, drawn from his experiences in the fighting line, whether his abilities were as great as the Red Rover's. He reflected that he had once "licked little Billy Shannon out of his boots," but when Billy Shannon's big brother came upon the scene the results of the contest were sadly changed. He was as ready as anybody to "stand up man to man," but when it came to encountering twenty-seven uncommonly large Indians, all in war-paint, and brandishing tomahawks, Nick felt that he would rather not.

To be a soldier had always been his greatest desire. He was very patriotic, and wanted an opportunity to defend his country, but as there seemed no prospect whatever of a war he felt almost discouraged about that. He had gotten up a sham fight at the last Fourth of July celebration, and with several other boys had become so excited as to entirely forget that it was a sham, and the result had been more lively than delightful.

And Aunt Jane did n't believe even in ten-cent

pop-guns, nor two bunches of fire-crackers under a tin pan at four o'clock in the morning, nor even in the dinner-bell and a fish-horn—which did n't make any noise to speak of,—and she said she did n't believe Nick wanted anything but to give her a headache.

There really seemed to be no way of giving vent to patriotic feeling without being misunderstood.

Nick concluded that it was a hard world for a boy, but still he did n't think he could find anything harder in it than staying at home with Aunt Jane and her unbeliefs, and he was just resolving to go and be a tramp until he could raise money enough to buy out a tin-peddler, when Tim Harri-man, a next-door neighbor, came along and called out to him that he had brought him a letter from the post-office.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Nick.

His list of correspondents was extremely limited. In fact, he had received but one letter in his life, and that was from Aunt Jane when she had gone to pay a visit, telling him that she did n't believe in boys wasting money on postage stamps, so he need n't write to her. There was nobody who would be likely to write him a letter, so it must come from somebody who was unlikely to, and that might be the Khan of Tartary, who had written to offer him the position of Grand Vizier, or Decapitator General, or whatever the highest dignity of his court was called.

After such a splendid vision it was somewhat disappointing to open the letter and find it was from their old "hired girl," Tryphosa, who had married Augustus Spilkins, and moved up into the back-woods. Tryphosa wrote:

"MY DEER BOY: me and augustus Wants yu to kum and sea us, And Stay A long Spell. we Kepe tarvern and hev a Plenty off Good Vittuls. not exceptin Pys. yu Kan take augustuses Old Muskit and Shoot the cros that is eatin' up all the Corn and aint a mite Afrade off the scarecro though it is maid to look edzacly like augustus and yu kan brake in the Colt that is caliker and a romun Nose and One Good i and Terrerble Skitish, and yu kan help augustus maik Jinger Ail wich has to bee Plenty bein a temperunce hous and not Another Drop though shoshyble. me and augustus alwys set by yu and we Want yu to kum sertin sure pertikerly as it kant bee none two kumfurtn' wher thare is sich an Onbelever az sum fokes that yu and i noes off. with Respects yores respectful  
TRYPHOSA."

"P. S. Kum Rite Of."

If a visit to Tryphosa was not so delightfully exciting as the adventures which Nick had been proposing to himself, it had an advantage over them which was not to be disregarded in this uncertain world—it was a possibility.

And there was a wild attractiveness about the prospect of shooting crows, and breaking in the calico colt, with his one eye and his skittishness.

Besides, Nick liked Tryphosa; she knew how to sympathize with a boy that had an Aunt Jane; and



her sympathy did not take the form of hugging and kissing—things which Nick could not endure—it took the form of pie. If there was a person in the world who thoroughly understood the art of pie-making, it was Tryphosa, and she was never known to cut a pie into stingy little pieces.

Augustus Spilkins was very agreeable, too, and had gifts that distinguished him. He could balance a pitchfork on his eye-lid, and do a trick with cards that the school-master could n't find out. He could swallow a cent and take it out of his sleeve, and he could fiddle and dance so that the minister could n't help listening and looking on. And, though he came from Nova Scotia, there never was a Yankee who could equal him at whittling; he could whittle out a pig that could almost squeal, and mice that drove the cat half crazy. And he whittled out a dog that would wag his tail—though the wag did get out of order very soon.

Tryphosa used to scold at first, because he "littered up" the kitchen, but he won her heart by whittling out a butter-stamp for her with two hearts, joined together, and a turtle dove upon it. That was how they came to be married.

Nick thought things over and decided that there was sure to be fun going on where Augustus was.

He was sure that his father would give him leave to accept Tryphosa's invitation, but Aunt Jane did n't believe in boys visiting, so Nick decided to avoid any little unpleasantness that might possibly arise, by omitting to take leave of her.

He wrapped his clothes in a gay bandana handkerchief, which was a present from Augustus, and hung the bundle over his shoulder, upon a stout stick. He had a traveling bag, but he thought that gave him a less adventurous air than the bundle. As he left the gate he heard Aunt Jane's voice calling him, and declaring in shrill tones that she did n't believe in boys having on their best clothes on a week-day. Nick hurried along. He did n't know how many bad people he might meet in the world, but Tryphosa had once solemnly assured him that he would never find another such an "infiddle" as Aunt Jane.

He stopped at his father's store, but his father not being in he contented himself with leaving a note for him, in which he explained where he was going, and asked him not to tell Aunt Jane. Nick's father was a very easy and obliging man, and, besides, Nick suspected that he suffered himself from Aunt Jane's unbelieving disposition, and would enjoy keeping the secret from her.

He felt a little sorry that he could not take Tommy with him. Tommy was Aunt Jane's son, but he was not in the least like her. He was four years younger than Nick, and believed in everything Nick did. And he never was so mean as to

"tell on him." How much of his reticence was due to the fact that Nick threatened to make fiddle-strings of him if he did tell, it is impossible to say, but it is probable that this terrible threat had a powerful effect on Tommy's mind, as it always made him turn pale.

Tommy's most striking characteristic was a propensity to tumble into the well; four times he had been rescued dripping and senseless, and Aunt Jane "did n't believe that boy would be anything but a lifeless corpse the next time he was hooked out of the well." Nick almost wished that he had taken Tommy with him when he thought of that dreadful possibility, but he contented himself with going back and adding a postscript to the note he had left in his father's store: "Tell Tommy not to get drowned in the well till I come home."

Then Nick went on with a mind at ease.

Augustus had appended to Tryphosa's letter minute directions, so that Nick might have no difficulty in making his way to Tantrybogus, the town where he and Tryphosa lived; but he mentioned so many different railways and stage-routes that Nick was afraid his funds would not hold out until the end of the journey.

He found that railroads and stage-routes came to an end nine miles from Tantrybogus. By the good nature of the driver of the last stage he was enabled to ride to the end of the route, although his money was exhausted. And he found that nine miles was as far as he cared to walk, but he reached Tantrybogus about nine o'clock.

Tryphosa was almost overcome with surprise and delight, but instead of fainting, or kissing him, she gave expression to her feelings by setting six kinds of pie before him. There was no doubt that Tryphosa was just as agreeable as ever.

Augustus complimented him in a very gratifying manner.

"Well, now, I swanny, I would n't have thought 't was you, you've growed so! If I was onbelieve-in' like your Aunt Jane, I should declare 't wa'n't you! I declare you're gettin' to be a man so fast it makes me feel awk'ard to think what a little spell ago 't was that I made free to call you sonny!"

You may say what you will, it is pleasant to meet people who realize that one is getting to be a man, and cannot properly be called "sonny."

The "tarvern" seemed to be a very "soshlyble" place, as Tryphosa had said; there were many very pleasant and jolly people there, but it seemed to Nick that they looked and talked very differently from Stumpville people. Some of them he could hardly understand, and they had very odd, outlandish names.

Nick came to the conclusion that very night that Tantrybogus was a queer place.



He found out the next day that it was also a very delightful place. There were plenty of good times to be had, and no school, no garden to weed, no Aunt Jane, and unlimited pie.

Shooting crows was great fun. He did n't happen to hit any, but he hit the scarecrow and made a complete wreck of him. He also hit Tryphosa's favorite black turkey that was roosting in a tree, and a neighbor's black cat, mistaking them for crows. So nobody could say that he was a poor shot if he did n't kill crows. As for the colt, everybody knows that a calico colt with a Roman nose and one good eye is very hard to break, so it is not surprising that he ran away with Nick into the river, and might have drowned him if he had n't been able to swim.

Tryphosa cried over Nick, because he had had such a hard time, and carried a whole pie to his bedside, in the middle of the night, and Augustus said he did n't know how they had ever got along without him, he made things so kind o' lively.

All these things happened in a few days, for it was less than a week after Nick's arrival in Tantrybodus that he suddenly became aware that the very next day would be the Fourth of July. At home, in Stumpville, he would have been counting the hours that must pass before the day came, but here he had found so many novel diversions that he had quite forgotten that it came so soon.

In a great state of excitement he rushed to Augustus, who was bottling ginger ale.

"Fourth of July, to-morrow!" he shouted, "and not so much as a fire-cracker ready! Have you forgotten?"

Augustus seemed disturbed and uneasy. He let the corks fly out of two or three ale-bottles, in his uncertainty of mind. Nick thought that popping was better than nothing; it sounded a little like the Fourth of July.

"You see, Tantrybodus is kind of a cur'us place. They don't seem to set no great store by the Fourth of July, and seein' it's Canady, and they're mostly English and French, it could n't in nater be expected," said Augustus, looking sad.

Canada! Nick knew it was just across the line, and had n't thought of it, he had been having so many other things on his mind. He sat down on the lowest step of the cellar stairs, clasped his hands around his knee, and reflected.

"I could n't stand it, Augustus!" he said, firmly, at last. "It's all right for the Tantryboguses, and for you, because you came from Nova Scotia, but I should burst!"

Augustus scratched his head in perplexity, and went on letting the corks pop.

"You might go down to Polywhappit," said he, brightening suddenly. "That's across the line,

and it's only a matter of ten miles from here, and I expect they'll have a rousing time."

"I'll start right off!" cried Nick, jumping up. "I'll harness up, and carry you a good piece, and you can walk the rest of the way; and I'll give you a five-dollar bill to do your celebratin' with. Oh, you need n't feel bad about takin' so much, for I'm glad to have you go and enjoy yourself, and bein' you're so lively, it's worth more 'n that to me to have you go."

Afterward it struck Nick that a double meaning might be attached to those words of Augustus', but he was too eager to go to think about them then.

Tryphosa took a tearful leave of him, and insisted upon putting a pie in the crown of his hat, where it "would n't be in his way, but would be handy when he got hungry," and told him to be sure to find her brother's wife's cousin, Lysander Hewitt, who lived in Polywhappit, and would be sure to welcome him for the sake of the family connection.

Augustus drove him a little more than half way to Polywhappit, and then had to hurry back lest his ginger ale should spoil.

It was late in the afternoon when Nick reached Polywhappit. It was almost as large a town as Stumpville, but Nick thought it did n't look very wide awake, and though he looked about him very sharply he could see no signs of preparation for the Fourth of July.

However, they were, unquestionably, Yankees in Polywhappit, and Nick had never heard of Yankees who did n't make a noise on the glorious Fourth.

Great, therefore, was his dismay when he learned from Tryphosa's relative, Lysander Hewitt, "that Polywhappit did n't calkilate to do no celebratin'. They had built a new town hall and repaired a great many roads, and did n't feel able to spend any more money. Money's skerce in Pollywhappit, and that's a fact," said Tryphosa's relative.

"Do you mean to say that they wont make any noise at all to-morrow?" asked Nick, not without an accent of disgust.

"Well, Polywhappit folks seem to feel that when your powder is burnt up, your money's burnt up too, and there a'nt no great profit in it, to say nothin' of the danger of bein' sot afire. I did hear that the school children over to the East Polywhappit district was every one agoin' to recite the Declaration of Independence and sing some of them appropriate pieces like Ameriky and Old Hundred. If you feel like celebratin' I'll carry you over there to-morrow mornin'."

Nick heaved a sigh, and thought of the grand times that he had been wont to enjoy at Stumpville on the Fourth of July.

"I'm afraid that would n't be quite lively enough for me. We do things differently in Stumpville.



"We don't value money that we spend to do honor to our country!" said Nick, with a grand air.

His thoughts were turning, wistfully, to Stumpville. Even if he had to endure Aunt Jane and her unbeliefs, Stumpville was not the worst place a boy could live in. For there they had not lost the Fourth of July. There they would have a ringing and a banging, a rattling and a snapping, that it would do one's heart good to hear. And, probably, at five o'clock in the afternoon a balloon would go up from the common. If he were at home, Nick might have some chance of going up in that balloon, for the aeronaut was Aunt Jane's brother-in-law's wife's nephew. And, at all events, he could go up on to the band-stand when the band was playing, because Aunt Jane's sister-in-law's second husband's son played the cornet. There were advantages as well as disadvantages about having an Aunt Jane. It occurred to Nick that he had never fully realized the advantages. He had thought too much about Aunt Jane's unbeliefs and not enough about her desirable family connections.

He decided to get back to Stumpville very soon—if possible, before that balloon went up.

He asked Lysander Hewitt whether he thought he could do it by walking all night, but Lysander thought he would get there just as soon by taking the stage at five o'clock in the morning. The railroad station was only seven miles away, and an express train connected with the stage.

So Nick accepted Lysander Hewitt's hospitality for the night, and, being very tired, he fell asleep, although it was entirely contrary to every Stumpville boy's ideas of propriety to sleep on the night before the Fourth; and he dreamed that he was an enormous fire-cracker, and was all lighted and going off splendidly, and very proud of himself, when all the people in Tantrybogus and all the people in Polywhappit began to pour cold water over him. He was very angry and made an immense effort to go off, in spite of the cold water, and suddenly found himself wide awake and rolling out of bed.

It was daylight, but not a sound indicated that it was anything different from an ordinary day—no ringing of bells, no firing of guns, no inspiring rattle and bang of fire-crackers, not so much as the cheering snap of one small torpedo! Nick felt that Polywhappit was in a low condition morally, and ought to be aroused to a sense of its duties and encouraged to perform them. He took his money out of his pocket and counted it; besides the five dollars that Augustus had given him he had some change which Tryphosa had slipped into his hand after she put the pie into his hat; there was just thirty-seven cents; counting it over three times would n't make it any more than that.

On a scrap of paper which he found in his pocket he wrote this note:

"Please celebrate a little, for it is an Orfool Disgrace not to have any fourth of july at all. i give you this dollar and Thirty Seven Cents to Help Along. as much noys as you could get for this would be a Grate Deel better than no fourth of july at all."

He inclosed the money in the note, and slipped it under the door of Lysander Hewitt's chamber. Then he hurried to the stage, and soon bade farewell to Polywhappit.

He had saved a little more than enough money to pay his fare home, and would have been glad to invest that little in fire-crackers for a parting salute to Polywhappit, but the stage-driver told him that not a fire-cracker was to be had in the town.

"There wa' n't no great liveliness about the Polywhappiters," he said.

It seemed to Nick that never before had stages and railroad trains moved so slowly as those that he rode on that day. The stages waited for the mails, and waited for passengers, and waited to feed the horses, and waited for a young lady to go back and find something she had forgotten, and for an old lady to go back and see if she had n't forgotten something. And the trains waited for wood and waited for water, and stopped not only at the stations but at almost every house they came to. Nick thought it was fortunate that the houses were a good many miles apart, otherwise they might never reach Stumpville. All the stations seemed half buried in the woods, and Nick saw scarcely a sign that anybody knew it was the Fourth of July. Once or twice a horrible suspicion seized him that the day had really dropped out of the calendar. But that was when he grew very tired and sleepy with the long ride and the jolting of the cars.

Five o'clock came and went, while they were still miles away from Stumpville. Nick, in despair, pictured to himself the scene on the common, the crowd shouting and clapping hands as the great balloon—the balloon which he might have been in—sailed skyward. But he might still be in time for the fire-works; it was likely to be a dark night and they would begin early, but he might get there before the close. But, alas! nine miles away from Stumpville the engine broke down! It might take hours to repair it, so Nick decided to walk the rest of the way. The seven-league boots could hardly have gone over those nine miles in a shorter space of time than Nick did, but it was all in vain. A distant glimpse of the last sky-rocket that went up from Stumpville common was all he had!

When he walked into the village there were still a few belated people in the streets whom he heard congratulating each other upon the grandest



Fourth of July celebration that Stumpville had ever known!

Nick hurried homeward, not feeling just in the mood to hear about the celebration.

He went into the back yard, thinking he would creep up to his room by the back stairs, and not let anybody see him. But he stumbled over Tommy, who was fast asleep on a heap of empty torpedo boxes and fire-cracker papers, with a pop-gun still clutched tightly in his hand, and Tommy awoke, with one of the resounding screams for which Tommy was famous.

"Keep still! what have *you* got to cry about?" said Nick, bitterly.

"I w-w-want it to be F-f-fourth of July some more!" sobbed Tommy.

Tommy's cry drew Aunt Jane from the front gate, where she was talking over the glories of the day with a neighbor, and Nick was discovered.

"So it's you, though I would n't have believed it," said Aunt Jane. "I don't believe in boys slinking in by the back way, even if they have reason to be ashamed of themselves. If you'd been here you might have touched off the cannon, for Captain Thumb said he meant to let you—though I don't believe in boys touching off cannons. And you might have gone up in the balloon, for

you had an invitation, and your father said he should have let you go, though I don't believe in balloons. I should like to know *where* you have been, for I don't believe in people leaving a splendid Fourth of July celebration in their own town to tramp all over the country!"

"Neither do I," said Nick. He would n't have believed that he should ever come to share one of Aunt Jane's unbeliefs, but he did.

Nick never expected to hear anything of the result of his effort to arouse the patriotic feelings of the Polywhappiters; but in less than a week after his return he received a letter in which Lysander Hewitt, in behalf of the selectmen, returned thanks for his generous gift, and regretted to say that, owing to the lateness of its reception, they had been unable to apply it to the object which he had mentioned, but as the town had been for years afflicted with the nuisance of stray animals, especially pigs, running loose about the streets for lack of a suitable inclosure, they had resolved to use the money, with his permission, to make a pound, to be called in compliment to him "The Nick Tweedle Pig-pound"! Nick hoped he never should hear anything more from those benighted Polywhappiters, who preferred a pig-pound to a Fourth of July celebration.

## A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

WHEN I was a small youngster, years ago, we boys used to be told thrilling stories of what was called "The Last War." In these later days, we have had a war on our own soil, which was, let us hope, the last war that we shall ever be engaged in as long as the American Republic lasts. But boys of an older generation than this knew "The Last War" to be the war between the United States and Great Britain, now generally called "The War of 1812." It is a long and painful story of misunderstandings and oppressive acts which must be told to explain the causes that led to the beginning of that war. Happily, the contest was not a very long one, and Americans, whatever may be said of the rights and wrongs of the two parties engaged in the fight, look with pride upon the achievements of the American navy of that period. The names of Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Perry, and many other gallant sailors, will be remembered as long as the traditions of the United States navy endure. Their wonderful exploits did much to close the sorrowful and wasteful struggle.

In 1813, the frigate "Essex," commanded by Captain David Porter, after committing much havoc upon the British marine off the Atlantic coast of South America, sailed boldly around Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean. Porter had resolved to strike out into a new field of operations, and, carrying into the Pacific the first American flag that had floated from the mast-head of a man-of-war, he swooped down upon the British merchantmen and whalers, causing tremendous consternation. Nobody had dreamed that the Yankees would dare to send a man-of-war into this distant sea, and the British frigates were making things very uncomfortable for the few American merchantmen engaged in the Pacific trade. The arrival of the "Essex" soon changed all that. Within a year she had captured four thousand tons of British shipping, and had taken four hundred prisoners. She may be said to have subsisted upon the enemy, as the vessel was not only supplied with everything needed for repairs, rigging, ammunition, clothing, and provisions, taken from the enemy's captured





THE BATTLE OF THE "ESSEX" WITH THE "PHEBE" AND THE "CHERUB."

ships, but the men were paid with money found on board of one of her prizes.

Orders were given that the "Essex" must be destroyed, at all hazards, by any British man-of-

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war that should be fortunate enough to catch her. But the American frigate was fleet, and difficult to catch. Finally, in February, 1814, the frigate, accompanied by a small craft called the "Essex



Junior," a cruiser made over from one of the prizes captured from the British by Porter, cast anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, Peru. The Peruvian Government was not then independent, Peru being a province of Spain. But Valparaiso was a neutral port, although the people of Peru, and the Spanish, also, were somewhat unfriendly to the Americans. So, when two British men-of-war, the "Phœbe" and the "Cherub," entered the port, it was tolerably certain that there would be a fight, should the "Essex" dare to put out to sea.

The Englishmen had the redoubtable "Essex" and her little consort in a trap. For six weeks, the two British vessels kept a very close watch on the Americans, sailing up and down the coast, just outside of the entrance to the harbor. Finally, on the 28th of March, Captain Porter, trusting to his ability to outsail either of the British vessels, and draw them away, so that the "Essex Junior" might escape, set sail and drew out of the anchorage. In doubling a headland at the entrance of the harbor, the "Essex" was struck by a squall, which carried away her maintopmast and several men. Captain Porter returned toward the roadstead, and anchored three miles from the town and about the distance of a pistol-shot from the shore. The "Phœbe" and the "Cherub" had been exchanging signals, and it was evident that they meant to attack, although the vessels were all in neutral waters.

The "Phœbe" carried thirty long eighteen-pounders and sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades for her armament, besides seven small guns in her tops. She also had 320 men, all told. The "Cherub" carried twenty-eight guns of various caliber and 180 men. To meet this formidable force the "Essex" had 255 men, and her armament consisted of twenty-six thirty-pounders and six long twelve-pounders. The "Essex Junior," which took no part in the fight, had twenty guns and sixty men. Nevertheless, Porter resolved that he would never surrender as long as he had men enough to work his guns; and right manfully did he hold to his resolution.

The "Phœbe" opened fire at four o'clock in the afternoon, being then nearly dead astern of the disabled "Essex." The long eighteens of the Englishman did great damage on board the "Essex," which, notwithstanding her disadvantage, returned the fire with gallantry and spirit. The "Cherub," then on the starboard bow of the "Essex," next opened fire also, but was driven off by the guns of the American. Three of the long twelve-pounders of the "Essex" were then got out astern, and played upon the "Phœbe" with such terrible effect that she, too, was hauled off for repairs, many of the shot having struck below the water-line.

Both the British vessels now closed upon the American frigate, being on her starboard quarter, and poured into her a fire so galling that the spars and rigging of the doomed ship were soon in a tangle of wreckage. Porter slipped his cable, and, hoisting his flying-jib, bore down upon the enemy, pouring broadsides into them as the ship slowly drifted. The "Cherub" was driven off for a second time, and the "Phœbe" retired out of the reach of the guns of the "Essex," but near enough to worry her with her long-range ordnance. After two hours of fighting, Porter tried to run his vessel ashore, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy; but a change of wind prevented him, and he anchored once more, making fast a sheet-anchor with a hawser.

Very shortly after, the hawser parted, and, to increase the trials of these determined heroes, the ship took fire below deck. In this extremity, Captain Porter told the men to save themselves as best they could. Some threw themselves into the sea and swam to shore, some were drowned, and many were picked up, while clinging to bits of wreck, by the boats of the enemy. But a larger part of the crew staid by the ship, and continued firing into the enemy, in the midst of the smoke and flames. Finally, the fire was partly subdued, and men enough to work two of the long twelves kept up a brisk fire.

But further resistance was useless. Only seventy-five men were left to do duty, the remainder being killed, wounded, or missing. So, after an engagement that had lasted two hours and a half, Porter, with a sorrowful heart, hauled down the American flag, and the wreck of the gallant "Essex" was surrendered to the foe. The British lost four killed and seven wounded on the "Phœbe," and one killed and three wounded on the "Cherub." Both ships were badly crippled, their sails and rigging being riddled, and the "Phœbe" had received eighteen shots below water-line from the long twelves of the "Essex." Thousands of spectators crowded the shores to gaze on the bloody encounter. The Spanish Viceroy was vainly entreated by the American Consul to insist upon the maintenance of neutrality. He refused to interfere.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable naval engagements of modern times. It ended in disaster to the American cause. But the heroic defense of the "Essex," in which officers and men vied with one another in a determination not to give up the ship, fired with fresh enthusiasm all who heard the story of their brave and obstinate fight. And, when the young people of this republic shall celebrate once more the deeds of the patriotic defenders of the American Republic, let them give a hearty cheer for David Porter and his crew.



## AMATEUR NEWSPAPERS.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.

It is coming to be regarded as an axiom by the young people of America that "What man has done, boy can do"; and the notion is not entirely unheard of that what a boy can do, so can his sister. There is scarcely an industry of any importance, carried on by the energetic and inventive men of the day, which has not its counterpart in reduced scale among the amusements of our boys and girls. Even in early childhood, those games are most popular which lead children to imitate the employments of their grown-up friends.

Six-year-old Mary is never so happy as when she is playing "keep house"; especially if she is so fortunate as to own a real iron stove in which she is allowed to kindle a real fire for boiling a real potato; and if Johnny has a father wise enough to give him a box of tools, he will cheerfully play carpenter all winter long. So the clouds of labor have their sunny side of imitative play. The mighty rumble of the locomotive is echoed in the tiny roar of thousands of mimic engines; the intricate rattle of the busy telegraph is reproduced in a minor key on multitudes of little "sounders"; and even implements of deadly warfare are reduced in caliber and sold as playthings.

If this is true in the case of little children, much more is it true of our boys and girls as they grow older. The age is swiftly reached when toys no longer satisfy, and the boy must have a chest of tools that will do good work; he must engineer an engine that has horse-power in it; he must cultivate a patch of ground, and plant something more practical than the watermelon seeds of his early years; he must have a gun that will throw real lead.

Among the many youthful occupations which this spirit of imitation has created, none, perhaps, has been more widely extended and more enthusiastically followed than AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

The idea of a newspaper printed and edited by a boy is, in one sense, not a novel one. Benjamin Franklin might be called the pioneer boy printer; for it is commonly mentioned in connection with the Discovery of America, the Landing of the Pilgrims, the Surrender of Cornwallis, and various other incidents of the sort, that when Benjamin Franklin was very young he published his brother's paper in his absence, and won himself distinction thereby.

It is said, also, that in 1812, at the time when England and the United States were engaged in

their second discussion, a boy by the name of Thomas G. Condie, or Cundie, living in Philadelphia, edited the *Weekly Portfolio*, a paper which had some local repute. Tradition has it that Condie's paper was of four pages measuring eight and a half by eleven inches.

We speak of this as a tradition; for—alas, for the vanity of earthly glory!—learned scribes and critics have arisen who have proved, in the *Censor* and elsewhere, not merely that, as with Shakespeare, the spelling of our hero's name is uncertain, but that no such person as either Condie or Cundie ever lived, breathed, or edited a paper.

We learn from Mr. W. M. Clemens, that on the 21st of August, 1820, Nathaniel Hawthorne, then sixteen years of age, sent forth the first number of *The Spectator*, a small but neatly printed and well edited paper. A prospectus had been issued only the week before, setting forth that the *Spectator* would be issued on Wednesdays, "price twelve cents per annum, payment to be made at the end of the year."

Among the advertisements on the last page was the following:

*Nathaniel Hawthorne proposes to publish, by subscription, a new edition of the "Miseries of Authors," to which will be added a sequel containing facts and remarks drawn from his own experience.*

Whatever others may think, no member of the National Amateur Press Association will hesitate to attribute a fair share of Hawthorne's subsequent greatness to the discipline of these early labors in the editorial chair.

*The Boy.*

In 1834 or 1835, a little lad of Hartford, Conn., then known as "Nat," now as Rev. Professor Nathaniel Egleston, of Williamstown, Mass., published an amateur paper called *The Boy*.

He set up\* his type in one of the tin Sedlitz powder boxes common then, and printed a sheet as large as a postal card.

And this device of the Sedlitz powder box calls to mind a very interesting account of another original contrivance devised in 1839 by a Western boy, or at least by an Eastern boy gone West. The story was told in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1879, under the title of "How a Comet Struck the Earth," and should be carefully read and pondered



by all who would know with what difficulties early amateur editors were forced to contend.

In 1858, appeared the *Coos Herald*, from Lancaster, N. H., which attracted considerable attention. Between these dates there were, doubtless, many other papers whose names, though long forgotten by the world, still nestle in a warm corner of the memories of their quondam editors. Perhaps the difficulties in the way of obtaining presses, which the editors of *The Boy* and *The Comet* succeeded so ingeniously in overcoming, deterred many less energetic boys from attempting similar publications.

However this may be, it is certain that the invention, in 1867, of the cheap "Novelty" press was the event from which must be dated what is now understood as Amateur Journalism. The widely scattered advertisement, "EVERY BOY HIS OWN PRINTER," proved irresistible. Not *Comets* only, but whole constellations, suddenly flashed across the journalistic sky; *Suns* shone, *Stars* twinkled, *Meteors* blazed and burst; and, before the end of 1868, at least fifteen papers were regularly issued once a month.

In September, 1869, the first convention of amateur printers assembled at the house of Mr. Charles Scribner, of New York. This convention organized itself, with Charles Scribner, Jr., as its President, into the "Amateur Printers' Association," but changed its name the following year to "Amateur Press Association."

It was during this year, too, that *Our Boys' Intellect* (later, *Our Boys*) was first issued in Wenoona, Ill., by Charles A. Diehl. After a time, its publication office was removed to Chicago; Fred. K. Morrill became one of its editors, it was enlarged from time to time, until it grew to be a handsome journal of sixteen pages. Its circulation is said to have reached ten thousand copies, and it was finally consolidated with a professional juvenile magazine. Mr. Diehl, its founder, adopted journalism for his profession, and has, for many years, been on the staff of the *Chicago Times*. Mr. Diehl is by no means the only amateur editor who has, in later years, reached a position of professional eminence. William Howe Downes left his boys' paper for the *Boston Globe*. Frank H. Converse, well known to readers of the *Portland Transcript*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Golden Days*, was once editor of an amateur journal. So was Thomas Edison; and Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, three or four years ago, wrote:

"It is now twenty-four years since we started as an amateur editor with a little paper, the *Sun*, at Corning, N. Y. We have grown out of the atmosphere of youth, but can never forget that we were once a poverty-scarred amateur editor, and never can have in our hearts other than good wishes for the youths, the young men, amateur editors, some of whom, in the course of years, will be the leading journalists of this country."

The list might be greatly extended, but enough has been given to show that in the publication of amateur papers we may have one of the truest schools of journalism.

On this point, Hon. Horatio Scymour has expressed himself in the following letter:

EDITOR COMET—*My Dear Sir:* I am much pleased with the copy of the *Comet* you sent me, and I am gratified with your courtesy in letting me see the account of the proceedings of your Association. I hope and believe that great good will grow out of the efforts of your young associates to put journalism upon the right basis. You begin at the beginning, and I know of no other way of having any useful pursuit carried on with success. This is demanded in all professions. I can see no reason why men should jump over the fences to get into the field of journalism. It should be entered through the regular gateway. It is as much a learned profession as law, medicine, or divinity. It calls for early training and careful preparation. I believe your association will do much to give the next generation higher toned journalism than we now have in our country.

Truly yours,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1872.

One of the best papers which appeared during the *renaissance* of 1870-76 was the *Youthful Enterprise*, conducted by Miss L. Libbie Adams. This is undoubtedly the "thirteen-year old girl-editor" mentioned in the "History of Woman Suffrage," who, "for three years, wrote, set up, and published a little paper in the interior of New York" (Elmira). It may be new to the authors of the just mentioned history that Miss Adams began her editorial labors in Carbondale, Pa., where she printed some numbers of the *Carbondale Enterprise* on a press which her father had secured for her, and in an office which had been fitted up in a garret. We shall mention later the *Hurricane* which still blows freshly from the orange groves of Carolina, but even at the date of which we are writing, Miss Adams was not the only girl in the ranks of amateurs. Miss Delle E. Knapp, who still writes excellent articles for the "mimic press," edited a bright paper in Buffalo, N. Y.; and at Wartville, Tenn., Miss Birdie Walker published the *Girls' Own Paper* for several years. She is now one of the editorial contributors of a professional literary magazine.

In 1870, more than fifty excellent papers were published, and the future of Amateur Journalism was assured.

During 1871, Amateurdome, or the "Dom," as it is pleasantly called by its members, prospered exceedingly. "The Centennial year," says Mr. Charles J. Steele, Jr., in the *Buffalo Courier*, "inaugurated what are now known as 'halcyon days.'"

The whole country then looked to Philadelphia. All sorts of societies and clubs held reunions there. Friends who had long been widely dispersed took that occasion to meet again. Naturally enough, it occurred to some of the brighter amateur editors that it would be a good



plan to have a grand reunion, and to publish a weekly amateur journal there. The last part of this programme was found impracticable. When the World's Exhibition had been held at Vienna in 1873, a paper called *Our American Youth* had been issued weekly, under the auspices of the New York Branch of the A. P. A.; but either the American Exposition managers were not so favorable as the Austrian, or the boys did not manifest so much enthusiasm in 1876 as in 1873.

#### N. A. P. A.

The reunion, however, was a grand success. Seventy-five amateurs were present in the Quaker City, and on the Fourth of July, amid the noise of martial music and the tramp of great processions, the NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION was formed. The mercury stood at 104° in the shade, but the intense heat served only to weld the boys into firmer union.

The former organization had been local, and its members were from the Eastern States, but this Association was national, and embraced young men from all sections of the country. From that time, the letters "N. A. P. A." have been regarded with growing affection by a rapidly increasing number of American youth.

The Constitution, which was adopted in 1876, has been recently amended and will be given, in part, in its proper place. The first President of the N. A. P. A. was John W. Snyder, of Richmond, Virginia. It is estimated that, during the year of his administration, there were five hundred amateur journals of all sizes and kinds.

In 1877, the annual *Napa* meeting was held at Long Branch, and was the largest yet convened. There were over a hundred present, and, after a most exciting contest, A. W. Dingwall, of Milwaukee, was elected President, and C. C. Henman, of New York, Official Editor. During this year the number of papers reached flood-tide, and there were over six hundred.

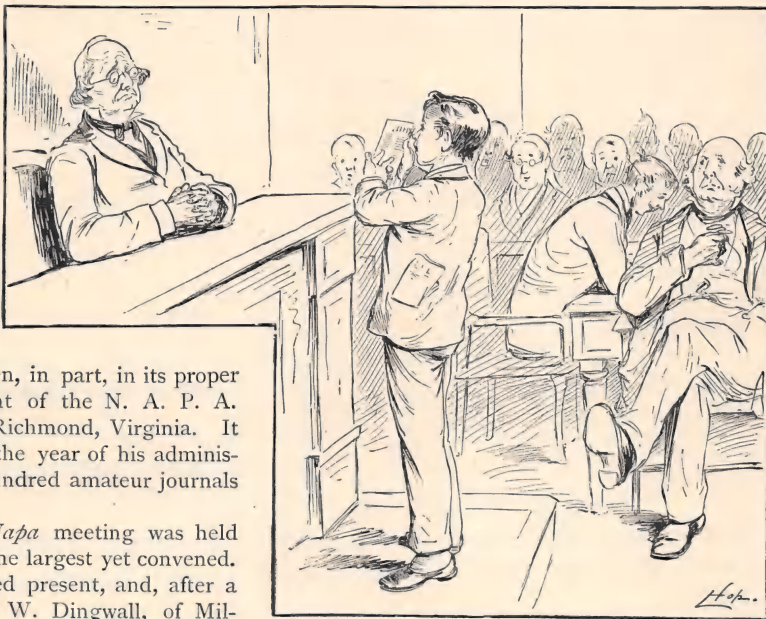
In 1878, during the administration of President Will T. Hall, of Chicago, the great trouble with the Post-office authorities arose. One brief account says: "It was determined by the powers that be, that papers published by boys were not legitimate newspapers, and that the publishers

should be required to place a one-cent stamp on each and every paper sent out. The boys could not afford to do this, and the papers went down like grass before the mower. From this severe blow Amateur Journalism has been slow to recover."

#### A LITTLE LAW.

As it is evident from editorials in many leading papers of the "Dom," as well as from this quotation from an ex-amateur editor, that this "'P. O. Trouble' is regarded by the boys as one of the main events in their history as an association," we have been at some pains to become acquainted with the inside facts and reasons of what has seemed to many an unreasonable discrimination.

The foregoing quotation was sent to Washington, accompanied by a request for advice as to the principles on which a distinction is made between papers published by boys and men. In reply, we were referred to certain sections in the Postal Guide and in a circular issued by the Third Assistant



FACE TO FACE WITH THE LAW.

Postmaster-General, a careful study of which convinces us that, however severely the decision of the Department may affect some of the less energetic boy editors, yet the complaints of unjust discrimination have no substantial foundation. And, while the rulings of the Department are in full force at this date, it is still true that very many boys are sending their papers at pound rates through the mails, and



yet acting in perfect harmony with law. For the information of all interested we will quote briefly the rulings which are in point:

"Publications asserted to be issued in the general interest of printers and publishers can not be admitted to entry as second-class matter where it appears that the number of their paid subscriptions is so insignificant in comparison with their exchange lists as to demonstrate that the primary object of their publishers is to advertise their own business and that of others by means of a free circulation among other publishers and printers. \* \* \*

"The rule just indicated for the exclusion of so-called printers' publications, designed primarily for the purposes of free exchanging, should also be applied to so-called 'Amateur' publications, and the same evidence of a *self-sustaining subscription list* required of them as of trade-journals before admission to entry as second-class mail matter."

Thus it appears that amateur papers which are on a business basis, and which are self-supporting, have never been deprived of the advantages accorded to the professional journals. The circular quoted enters into a long explanation of the reasons for this rule, showing that the nominal rate of two cents a pound does not cover the actual cost of transportation, and is accorded to no paper as a right, but is extended as a favor to such periodicals as are believed to be issued with a view to the spreading of intelligence among the people. The Government has always followed the policy of assisting in this good work, and has, therefore, carried newspapers to *bona-fide* subscribers at a nominal rate, for the sake of helping the public to obtain information cheaply. The favor is intended for the public good, not for the publishers' pockets. But when most of the copies of a paper are distributed by the publisher at his own expense, the inference is that they are distributed for his own advantage, and in such cases it is proper that he pay the postage. If the people at large consider any paper to be of advantage to them, they will support it with their subscriptions. Then, the Government is willing to help them by reducing the rate of postage. Uncle Sam has a great and a generous heart, boys. He loves fairness above all things. Even Wright acknowledged this after his bright *Egyptian Star* secured pound rates!

#### POLITICS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Speaking of government reminds us that one of the most absorbing interests of the N. A. P. A. is the yearly election of officers. The desire for office seems to be quite as strong among boys as among men, and the struggles for the Presidency and the Chief Editorship are often extremely close and persistent.

The yearly conventions are looked forward to with eager expectancy by the friends of the several candidates, and the oral debates and intricate wire-pulling of the actual meeting are preceded by months of earnest discussion, and even occasional partisan violence, in the numerous papers connected with the Association. It appears that many of the

amateur editors print their papers for no other purpose than that they may try their luck in the yearly race for office, and certainly one of the strongest incentives to hard work in producing a creditable sheet is the fact that, as the boys are rarely personally acquainted, they are obliged to form their opinions of one another largely from the essays, poems, or editorials which they write.

From this it happens that the offices usually fall to the lot of the most energetic, painstaking, and intelligent members, and whatever may be thought of political aspiration as a motive to literary endeavor, it appears certain that herein lies the strongest bond of union among the fraternity. Take away the annual conventions, with their platforms, discussions, and preceding campaigns, and the N. A. P. A. would soon dissolve.

With regard to the officers, their election and duties, the Constitution speaks as follows:

"ART. IV.—*Officers.* The Officers of the National Amateur Press Association shall consist of a President, First, Second, and Third Vice-Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer and Editor.

"ART. V. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all Conventions of the N. A. P. A., and to perform such other duties as are called for in conformation with this Constitution and these By-laws, and the adopted parliamentary authority." (Robert's Rules of Order.)

The President's duties are further defined through ten elaborate sections. Among these duties, may be noticed the publishing of at least ten numbers of a journal during his year of office, and the appointment of Judges of Award. Their duties will presently be explained.

The duties of the Vice-Presidents are naturally those of the President in his absence, and there are also special duties relating to the reception of articles sent in competition for the various prizes which are offered by the Association.

The duties of the Secretaries and of the Treasurer are those which naturally fall to such officers, with special charge of certain matters connected with an intricate system of "proxy" voting.

The Editor is one of the most responsible officers, and concerning his work Article XII. says:

"It shall be the duty of the Editor to take entire and complete control of the Official Organ, to issue four numbers of said paper during the official year, to allow nothing of a political character to appear in the columns of the paper, and to mail to every member of the Association and to every subscriber to the Official Journal one copy of each number, as soon as issued."

It is provided by the next article that this "Official Organ" shall be known as the *National Amateur*, that it shall have at least four pages, which shall be 9 x 13 inches in size, and set in long primer type. The names and addresses of the officers shall be published at the head of the editorial page, with full information regarding the method of joining the Association.

The "Judges of Award," just referred to, per-



form duties which are explained by Articles XXIII., XXIV., and XXV. of the Constitution.

"ART. XXIII.—*Prize Compositions.* SEC. 1. In order to promote the interest of our Editors and Authors, and the general tone of amateur literature, this Association will present to the author of the best written article on any subject, in accordance with section 3 of this article, the title of Laureate as hereinafter specified.

\* \* \* \* \*

"SEC. 3. Articles may be written under the following heads and sent to the officer whose name precedes them:

Second Vice-President,	}	Serials.
Department A.	}	Stories or Sketches.
Third Vice-President,	}	Poems.
Department B.	}	Essays.
	}	History of Amateur Journalism.

"ART. XXIV.—*Judges of Awards.* SEC. 1. There shall be five Judges of Award, each of whom shall have a distinct department.

"SEC. 2. Four of these Judges of Award shall be literary men of known ability not actively connected with Amateurdum. The fifth Judge of Award shall be an active Amateur.

"SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of these Judges of Award to examine closely every article sent them, and to report to the President as soon as possible the one they believe to be in a majority of respects the best, giving their reasons therefor.

"ART. XXV.—*Titles.* SEC. 1. The title of Laureate shall be conferred upon the person contributing the best article on the subjects specified in Article XXIII., Section 3."

Such are the offices which are yearly filled from the ranks of amateur journalists. A large share of all the talent of the "Dom" is exercised in the

#### A QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

The latest question for discussion has been regarding certain boys' papers of New York which are of a sensational and far from elevating nature. Some of the N. A. P. A. have strenuously opposed any fellowship with them. Others have argued that, although the tone of such papers was bad, still it was the best policy for the *Napa* to allow the obnoxious editors to retain their membership, in order to reap the benefit of their initiation fees, yearly dues, political influence, and advertising assistance. This appears to us to be one of the most vital questions which have arisen, and our confidence in the perpetuity of the Association is greatly strengthened by reading, in Article XVI., Section 2, of the Revised Constitution: "*No person connected with or contributing to [here follow the names of the disreputable sheets] shall be eligible to membership.*"

No motives of policy ever could overrule the wisdom of that section, and if the boys would take a step further, and promptly expel from their ranks



LOBBYING FOR THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

weekly discussion of the various candidates for these offices, and truth compels the statement that many of the young editors allow themselves, in the heat of the campaign, to cross the limits of courtesy quite as far as their elder brethren of the professional press.

A brief history of the latest election will give a clear notion of Amateur Politics. Before beginning this, however, it may be well to glance at one of the great questions which have divided Amateurdum during the past ten years.

every editor who publishes a single profane or indecent paragraph, they would greatly benefit the cause.

It must not be inferred from this that there are many editors who do print such matter, but, in looking over large bundles of amateur journals, one is occasionally pained by seeing paragraphs which tend to throw discredit on the institution.

To their credit be it said that the leading spirits of the "Dom" are bravely fighting this evil, and we have no doubt that they will succeed in stamping it out entirely.



The latest convention was held in Buffalo, and is acknowledged by all the boys to have been a decidedly poor affair. There were only fifteen members present, as a large faction had bolted, and there was a good deal more excitement than either

Boys wish to have fun at their conventions, of course; but they do not wish to be locked in their hotel-rooms, so that they can not reach the meeting without crawling through the transom!

The following account of this meeting is condensed from Sanderson's wide-awake *Bay State Press*:

N. A. P. A., FRANK NEWTON REEVE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

THE LESSERITES DARE NOT ATTEND THE CONVENTION, BUT BOLT IT.—SMALL ATTENDANCE BUT A GRAND MEETING!—"ME TOO" GLEASON DISHONORS HIMSELF.—THE LESSER FACTION COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED!!—LESSER HALF CRAZY.—THE REEVITES CARRY THE DAY.—THE NATIONAL IN GOOD HANDS FOR THE NEXT YEAR.—EVERY OFFICER ACTIVE!

A full, complete, and authentic account of our trip to Buffalo, and of the Convention.

Since June 1st we have thought of nothing else but the convention of the National Amateur Press Association which was to be held at Buffalo, in July. It had been our one thought and wish to attend the meeting, and in accordance with this we began to save up our spare shekels and to accumulate enough collateral to attend it. The morning of the 16th of July found us counting our cash, and to our great joy we found that we were able to go. Hurriedly packing our knapsack, we boarded the train at the little depot in Warren and were soon proceeding at a rattling rate toward the capital of the Empire State.

After a ride of five hours, we jumped off the train in Albany. While waiting here for eight dreary hours, we were suddenly confronted by two hungry individuals who had the appearance of being amateurs. One of them stepped up to us and said, "Is this Sanderson?" and we were soon shaking hands with Reeve and Kempner. The eight hours at length passed away and found us slowly rolling out of Albany. At eight, next morning, the train steamed into Buffalo. After a short search we found Charlie Steele of the *Boys' Herald*, and soon afterward came unexpectedly upon Parsons, Imrie, and Gleason.

We took no breakfast, but went directly to Congress Hall to see if any of the boys had arrived. Finding no new names on the hotel register, we adjourned to Reeve's room, and stretched out on a sofa to sleep. We were scarcely lost to consciousness when a clatter of feet was heard in the hall, the door flew open and in came Pelham of Detroit. After a fraternal handshake, we learned that the Pittsburgh boys had arrived, and, rushing upstairs, we soon had hold of the hands of Weissert and Koch. In a few minutes all the boys had gathered in Reeve's room, and a lively conversation was carried on for some time.

Telegrams had been coming in all day from the boys, but the evening brought the most important one. It was directed to "F. N. Reeve, Congress Hall, Buffalo," and read as follows: "*Monroe, Mich., July 17th. Train wrecked. Nobody hurt. Will come Wednesday eve. Niles and Kast.*"

All were suspicious that something was up, for the message was received on the wrong kind of a blank, and a capital letter was missing. Hunting up the boy who brought it, we found that it was given him by three boys on the corner of Michigan Street, and that it never came through the office. It was, as we afterward found out, a dodge of the Lesserites to dishearten us.

Looking over the register that evening, we found that Lesser, Ritter, and Buckley had arrived.

Tuesday morning found us at Congress Hall at an early hour. About eight o'clock Niles, Kast, Brown, and Rickert arrived, and we were introduced in rapid succession.

At eleven o'clock a caucus was held in Reeve's room. A regular ticket was made up and a plan of business mapped out. A huge sign adorned the entrance of the room and read as follows: "REEVE HEADQUARTERS. NO QUARTER GIVEN." In the middle of it was a representation of a skull and cross-bones.

The meeting was appointed to convene at two o'clock, but it was not called until three. None of the Lesser faction appeared, and a committee consisting of Fischer and Sanderson was sent to request their attendance. Arriving at their room, we were invited in. Telling them that the meeting was to be called in five minutes, we were replied to by young Gleason, who said:

"You appointed the convention at two o'clock. No one appeared and Lesser called the meeting. No one came and now the thing's adjourned *sine die*."

We said nothing and turned to go, but what was our dismay to find the door locked and the key on the outside. The Lesserites had us completely in their power. The meeting was being held down-stairs and we could not get there. Our wrath rose a little at this point, and stepping to one side of the room we gave the servant's bell a violent pull. No one answered, but, having observed the lay of the land, we suddenly seized a chair and, placing it by the side of the door, leaped up over it and squeezed out of the little window. At the top, before they could realize what we were doing. Hurrying down to the parlor, we found that the convention had just been called to order.



LOCKED DOORS COULD NOT KEEP THEM IN.

dignity or good nature. Practical jokes were indulged in among the members, proxy ballots were thrown out, and technicalities strictly observed in other respects. The convention appears to have been pretty well "fixed" beforehand; there was a good deal of "denouncing," some carousing, and a little business done. Still, oddly enough, excellent results have followed this most unfortunate meeting. In the first place, an energetic and enthusiastic set of officers were elected, and in the next place, the whole Association has been aroused to see the necessity of sending more and abler representatives to the yearly convention. Moreover, the evils of a cumbrous system of proxy voting have become evident, as has also the unwisdom of a Constitution with eighty-eight sections, besides voluminous By-laws.



## THE CONVENTION.

At 3.05 o'clock, President Parsons called the meeting to order. Minutes of last meeting were read and accepted. A large number of new recruits were added to the membership list. The following



STARTING A PAPER.—“What shall we call it?”

were appointed as laureate winners for the year: Jas. L. Elderdice, poet; Wm. F. Buckley, sketch; Chas. S. Elguttie, essay.

The treasurer reported \$15.50 in the treasury. After a good deal of minor business had been transacted, the election of officers occurred at 4.50. Will C. Brown arose and stated that he had the pleasure of nominating Frank N. Reeve for the presidency. No opponent appearing, he was elected by acclamation. In response to the cries of “speech,” he rose and addressed a few well-chosen words to the association, and sat down amid hearty applause. He was then escorted to the chair by a committee of two and the election proceeded as follows: Louis Kempner nominated F. E. Day for first Vice-President, and he was elected unanimously. Sanderson nominated J. A. Imrie for second Vice-President, and he was also elected without opposition. For third Vice-President, Wylie and Kempner were nominated. The association then proceeded to ballot, and it resulted as follows:

Kempner ..... II  
Wylie ..... I

Mr. Kempner was declared elected. J. J. Weissert and Warren J. Niles were elected Recording and Corresponding Secretaries respectively. Howard K. Sanderson was elected Treasurer by a majority of eight votes over his opponent, Chas. C. Rickert. Finlay A. Grant was elected Official Editor, and Detroit, Mich., as the next place of meeting.

Each of the newly elected officers present responded with short speeches. Bills against the association were ordered paid. Adjourned.

The next convention is to assemble this month in Detroit, Michigan, and bids fair to be the largest and most enthusiastic yet held. It will probably decide the fate of the “Dom.” There is a small faction who are desirous of a revolution, like Orgetorix of old, and unless a rousing meeting is secured, and a strong set of officers elected, trouble is threatened. But the better element is well organized and alert, and fully determined to have fair play and keep the old N. A. P. A. afloat.

## AMATEUR LITERATURE.

An account of amateur newspapers which should give no specimens of what the amateur editors produce would be like a Thanksgiving dinner with the ornithology omitted; but the style of these papers is so varied, and the papers them-

selves so numerous, that one is at a loss where to begin. A bare list of their names would fill several pages of this magazine. An excellent representa-

tive of its class is the *Independent Times*, published by Frank Newton Reeve, of Newark, N. J., who is now the President of the Association. His portrait appears on the next page of this article. The *Times* is printed on fine paper with excellent type by Jas. B. H. Storms, who is considered to be the best printer in Amateurdom. The size of the paper is  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$  inches. An idea of its general appearance, with its effective title-head and “make-up,” may be gained from the reduced fac-simile which we present. The *National Amateur*, which is the official organ, will be mentioned further on. Next to it in importance come the organs of the various sub-societies, such as the New England

A. P. A., The South-Eastern, The Western, The Ohio and Michigan, etc.

Following these comes the long train of miscellaneous papers, among which may be noted *The Hurricane*, of Charleston, S. C., edited entirely by a little girl of fourteen years. Her name is Eva Britton, and she is well known to many at the North, for she makes annual tours through the cities, securing subscribers for her bright paper. She has now about four thousand, and is one of



“OUR EXCHANGES.”

a very few amateurs who are supported by their work. Is she not the only one?

*The Mercury*, of Towanda, Penn.; *The Young*





F. N. REEVE, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION AND PUBLISHER OF THE "INDEPENDENT TIMES."

*Recruit*, of Vineland, N. J.; *The Bay State Press*, of Warren, Mass.; *Our Standard*, New Glasgow, N. S.; *The Latest*, Malden, Mass.; *Nonpareil*, New York City; *The Venture*, Detroit (edited by a colored boy); *The Miscellany*, Spencerville, Ont.; *The Topic*, Philadelphia; *Literary Journal*, Philadelphia; *The Paragon*, New York; *The Censor*, Philadelphia; *The Commentator*, Philadelphia; *Puzzler's Pride*, Chicago; *Amateur Review*, Cincinnati; *New York's Favorite*; *The Tablet*, Halifax; *Pittsburgh Independent*; *Young Aspirant*, Punxsutawny, Pa.; *Phunny Phellow*, Nebraska City; *Monthly Eagle*, Rockford, Ind.; *Florida*, Hawkinsville, Fla.; *The Dauntless*, Fostoria, O.; *The Sphere*, Washington, D. C.; *Blushing Bud* (by two girls), Evansville, Ind.; *The Vigilant*, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *Amateur Exchange*, Stanberry, Mo.; *The Stylate*, Frederick, Md.;

*Our Blade*, Buffalo, N. Y., and *The Union*, Hamilton, Ont., are names taken at random from a huge pile of Amateur journals of all shades of politics and all degrees of excellence.

Those who are interested in this subject will doubtless be able, by obtaining specimen copies of some of these sheets, to satisfy their reasonable curiosity.

The *National Amateur* is the official organ of the N. A. P. A., and is as good as any amateur paper we have seen. Important information heads its editorial columns, as may here be seen. It is conducted by Finlay A. Grant, of New Glasgow, N. S. Mr. Grant also publishes *The Boy's Folio*, and is the leading spirit of *Young Nova Scotia*, both excellent papers. He has won his way to the front of Amateurdom by a long service of earnest and devoted labor. It was largely due to his exertions that Canadian boys were admitted to the Association, and, in spite of the drawback of his distant home,

## Independent Times.

VOL. 4, NO. 5.

NEWARK, N. J., JULY, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 41.

### A FEW IMITATIONS.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

I have at times enjoyed my leisure moments, when not engaged in writing original poetry, by making many curious imitations of our most prominent poets. I have here given the result of my labors to a discriminating amateur public.

Here is an imitation of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Those who are acquainted with that somewhat over-estimated poem, will, I think, recognize the closeness of the resemblance:—

Ann old memories make me start;  
Sometimes forgotten names will shake  
My breast, and dim old songs will wake  
The living heartbeats in my heart,  
Sometimes her likeness, dimly seen,  
A phantom on a rolling sea,  
Will rise, and for a moment be  
Herself, or what she might have been.

Her hair is crowned with widow's weeds,  
And sprays from weeping willows tress  
She laughs the furrows waves to scorn,  
And laughs, and then anon she glides,  
Saying, "Oh, worldly, my will is weak;  
Have mercy ere my courage goes;  
My crimes are done; have done thy worst,  
Good world," then blazes down her cheeks.

One moment more; the clouds o'erhead  
Blend and envelope in their mist  
The erring one; I know that Christ  
Will judge her crime, and she is dead.

The next is an imitation of EDGAR A. POE. It is perhaps, too trifling, and I ask pardon for introducing it in this connection:—

As I sat the whisks were clundering,  
Trembling my soul was pondering,  
Sleepily my soul was wondering,  
Who shall solve this ghastly mystery, which we mortals here term death.

When there came a sudden knocking,  
Solomon still, and somewhat chuckling;  
Said I, "Tis Jones id his rocking  
Chair who occupies a chamber on the first floor underneath."

But the noise grew louder, swelling  
On the air; throughout the dwelling,  
As from very Hell 'twas swelling,  
Then said I, "If this is quiet that I asked for here this morn'g."

'Tis a somewhat noisy quiet,  
'Tis a quite infernal rest;  
Then the hell I had my eye at  
Straight I trace, and up the staircase came my hostess dark and frowning.

"Tell me, madam, what are these  
Cries that rend the earth and seas?  
Are they fierce Kamekides  
Shouting, or the ferocesting miseries for men unborn?"

"Sir!" she cried, in indignation,  
"What a strong imagination!  
Jones is under operation  
By two famous chiropodists for removal of a corn!"

Here is BYRON in his gentler moments:—  
Night on the placid woodlands! Zora waits  
Beside the trying place; the heaving woods,  
The screaming and all sounds of human life  
Have hushed with the cry of multitude;  
There breathes a whispering silence all around;  
The gentle hand goes forth with musicless heels,  
There is no sound, save when the woods go round,  
And lightly stir the curls that brush fair Zora's cheeks.

Sit Zora waits; and he for whom she waits  
Comes not; ah, he the traitor hides at home.  
Trilior instead and fast! the cuckoo notes,  
But he comes not for her, and does not come.  
What wealth is her's to ride! she will give  
If he but asks, all a man desires;  
A fool indeed who would refuse to live  
Within her smile, to feed with love her bosom's fires!

Here is WALT WHITMAN:—  
Ye primitive woods, ye mystical silences, I dead oaks, answer me!  
Oh, thrilling heart of the woods, answer my riddle.  
Ye who have sung your poems through hundreds of ages of silence,  
Overwhelm me not with your silence! It is grand, it is awful, majestic  
It is petrified truth, it is music in nature, it is a silent poem of God.  
Or what we call God—we are weak and novice in our creeds and doctrines.  
Tell me, oh eye of the woods, what thou hast seen in the chaos of some hundred  
of years.

Blackness and darkness; and riddles of life and death forever and ever enacted!  
In vain I may question thee. Unanswered, I pick myself up and depart,  
Filled with the mystical silence of the great, grand, and glorious woods.

To conclude, how will this answer for TOM MOORE?

Sweetest Jenny? a flower that grows by the stream,  
That wenders by woodlands of color and fire,  
Walks forth in the morning; the sun's early gleam.  
Like a white-sweet flower, looks forth upon her.  
Ah, Jenny, the pride of the village, the love  
Of a hundred bold squire that woo her in vain;  
Oh is there a star in the blue sky above,  
So precious, so cold, so my beautiful Jane?  
Thou Jenny hadst kind, and arrows, and frow;  
Not Dian's fair self could be colder than her;  
And sadly the village youth wenders her gait,  
Alone, unattended, for ever and fir.  
Ah, Jenny, the youths they are pained, but mind  
Some day they will have thee, and satisfy spleen  
No squire to suit thee, its own shirt thou dost,  
They will have thee to fang and be an old maid!





FINLAY A. GRANT, EDITOR OF "THE NATIONAL AMATEUR,"  
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE N. A. P. A.

he has been elected to the highest office but one. He is an entire stranger to us personally, but we have read with admiration his editorials on various topics, and they breathe a manly and true spirit.

We present on page 726 an engraving of the editors of the *Petit Anse Amateur* as they appeared when at work. Their paper has had the reputation of being the smallest in the world, and a fac-simile of the first page of it is also given. But there are now many papers much smaller. *The Midget*, for instance, is an exact reprint of one of them, "life-size." *The Amateur*, of Warsaw, Ind., is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  x 1 inch, and *The Oak*, which was, at one time, printed in Boston on a hand-press, was still more minute. Its four pages were as follows:

THE OAK No. 1.	SMALL- EST YET!!!	Ed. by LES- TER!	THIS BEATS 'EM ALL.
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#### SPECIMENS OF AMATEUR STYLE.

The articles contributed to amateur journals may readily be divided into five classes: Editorials, Stories, Essays, Poetry, and Criticisms. As a sample of the first, see the following from the *Independent Times*, by President Reeve:

#### "THE OUTLOOK.

"Not for years have the future prospects for Amateur Journalism seemed so promising. New papers are coming into existence daily,

## The National Amateur.

OFFICIAL ORGAN N. A. P. A.

FINLAY A. GRANT, *Editor*, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

### OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

#### PRESIDENT:

FRANK NEWTON REEVE,.....Newark, N. J.

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS:

FRANK E. DAY,.....Cedar Rapids, Ia.

JOHN A. IMRIE,.....Spencerville, Ontario.

LOUIS KEMPNER,.....New York, N. Y.

#### SECRETARIES:

Corresponding,—CHAS. C. RICKERT,.....Canal Dover, O.

Recording,—JNO. J. WEISSERT,.....Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### TREASURER:

HOWARD K. SANDERSON,.....Warren, Mass.

#### OFFICIAL EDITOR:

FINLAY A. GRANT,.....New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR is sent free to members. To others it is 15 cents per year.

The National Amateur Press Association is composed of the amateur editors, authors, publishers and printers of North America, who meet yearly, during the month of July, for the purpose of acquaintance and transacting such business as may be proposed. The next Convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., subject to the call of the President.

#### EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE XVI.—Section 1.—Any person who is actively interested in Amateurism, is the publisher of an amateur paper, or a contributor to the Amateur Press, or the printer of amateur publications, and resides in the United States of America or Canada, may become a member of the Association by conforming with the requirements set forth in this Constitution and these By-Laws, and no person shall be entitled to the privileges of membership until he has. Persons who are Puzzlers only are not construed by this section to be contributors to the Amateur Press.

Any person desiring to join the National Amateur Press Association and who conforms with the above conditions must make application to C. C. Rickert, Canal Dover, O., Chairman Credential Committee, stating in what manner he or she is connected with amateur journalism, and who will notify such applicant of his or her acceptance or rejection. If accepted, send two dollars (\$2.00), for initiation fee and one year's dues, to J. J. Weissert, 1 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., when such person will be entitled to all the privileges of membership for one year.

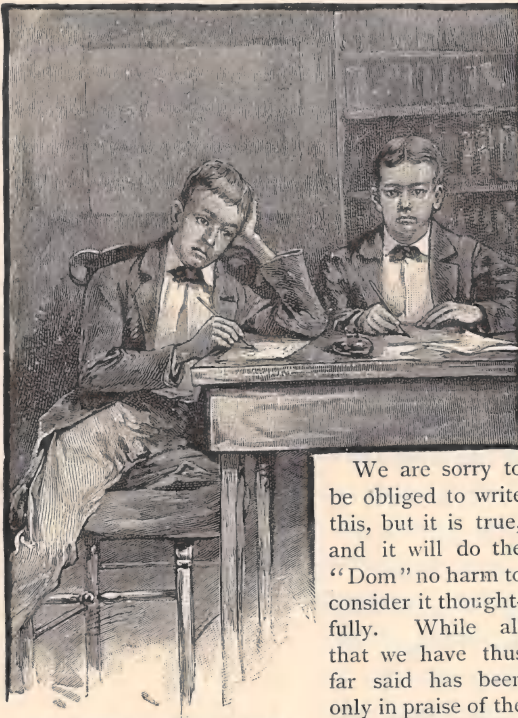
and especially in the vicinity of New York City are affairs assuming a healthy activity. Every spring and summer new papers appear, their editors invariably being inspired by the campaign for National officers, but a distressing number of suspensions take place as soon as the campaign is past. But this year [1881] the campaign was entirely too tame and one-sided to prompt the publication of the usual number of campaign sheets. We are, therefore, led to believe that the present spurt in amateur affairs is a genuine and healthy one. We have on our exchange list eighty-two papers that have started since last year, and we know of many more soon to appear.

"With those strong influences for good to our cause will be coupled as much encouragement from the officers of the N. A. P. A. as it is possible for active leaders to give. *The National Amateur* will appear regularly, and the entire board of officers will exert their best efforts to elevate and increase Amateurism in character and strength. All they ask is to receive the hearty coöperation of every amateur. If they err, criticise them as they deserve, but don't allow political bickering to cause you to say disheartening things or act in a manner calculated to retard them in their efforts to benefit the 'Dom.'"

Most of the papers have good editorials; but, alas, after a search of several hours through our whole bundle of Amateur journals, we can not find



a single story which can properly be reproduced here. Many of them are poor imitations of the dime novel, others, less trashy, are marred by slang words, gross allusions, or the irreverent use of sacred names.



THE EDITORS OF THE "PETITE ANSE AMATEUR" AT WORK.

We are sorry to be obliged to write this, but it is true, and it will do the "Dom" no harm to consider it thoughtfully. While all that we have thus far said has been only in praise of the work of our young friends, we should

be neglecting a plain duty did we fail to warn them that the three greatest enemies of their cause are vulgarity, irreverence, and abusive personalities.

The first two of these three are found chiefly in the story columns. The last, which sometimes includes the others, appears mainly in "Notices of our Exchanges," but often steals into what, if anything, should be kept pure and courteous and Christian—the Editorial page.

If Amateur Journalism has been looked upon with disfavor by the professional press, a potent cause may be found in the bitter sneers, coarse jests, rude taunts, and open accusations which used to form a constant feature of the average boy's paper; and if, as we believe, this disfavor is passing by, the reason for it will be found in the noble, persistent, and successful efforts for a higher standard by the clean-minded and whole-souled editors, like Grant of the *National Amateur*, Mercur of the *Mercury*, and Morris of the *Young Recruit*.

Although many excellent essays are before us, they are too long to be available here, and we

therefore give a few specimens of the manner in which the boys criticise each other. Some of them may serve as warnings rather than as models!

"Latest advices state that the Fool Killer is roaming through Michigan, and that he will shortly fetch up in Detroit. A hint to the wise is sufficient, Mr. ———."—*Manifest*.

"This youthful Socrates should know that fools are rarely, if ever, wise."—*Detroit Venture*.

"We hereby give notice that we have noticed ——— in these columns for the last time. If our contemporaries are desirous of keeping their papers clean and doing us a favor they will pay no further attention to that parasite."—*Independent Times*.

"*Bay State Press*, *Lynn Amateur*, and *Golden Moments* lug off the bun for neatness."—*Puzzler's Pride*.

"We can digest an issue of the *Mercury* of Towanda, Penn., with as great a zest as, perhaps, any other paper of its size we receive. It is decidedly interesting at times, and remarkably fresh."

"The *Nonpareil* is decidedly a progressive sheet of much merit, and ably conducted. Its regular issue will be of much importance to the cause, now that Kempner is a National officer."

"*Idle Hours* is quite an improvement on the *Amateur Reformer*, and its interesting contents and good management will do much good for the cause in Indiana. Such papers we delight to notice."

"The Danbury *Hornet* is the liveliest little sheet in the 'dom.' Admirably and vigorously edited, neatly and regularly issued, it deserves much credit, and will certainly gain it if it continues its present creditable issue."

#### 46 PETITE ANSE AMATEUR, JUNE, 1879.

##### THE PETITE ANSE AMATEUR

Is published, owned, and printed by school-boys, and the articles which appear are the efforts of children whose ages range from 7 to 13. The object of the paper is principally for self-improvement, as typography is now a branch of study in the Petite Anse Grammar School. It is issued every month, and a yearly subscription price of 50 cents is charged. Yearly advertisements are inserted at the rate of \$1.50 per square; \$6.50 per column, and \$12 per page.

D. D. AVERY, JR.,  
J. A. McILHENRY,  
Editors and Proprietors,  
to whom all communications should be addressed at NEW IBERIA, LA.

PETITE ANSE ISLAND,  
JUNE, 1879.

##### WHAT WE DO.

Our friends will be delighted to hear of our continued success. The

circulation is rapidly extending over the country, while advertisers are crowding our pages. Our evenings are occupied in scanning exchanges and in answering the daily increasing correspondence. Every mement of the daytime is in demand; and if type-setting, composition, and other matters connected with the AMATEUR do not call on us, then kite-flying, fishing, swimming, or baseball is the order.

##### EDITORIAL MENTION.

THE papabette return from their southern flight to feed on our prairies, on which they will fatten and afford good sport for gentlemen of the gun and enjoyment for those who love good eating.

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF THE "PETITE ANSE AMATEUR."

#### COST OF RUNNING A PAPER.

Doubtless some of our young friends, if any have followed us so far, are asking themselves: "Could I start a paper?" "How should I begin?" "What would it cost?" "Would it pay?"

To these questions we answer briefly by quoting from a letter recently received from the official editor of the "Dom":

"In reference to running an amateur paper, I will first of all state that it seldom if ever pays. The only way to save it from being a continual expense is to have a printing outfit of your own and print your paper yourself. By doing this you will be able to make both ends meet. However, an amateur paper *could* be made to pay, and



has been before now, by a proper course of advertising and by devoting time to working it up. But not one paper in fifty pays anything over running expenses. Those now publishing papers do it solely as a means to benefit themselves, to give them a bright mental and moral training, or as an amusement. The cost of issuing an amateur paper ranges from two to ten dollars per issue. The *Young Nova Scotia* costs us ten dollars. A paper half the size can be issued in the U. S. for four or five dollars. A paper two columns to a page, four pages, can be issued at a cost of two or three dollars.

address, monthly. All the manual labor on the paper for the last six months has been executed by the editor alone, and he has also written more than two-thirds of the reading matter which has filled its columns. During all of this time we have attended school regularly."

There can be little doubt that boys who are willing of their own accord to subject themselves to such discipline as that have a power of will, a spirit of perseverance, and a praiseworthy ambition which will surely lift them, by and by, into positions of greater honor and wider usefulness. It is claimed that about one-half of those who begin by editing such papers continue their connection with the Press after they have passed the age of boyhood. Many successful editors and newspaper correspondents attribute their present fortune to the training they gave themselves as amateurs. The boys are fond of quoting a saying of Speaker Randall to the effect that amateur journalism is the "noblest work indulged in by our American youth."

Whether this be strictly true or not, we reckon among the strongest reasons which cause us to regret that we have passed the boundaries

#### 4 THE MIDGET.

##### PERSONAL.

Masher's Column.

Will Hazlerigg has given up the idea of going to Indianapolis to live. Bring a wash pan for our tears.

Gus Muhlenhausen has been sick. Cause, drinking too much ice water.

The August number of the *Atlas* is eight pages.

##### WE WANT JUSTICE.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for the month of August the *Petite Anse Amateur* claims to be the smallest paper in the world.

We find by measurement, that the MIDGET is about half the size of the *Amateur*.

#### THE MIDGET.

Vol. 1.] Evansville, Ind. August. [No. 1

##### INTRODUCTION

In introducing this little paper to the boys and girls of Evansville, we will first of all, beg of them and the Amateur Press, not to criticise us too severely at first, as this is our first attempt at the business.

As our reader can plainly see, our paper is small, and we will not have room to waste in apologising, so we will make it short by asking you to excuse all the errors that we may make in "getting out" this sheet, which we hope will please all.—Eus.

"THE MIDGET"—LIFE-SIZE.

"The directions for starting an amateur paper are very simple. All that is necessary is to decide upon starting one, then upon what size. The editor can then use his judgment as to what to publish; but whatever he publishes should be original, as that is the prime motive for starting a paper: to exercise the literary ability of the editor. It would be well for a beginner to make the acquaintance of some one who has had experience as an amateur in order to get the names and addresses of exchanges, for the exchanges are the life of an amateur paper that is devoted to the cause. If the would-be editor wishes to print his paper himself, let him consult the advertising columns of some boy paper and he will find out where to purchase presses and material. There are many who keep all the requisites of an amateur printing office for sale, and who do nothing else but manufacture and sell them. How many boys spend more than ten dollars a month upon those things which do them not half the good which would come from publishing an amateur paper!"

#### THE LABOR.

Some notion of the toil required to manage successfully even a small paper may be obtained from the experience of the editor of the *Egyptian Star*. He says:

"This paper contains about sixty thousand pieces of type metal, which have not only to be set up, but handled the second time when distributed. Our press being small, only one page of the *Star* is printed at a time, therefore one month's issue of our average size requires upwards of eight thousand impressions. Besides this the MS. for each month's issue has to be carefully prepared, in itself no small labor; the MS. of this number alone covering over one hundred and fifty sheets of common note-paper.

"Then with our three hundred exchanges every month, and as many or more letters during the same time, we have a vast amount of reading to do. One thousand two hundred papers we fold, wrap, and



AN EDITOR DEMOLISHING A RIVAL.

of youth, the impossibility of editing an amateur paper, of joining the N. A. P. A., of decorating our breast with the silver shield and pen, of going to the convention at Detroit, and doing our very best by voice and ballot to elect to the presidential chair for next year Mr. —. But, alas! the ivory gates of boyhood have closed behind us, and we have no right to nominate. We can only express our hope to see an honest fight, and a true devotion to the cause. May the best man win!





## JULY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells  
 Her dream to the dragon-fly,  
 And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees  
 And murmurs a lullaby,  
 It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
 The corn-flower's blue cap awry,  
 And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
 To bow to the butterfly,  
 It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
 And poppies flame in the rye,

And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
 Has softened almost to a sigh,  
 It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time  
 Forgets them, and lets them lie  
 'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
 At the sunset in the sky,  
 It is July.

When each finger-post by the way  
 Says that Slumbertown is nigh;  
 When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,  
 And nobody wonders why,  
 It is July.

## DONALD AND DOROTHY.\*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## A FROLIC ON THE WATER.

DONALD had won the gratitude of many Nestle-town fathers and mothers, and had raised himself not a little in the estimation of the younger folk by his encounter with the rabid dog. That it was a case of hydrophobia was settled from the testimony of some wagoners, who had seen the poor animal running across the road, but who, being fearful of having their horses bitten, had not attempted to stop him. Though all felt sorry for "General," everybody rejoiced that he had been put out of his misery, and that he had not bitten any one in his mad run through the fields.

As the summer advanced, and base-ball and running-matches proved to be too warm work for the season, the young folk naturally took to the water. Swimming and boating became the order of the day and the night, too; for, indeed, boats shot hither and thither through many a boy's sleep, confounding him with startling surprises and dream-land defeats and victories. But the lake sports of their waking hours were more under control. Donald and Ed Tyler, as usual, were among the most active in various contests with the oars; and as Donald believed that no event was absolutely

complete if Dorry were not among either the actors or the spectators, boat-racing soon grew to be as interesting to the girls as to the boys.

The races usually were mild affairs—often impromptu, or sometimes planned in the morning and carried into effect the same afternoon. Now and then, something more ambitious was attempted: boys in rowing-suits practiced intently for days beforehand, while girls, looking on, formed their own not very secret opinions as to which rowers were most worthy of their support. Some went so far as to wear a tiny bit of ribbon by way of asserting allegiance to this or that crew sporting the same color in cap, uniform, or flag. This, strange to say, did not act in the least as "a damper" on the pastime; even the fact that girls became popular as coxswains did not take the life out of it—all of which, as Dorry said, served to show the great hardihood and endurance of the boy-character.

After awhile, Barry Outcalt, Benjamin Buster, and three others concocted a plot. The five held meetings in secret to complete their arrangements, and these meetings were enlivened with much smothered laughter. It was to be a "glorious joke." A boat-race, of course; and there must be a great show of previous practice, tremendous rivalry, and pressing competition, so that a strong

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feeling of partisanship would be aroused; while, in truth, the race itself was to be a sham. The boats were to reach the goal at the same moment, nobody was to win, yet every one was to claim the victory; the air was to be rent with cries of "foul!" and spurious shouts of triumph, accompanied by vehement demands for a "fresh try." Then a second start was to be made—One, two, three, and off! All was to go well at first, and when the interest of the spectators was at its height, every eye strained and every heart almost at a stand-still with excitement, two of the boats were to "foul," and the oarsman of one, in the most tragic and thrilling manner, was to fall over into the astonished lake. Then, amid the screams of the girls and scenes of wild commotion, he was to be rescued, put into his empty boat again, limp and dripping—and then, to everybody's amazement, disregarding his soaked garments and half-drowned state, he was suddenly to take to the oars in gallant style, and come in first at the close, rowing magnificently.

So ran the plot—a fine one truly. The five conspirators were delighted, and each fellow solemnly promised to stand by the rest, and not to breathe a word about it until the "sell" should be accomplished. So far, so good. Could the joke be carried out successfully? As the lake was public property, it was not easy for the two "fouling" boys to find opportunities for practicing their parts. To make two boats collide at a given instant, so as to upset one and spill its occupant in a purely "accidental" way, required considerable dexterity. Ben Buster had a happy thought. Finding himself too clumsy to be the chief actor, he proposed that they should strengthen their force by asking Donald Reed to join the conspiracy. He urged that Don, being the best swimmer among the boys, was therefore best fitted to manage the fall into the water. Outcalt, on his part, further suggested that Ed Tyler was too shrewd to be a safe outsider. He might suspect, and spoil everything. Better make sure of this son of a lawyer by taking him into the plan, and appointing him sole judge and referee.

Considerable debate followed—the *pros* urging that Don and Ed were just the fellows wanted, and the *cons* insisting that neither of the two would be willing to take part. Ben, as usual, was the leading orator. He was honestly proud of Don's friendship, and as honestly scornful of any intimation that Don's better clothes and more elegant manners enhanced or hindered his claims to the high Buster esteem. Don was a good fellow—the right sort of a chap—and that was all there was about it. All they had to do was to let him, Ben, fetch Don and Ed around that very

day, and he'd guarantee they'd be found true blue, and no discounting.

This telling eloquence prevailed. It was voted that the two new men should be invited to join. And join they did.

Donald entered heartily into the plot, impelled both by his native love of fun and by a brotherly willingness to play an innocent joke upon Dorry, who, with Josie Manning, he knew would surely be among the most interested of all the victimized spectators.

A number of neat circulars, announcing the race and the names of the six contestants, with their respective colors, were written by the boys, and, after being duly signed by Ed Tyler, as referee, were industriously distributed among the girls and boys.

On the appointed afternoon, therefore, a merry crowd met at a deserted old house on the lake-shore. It had a balcony overlooking the place where the race was to begin and end.

This old building was the rendezvous of young Nestletown during boating hours; indeed, it was commonly called "the boat-house." Having been put up long years before the date of our story, it had fallen into a rather dilapidated condition when the Nestletown young folk appropriated it; but it had not suffered at their hands. On the contrary, it had been carefully cleared of its rubbish; and with its old floors swept clean, its broken windows flung open to air and sunlight, and its walls decorated with bright-colored sun-bonnets and boating flags, it presented quite a festive appearance when the company assembled in it on the day of the race.

Fortunately, its ample piazza was strong, in spite of old age and the fact that its weather-stained and paintless railing had for years been nicked, carved, and autographed by the village youngsters. It was blooming enough, on this sunny Saturday, with its freight of expectant girls and boys, many of the first-named wearing the colors of their favorites among the contestants.

The doughty six were in high spirits—every man of them having a colored 'kerchief tied about his head, and sporting bare, sinewy arms calculated to awe the beholder. Don was really superb. So were Ben Buster and young Outcalt. Many a girl was deeply impressed by their air of gravity and anxiety, not suspecting that it was assumed for the occasion, while the younger boys looked on in longing admiration. Ed, as starter, umpire, judge, referee, and general superintendent, rowed out with dignity, and anchored his boat a little way from shore. The six, each in his shining boat, rowed into line, taking their positions for the start. The stake-boat was moored about a third of a mile up the lake, and the course of the race



was to be from the starting-line to the stake-boat, around it, and back.

The balcony fluttered and murmured as Ed Tyler shouted to the six rowers, waiting with up-lifted oars:

"Are you ready? — ONE, TWO, THREE — GO!"

On the instant, every oar struck the water, the six boats crossed the line together, and the race began.

No flutter in the balcony now; the spectators were too intent.

Not for a moment could they imagine that it was not a genuine race. Every man bent to his work with a will: soon Ben Buster, with long, sweeping strokes, went laboriously ahead, and now Outcalt and another passed him superbly, side by side; then Don's steady, measured stroke distanced the three, and as he turned the stake-boat his victory was evident, not only to Dorothy but to half the spectators. Not yet — a light-haired, freckled fellow in a blue 'kerchief, terribly in earnest, spun around the stake-boat and soon left Don behind; then came the quick, sharp stroke of Ben Buster nerved for victory, closely followed by Steuby Butler, who astonished everybody; and then, every man rowing as if by superhuman exertion, inspired by encouraging cries from the balcony, they crowded closer and closer.

"Ben's ahead!" cried the balcony.

"No, it's Don Reed!"

"Good! it's Outcalt!"

"No, I tell you it's Butler!" — And then, before any one could see how it was done, the boats, all six of them, were at the line, oars were flourished frantically, the judge and referee was shouting himself hoarse, and the outcry and tumult on the water silenced the spectators on the land. Cries of: "No fair!" "No fair!" "It won't do!" "Have it again!" "Hold up!" "I won't stand such work!" culminated in riotous disorder. Seven voices protesting, shouting, and roaring together made the very waters quiver.

But Tyler was equal to the occasion. Standing in his boat, in the identical position shown in the picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," he managed to quiet the tumult, and ordered that the race should be rowed over again.

Once more the boats were in line. Again the umpire shouted: "Are you ready?" and again the crowd fluttered and murmured with expectation as every boat dashed forward.

But what was this? Dorry and Josie, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, moving rapidly as they could among the crowding spectators, and whispering urgent words that evidently produced a strong sensation.

Still the boats pressed on, every rower apparently

outdoing himself, if not outdoing everything else. If cheers and shouts had inspired them before, the intense silence now was even more inspiring. Could anything have succeeded better? With every show of exertion, the rascals managed to slacken or quicken as the case required, until, when nearly home, they were all close together.

It was glorious! They never had known such fun in their lives. Now for the grand business!

Donald and Outcalt came together with a crash — a perfect "foul"! One masterly effort — over went Don's boat and over went Don, headlong into the water!

The boys in the other boats did beautifully, crowding about and, in spite of Don's wild struggles, catching him with oars and arms, never hearing the screams of the girls in the suppressed mirth and wild activity of the moment, but getting Don into his boat again, limp and dripping; and finally, with real dramatic zeal, carrying out their entire plan — too busy and delighted with success to note its effect upon the crowd of spectators. Everything worked to perfection. Don, scorning his half-drowned state, had sprung suddenly to his oars, and in dead earnest had won the race, against every dead-earnest competitor, and —

What *do* you think?

When those six oarsmen, including the victor, looked up to receive the acclamations of the crowd, white with the waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, they heard only — silence; saw nothing but an empty piazza. Not a spectator was to be seen — not even a face at a window — not a single eye peering through a crack. Worse than all, their judge and referee was in the bottom of his boat, kicking with merriment. He had strength only to point to the boat-house and gasp, between his bursts of laughter:

"Not a soul there! — they found us out! — went off before Don's ducking!"

The boat-house was, in truth, deserted. After the mysterious movements and whisperings of Dorry and Josie, every boy and girl had sped away on tiptoe; and down in a hollow grove near the road, where they could not even see the water, they were chatting and giggling and having the very best kind of a time — all because they had turned the tables on the gallant seven.

It was now well understood by these spectators who had deserted their post that a second mock race had been carried on without a single eyewitness, and the thought was rapture. How much more they would have enjoyed it had they known of the difficult "foul," of Donald's headlong plunge, and of the subsequent frantic but honest contest of rowing!

So much for carrying out one mock race and



starting another in the presence of somebody named Dorothy, who first had suspected and then had been morally sure that those boys were playing a trick! When four of them crossed the line at once, her suspicions were aroused. "I do believe they're fooling!" she had said to herself, and then, remembering certain recent mysterious conferences that Don and some others of the "seven" had been holding, coupled with a sly look or two that she had seen exchanged by the contestants, she had jumped at the correct conclusion. As she afterward expressed it to Ed Tyler, she had seen through it all in a flash.

Misery loves company. Those seven boys, from

unbend, and that was when little Fandy ventured to observe that he ought to have heard what one of the girls had said about him in the race. This remark rankled even that stony bosom. The more Ben Buster tried not to care, the more it tortured him. To make matters worse, he had betrayed himself too soon to the sagacious Fandy. In vain the big brother cajoled the little one, in vain, at cautious intervals, he tried the effect of indirect bribes and hidden threats. The more he desired to know what that girl had said, the more Fandy would n't tell him. At last he triumphed. In a yielding moment, when Ben had been touchingly kind, the grateful youngster let it out.



THE CONSPIRATORS' PLOT IS CARRIED INTO EFFECT.

that day, had a peculiar tenderness for one another. They were linked by a hidden bond—and while they laughed heartily at their own expense, and tacitly confessed themselves beaten, they compelled all outsiders to be satisfied with guessing and with hints of the catastrophe that somehow came to light. Not one of them ever disclosed all the facts of the case—the secret sessions, the frequent upset-practicings on cloudy evenings, the difficulty of the final performance, and the full sum of their defeat.

Ben, usually a kind brother, was sternness itself so far as the great race was concerned. Not one of the juvenile Danbys dared to allude to it in his august presence. Only on one occasion did he

Ah, that wily Ben! Not for the world would he have had that small child know how those words thrilled him.

"Dorothy Reed said it! It sounds like her," was Ben's ecstatic thought, but to poor Fandy's surprise and disappointment, he only muttered aloud: "There, there, that's a good little boy. Go and play!"

Many a time after that, in the sanctity of the lonely fields, did Ben, rather sheepishly, repeat to himself the bewitching phrase:

"How splendid your brother Ben can row!"

Judge, then, of his feelings, when one Sunday in September, Master Fandy whispered to him, rather loudly, while coming out of church, "There



she is" (pointing to a little tot of seven summers) —"that 's the girl who said it!"

Ben stared at her, speechless with disgust.

"I might have known," he thought, "that the little goose would call a baby like that a girl!"

So much for Ben's private feelings. Concerning the race, the six—among themselves—enjoyed exceedingly the unexpected recoil of their little joke. I say six, for in this matter Ed Tyler was unanimously suspected by the others of being on the fence. They never could tell whether he was laughing at them or with them. Donald was sure that it was the very best thing he ever heard of in his life. Outcalt protested he would n't have missed it for the world; and Ben Buster, laughing

It 's a blamed shame the way a fellow gets caught sometimes!"

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### YANKEE AND DOODLE.

DONALD and Dorothy exchanged but four words on the subject of the sham race after it was over, but these were very expressive:

*Donald.* "Well, madam!"

*Dorothy.* "Well, sir!"

Their sparkling looks, Donald's tone of accusation and injured innocence, Dorothy's playful, rather defiant, air of triumph, said the rest. Uncle George, who was present at the interview, having previously heard both sides of the story from the D's separately, was much amused. In fact, he laughed aloud in quite an undignified manner, and so did they.

The next day brought news of Dr. Lane, their old tutor, who had been living for several months in South Carolina. He was better—indeed, quite well again, and having lately accepted the position of principal of the boys' academy at F—, about ten miles from Nestletown, he proposed taking up his abode there immediately.

"Oh, Don," said Dorry, as she folded the letter; "I've an idea!"

"I can not believe it," exclaimed Don, in well-feigned surprise.

"Yes, but I have," she insisted. "Dr. Lane will be at F— by Friday. Let us ride over on Dood and Yankee and give him a welcome!"

"Agreed!"

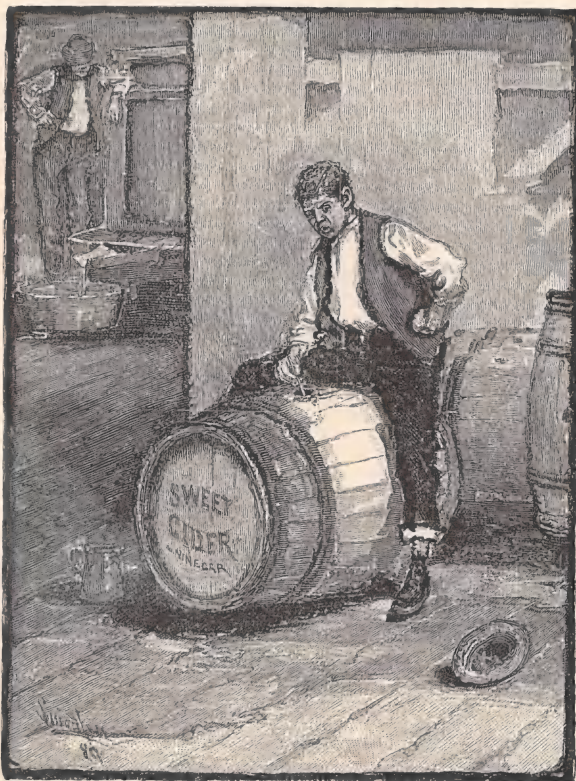
Friday came, full of sunshine, and in a fresh, breezy way, as if to say, "Now for the ride!"—at least, so it seemed to Dorry.

Lydia, who was shaking rugs over the wide piazza railing, was pleased to salute Sailor Jack as he led the ponies, saddled and ready, to the door. Fine ponies they were, too, large of their kind, glossy black, with flowing tail and mane. Uncle George had given them to the D's, on the Fourth of July of the previous summer; and in

honor of the day they had been named Yankee and Doodle. Yankee being the more spirited was given to Don, and Doodle, by no means a lamb, became the special pride and property of Dorry.

"Good-morrow to you, Mistress Blum!" said Jack, in a subdued though airy way, returning Lydia's nod. "Are the middies ready?"

"If you mean the twins, I presume they are, Mr. Jack. Have you looked carefully to Miss Dorothy's saddle?"



BEN'S CIDER EXPERIENCE.

rather ruefully, declared that he never knew the "beat of it" but once, and that was one day when he had slipped into Jones's cider-yard and taken a good, long drink, through a straw, from a barrel marked "sweet cider," as he thought. "I tell you, fellows," was Ben's concluding remark, "if I was n't sold that time, I'll give in. I was so warm and thirsty that I took a good, long pull before I found out that it was n't cider at all, but vinegar, sour enough to take a man's head off.



"Not extra," he answered, in an aggravating tone—first looking up at the windows to be sure that none of the family were near; "think the girth 's 'most broke—'t aint worth while to be too pertickler."

"Yes, it is; you 'd better make sure of saddle and bridle, too, I can tell you. Miss Dorry 'll ride twenty miles, and more, before sundown."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Sailor Jack—still bent on teasing her. "Had n't you better come down, Mistress Blum, an' see to it that the pony's legs is on good and tight? It would be dreadful if one on 'em was to tumble off, now."

Lydia laughed. "Oh, but you 're a funny man, Mister Jack! Well, I need n't worry. You 're even worse about Miss Dorry than I am, bless her!—Hush! here they are."

Off went Jack's hat, though he had to hold the two bridle-reins with one hand to accomplish it.

"Up-a-daisy!" he exclaimed, as Dorry, assisted by Donald, sprang lightly to her saddle. "It 's a splendid day for a ride, Miss!"

"Yes, indeed," said Dorry, looking about her with bright, happy eyes, as she stroked her pony's neck.

Uncle George came out upon the piazza. By this time, Don was on Yankee's back, dexterously making him appear as spirited as possible—whereat Dorry's steed began to prance also.

"Good-bye, Uncle! Good-bye, Jack and Liddy!" cried Dorry, waving her whip and looking back with a laughing face.

"Good-bye!" shouted Don; and they cantered off—glad to be together; glad to breathe the bright, clear air; glad at the prospect of a good gallop over the hills.

Uncle George, Liddy, and Jack looked after them proudly, till the road turned and the sound of hoofs died in the distance. Jack was the first to speak.

"Aye! but they 're a pretty pair, Capt'in!"

Mr. Reed nodded a happy assent.

"An' do you know, sir, I'm fancyin' of late they 're growin' liker to one another."

"Ah?" said Mr. Reed, well pleased. "In what way?"

"Why, in feature, sir, an' manners, an' most ev'ry way."

"Why should n't they favor one another," remarked Lydia—"bein' twins? Yet, some way, I don't see it myself, sir, as plain as I might. Shall I serve dinner on the back porch, Mr. George?"

"Well, yes, Lydia, as I shall be alone. The birds and trees will be good company for me."

And so the three separated.

Meanwhile, the D's cantered on, happy as—I was going to say, as birds, but they were happier

even than birds—they were happy as happy brothers and sisters.

For a while, they galloped in silence, Don often going so far ahead that he had to wait for Dorry to catch up; then, when the road was specially pleasant and shady, they rode leisurely, side by side, laughing and chatting. The day was so fine, and they saw so much to interest them, and there were so many things to talk about, that the ten-mile ride to F—— was accomplished almost before they were aware of it.

Leaving the ponies in the yard of its pretty hotel, to be fed and cared for, they enjoyed a hearty luncheon, and then proceeded on foot to the Academy near by—Dorry deftly carrying the train of her riding-habit over her arm, and snapping her riding-whip softly as she tripped beside her companion. Fortunately, the path was well shaded, and the dust had been laid by showers of the night before.

Dr. Lane was surprised and delighted to see them so soon after his arrival. He had many interesting things to tell them, and they, in turn, rather shyly but heartily related the main incidents of the past months and gave him some account of their present course of study.

Then they all went through the Academy building, which, as it was "vacation," was now being cleaned and made ready for the fall term. Globes, maps, black-boards, collections of minerals, electric machines, patent desks, dining-room, and dormitory passed before them in rapid succession, figuratively speaking; afterward, they went up to the cupola to see the view, and finally settled themselves on the large front porch to rest.

Then, and not till then, they noticed a change. Light clouds were gathering; the sun still was shining, but it was shining under difficulties, as Dorry observed, and the air was heavy and sultry.

"It 's going to rain, Professor," said Don, rising from his seat on the steps of the porch. "I think we 'll have to go now."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorry, in her impulsive way—"we 've no time to lose either. Good-bye, Professor. What shall we say to Uncle for you?"

"Give Mr. Reed my hearty regards, and tell him I hope to see him at Nestletown very soon."

"Yes, thank you," said Dorry, starting toward the gate. "Good-bye. Come, Donald, we may be able to get home before it rains hard."

The Professor joined her at once, and the three were soon at the hotel.

At first it seemed best to wait until the approaching shower should be over; but, as the clouds grew no darker, and the ponies evidently were ready for a brisk run, it was decided that they



should try a race with the shower and see which could get home first.

The shower beat. They were not half-way home when, just after crossing the railroad, with its cottage-like station in sight, the sky darkened rapidly and a big drop fell upon Donald's nose!

"We're in for it!" he cried. "Whip up, Dot! We'll make for the station."

Reaching the station, and finding themselves still dry, in spite of the warning thunder, they decided to hurry on to the next stopping-place.

This was Vanbogen's, a little country inn about half a mile further, where they could be comfortably housed, if necessary, and the horses be sheltered also.

A sudden flash gave point to their determination. On they sped, the lightning now dancing ahead of them, and the thunder rolling on, apace.

"It's a race for life," thought Dorry, in high spirits—so pleased to have an adventure that she forgot to dread the threatening shower. Yankee and Dood did nobly; abandoning their canter, they galloped on, neck and neck, while their riders carried on a panting sort of conversation concerning the new turn of things and the prospects of reaching home before dark.

"What mat—ter if—we don't?" said Dorry, her voice almost lost in the rumbling thunder; "we'll find—the way."

"But, Uncle—ex-pect—ed us by——"

"Well—he'll know—what keeps—us."

"Plucky girl!" thought Don, admiring her bright cheeks and graceful air as she at that moment dashed by.

Yankee, on principle, never let Dood beat him. In the commotion of the thunder and lightning, it seemed to Donald that a livelier race had begun; but, the next instant, he realized that Dorry's pony had halted and his own was some paces ahead.

Turning at Dorry's call, he saw that something was the matter. Dood limped painfully for a few steps, then stopped.

"He's hurt his foot," cried Dorry. "It was n't a stumble; he tripped. Poor Dood!" she added, as the pony's head turned pitifully toward her; "you must go on now."

Dood tried, but it was slow work. He grew lamer at every step. Don, noticing that one of the pony's fore-shoes was loose, dismounted and tried to take it off, but it would not come.

A turn in the road disclosed Vanbogen's not far away. By this time, slanting lines of rain showed against the trees.

"It's going to storm, in earnest, Dot—you'll get soaking wet!" said Don.

"Not I," chirped Dorry. "My riding-habit is water-proof. You'll be the wet one. Hurry

ahead, Don. Dood and I will be there as soon as we can. I do hope he is n't hurt seriously. Oh, Don, do hurry!"

But Don would n't and Dood could n't. If the shower had not paused to take breath before making its grand dash, they certainly would have been drenched.

As it was, they hardly had dismounted at the inn, before the rain came down in torrents.

"Dear me!" said Dorry, shaking her riding-skirt, as she sprang into the bare hall, "our saddles will get soaked!" But a negro, in a blue checked jacket, already was leading the steeds to shelter.

It was a very shabby house at the best of times, but it was particularly dreary now. Dorry was sure she never before had seen anything so dismal as the damp, little parlor into which Donald escorted her. The closed blinds, the moldy, bumpy sofa, the faded green table-cover, the stained matting, the low-spirited rocking-chair with one arm broken off, and the cracked, dingy wall-paper oppressed her strangely.

"What a horrid place!" she exclaimed in an awe-struck whisper to Don, as a flash of lightning shone through the blinds. "Let us go!"

"Don't mind it, Dot," he answered. "We'll start as soon as the shower is over. Wait here a while, and I'll run and see what we're to do about the pony. Would you like to have a cup of hot tea?" he added, looking back as he left the room.

"Mercy, no!" said Dorry, "not here!"

They both laughed. "It's fun, after all," thought the young girl as he went out. "I don't mind anything as long as Don's around—the dear old fellow!"

Vanbogen's seemed deserted. She had noticed a solitary hen stepping daintily across the long, wet stoop as she entered, and a woman, going upstairs, had turned to stare at her. A sound of men's voices, too, had reached her from a closed room opposite the parlor, yet she felt strangely alone. For company's sake, she examined some ambrotypes that stood upright in their half-opened cases on a table between the windows. The ghastly things made her only more lonely.

At that moment, hearing a clicking sound, she raised her head and saw a man's face outside looking at her through the blinds. The slats closed sharply, when she moved back.

"How nervous I am!" she thought, with a slight shiver. "A pretty traveler I'd make!"

Donald soon came in.

"Here's a fine piece of business! Dood has hurt his foot in some way—sprained, I suppose. It is swollen, and evidently pains him dreadfully. I've



sent for a man who claims to be a veterinary surgeon. No, indeed, no use in your going out there, Dot; the men appear to be doing all they can for him. It's out of the question for us to travel with that pony to-night; the last train that stops at this one-horse station has gone by, and I can't get a carriage anywhere."

"Can't you hire a horse, then, for yourself? Put my saddle on Yankee; I can ride him."

"Can't get a horse either. They've only one, and he's out for the whole afternoon."

"Let's walk, then. The shower is nearly over. It's only five miles."

"Good!" said Don. "But no—Yankee can carry you, and I'll trot alongside on foot;" and he hastened out to have the side-saddle put on Yankee.

To Dorry's amazement, Donald came back in a few minutes, looking flushed and excited.

"I've taken a room for you, Dot; come upstairs—quick."

"But I don't want a room. I——"

"Yes, you do; you'll need to rest. Come right up," he insisted in a low voice, hastily locking the parlor door behind him, and almost pulling her toward the stairs. "I'll tell you up there; come quick."

They ran up together.

"What's the matter?" she asked on the way. "What have you heard?"

"Oh, nothing at all," he said, as they stepped into a room shabby with ragged matting and worn-out furniture; then closing the door, he added: "Dorry, you must go away from this place at once. Don't ask any questions—Oh, it's nothing much, Dot,"—as he noticed her alarm,—“but this is a rough sort of place, you see, and of course I can't leave Dood here with these fellows. The sooner you get off the better. I'll bring Yankee around to the back door at the end of the hall, so as not to attract attention. Lock your door while I'm gone, and when I come back, hurry down with me, jump on Yankee, and be off without a word."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, half inclined to laugh, but he was gone.

She turned the key in the lock and ran to the window, pulling its green paper shade aside. Nothing to be seen but tumble-down out-buildings, a dog-kennel, trampled grass, an empty clothes-line, and a barrel or two.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed again. "Oh, there comes the pony."

Donald lost not a moment; but it seemed to Dorry that he never would come up. Meantime, she resolved that, happen what might, she would not go and leave him. Unlocking the door, she stood with her hand upon the knob, intending to discuss the matter with Don; but no sooner had

his hand touched the other side than somehow she found herself on the stairs; in the hall; then on Yankee's back, and leaning to catch Don's words.

"Careful, now—don't lose a moment—send Jack to me at once with Lady and the buggy—Go!" Even after she had started, she still seemed to feel the pressure of his hand upon hers. Never had she seen Don more resolutely in earnest.

As she galloped through the open gate-way, and passed the inn, she turned and saw him in the hall, talking savagely to a man in a wet linen duster, whose back was toward her.

"The idea of leaving Don here alone! I shall not go," she said, suddenly pulling at the bridle. But Yankee thought otherwise. He had determined that she should. After a momentary contest, Dorry yielded, deciding to hurry home as fast as possible, and send Jack to Don's relief.

The shower, which had held back for awhile, now started afresh. Yankee, with visions of a dry stall and bountiful supper before him, went on his rapid way through the rain, troubling himself little about Dood or Don, and quite unconscious of the disturbed state of his rider's mind, where anxious thoughts and surmises chased each other in quick succession:

"I noticed that it was a rough place the moment we went in. Who were the noisy men in the other room, I wonder? The man in the wet duster was n't one of them. What could Don have been saying to him? May be Dood had broken his leg, and Don did n't like to tell me. Ridiculous idea, as if a pony with a broken leg could go a step! May be Don's watch was stolen, or he'd lost his pocket-book. But he could have told me *that*. Dear me, he need n't have been so dreadfully afraid for me to stay there. It's forlorn to be a girl and have people think you can't stand anything. Don can take care of himself, anyhow. I'd like to see any of those fellows trying to hurt *him*" (and here, by way of showing how very much she would "like" it, Dorry's cheek turned very pale)—“How foolish! Probably he staid for Dood's sake. Poor Dood! I hope he'll not be laid up long; Jack could cure him quickly enough. Dear me, how it rains! Glad my riding-habit is water-proof. Liddy will be frightened about me. I suppose they think we're at F—yet, waiting to ride home by moonlight. How well Dr. Lane looks! But he has a fearfully Greek-and-Latin expression. Can't help it, I suppose. Don knows nearly as much Latin as Uncle, I do believe. Dear old Don! How kind he is! Oh, if anything should happen to him"—here, Yankee, already speeding bravely, received instructions to "get up," and then Dot, to her great joy, spied a familiar object in the distance, coming swiftly toward her.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

DONALD.

DONALD *was* talking rather savagely. But the man in the wet duster was not in the least vexed on that account. On the contrary, he assumed a lordly air, and called Donald "my boy."

"All the Reeds are impetuous," he had said lightly, as if apologizing for this particular member of the family; "so we 'll waive ceremony, my boy. With your permission, as I said before, I 'll step into the parlor now, and have a little chat with the young lady."

"And as I said before," retorted Donald, "you 'll do no such thing."

"Calm yourself," sneered the other. "It would be easy for me to get in through the window, were it not that one hates to scare the pretty bird—and as for the key——"

"As for the key," echoed Donald, who happened to have it in his possession; "well, and what of the key?"

"Why, my boy," glancing toward Don's pocket, "it would n't tax a six-footer like me overmuch to help himself to it—but, under the circumstances, it might be wiser merely to tell mine host in yonder room that an irate little manikin has taken it into his head to lock his sister, as he calls her, in the public parlor and refuses to let her out."

"Insolent fellow!" exclaimed Donald, yet restraining his anger as well as he could. "Look out what you say. Another word like that, and I 'll have you turned out of this place, neck and heels."

"Ha! ha! Pretty good. Well, as I was remarking, I 've a word or two to say to my young lady in there. Hold up! H-o-l-d up! No one is going to kill her. Perhaps you 're not aware I have a right there!"

"You have a right there, I 'll admit, as a traveler," said Don; "but just now, I ask you to stay outside."

"And I ask you to let me in," returned the six-footer, beginning to be angry.

At any other time, Donald would not have parleyed a moment with the man, but, as the reader may have surmised, he had reasons of his own for prolonging the interview. He had planned well and worked hard to get Dorry off unobserved, and now that his strategy had succeeded, the next point was to gain time for her to be far on her way before Eben Slade—for he it was—should discover that Dorry was not safely locked in the dingy parlor.

"I ask you to let me in," repeated the long, lank man, softening his tone, "as one gentleman

would ask another. May be I 've more right to talk to her than you have yourself."

"What do you mean, you rascal?"

"Thank you!" sneered Eben. "Rascal is good. Pray, do you know my name?"

"No, I do not, and I don't want to. It 's enough that I recognize you; and probably the less one knows about you the better."

"May be so. But the time 's gone by for that. My name 's Eben Slade. *Now* do you know why I want to go into that room? No? Well, I 'll tell you," continued Eben Slade; "it 's because I 've more right to speak to that girl than you have. It 's because——Hi! hi! not so fast, young man," muttered Eben, restraining Donald with considerable effort. "You can't put me out on the road this time. As I was saying——"

"What do you mean by those words, sir?"

"Let me into the room, my boy, and I 'll tell you and her together, quietly, just what I mean. I want to tell both of you a plain story and appeal to *her* sense of justice. She 's old enough to act for herself. Perhaps you think I have n't heard something of Dorothy's, or what-you-call-her's, spirit by this time."

"Let her name alone!" cried Donald, furiously. "If you mention my sister again, I 'll knock you flat—you overgrown ruffian!"

"Hush—not so fast—you 'll have those fellows out here in a minute. What 's the use of letting everybody into our private affairs?"

Here Eben stepped into the hall, followed by Donald.

"Let me into that room, will you?"

Donald, taking the key from his pocket, now threw open the door, with a "much good may it do you"; and, closing it again after Slade had entered, coolly locked him in the room. The blinds flew open—Don rushed to the still deserted stoop, only to see Eben Slade's angry face glaring at him. The man could have got out at the window easily enough, but he preferred his present position. Leaning out, with his elbows on the sill, he said distinctly, in a passionate, low voice:

"You 've baffled me this time, Donald Reed, but I 'll carry the day yet. That girl, wherever she 's gone to, is no more your sister than she is mine—and I can prove it to her! She 's my niece—my own niece! I 've a right to her, and I can prove it. She 's going back home with me, out West, where my wife 's waitin' for her. Now, sir, what have you to say to that?"

The poor boy, aghast at Eben's statement, stood at first as if stunned; but recovering himself, he made a rush toward Eben, not blindly, but with a resolute determination to clutch him by the throat and force him to unsay his terrible words.



Eben sprang from the window at a bound. A struggle ensued—brief, violent. Donald was nearly mastered, when a strong man sprang upon them and with one blow knocked Eben Slade prostrate upon the boards.

It was Sailor Jack, who had driven up unperceived and leaped from the buggy just in time.

Three or four men rushed from the bar-room, all calling out at once:

“What’s the matter here?”

“What’s all this?”

“Who’s killed?”

Two of them seized Jack as Eben rose slowly; another tried to catch hold of Donald. Their sympathy plainly was with Slade, who, seeing his opportunity, suddenly started toward the buggy with the evident intention of driving off in it.

Jack, breaking from his astonished captors, was upon him in an instant, dragging him back, just as Slade had put one foot on the buggy-step, and as Donald was alertly seizing Lady’s bridle.

“Stand off—all of you!” cried Jack, still holding Eben by the collar. “We’re out on the open seas at last, my man! and now look out for yourself!”

The thrashing was brief but effective. Jack wore a serene look of satisfaction when it was over; and Eben Slade slunk doggedly away, muttering: “I’ll be even with ’em yet.”

Every hat was off, so to speak, when Jack and Donald, who had paid the landlord handsomely, drove from Vanbogen’s door. Lady was impatient to be off, but Jack soon made her understand that the splendid time she had made in coming from Nestletown was no longer necessary, since Dood, tied at the rear of the buggy, could not go faster than a walk. The removal of his shoe and prompt nursing had helped the pony so much that by this time he was able to travel, though with difficulty.

It was a strange drive. The spirited mare ahead,

relieving her pent-up speed by gently prancing up and down as she walked; Jack, grim and satisfied, going over again in fancy every stroke that had fallen upon the struggling Eben; Donald, pale and silent, with Slade’s vicious words still ringing in his ears; and the pony limping painfully behind.

“He’s taken up with his own thoughts,” said Jack to himself, after a while, noting Don’s continued silence. “It aint for me to disturb him, though them twins somehow seem as near as if they was my own children; but I *would* like to know just what the little chap has heard from that sea-sarpent. Somethin’ or other ’s took fearful hold on him, sure ’s sailin’, poor lad! He aint apt to be so unsociable.”

Following up these thoughts, as the mare jogged along, it was a great solace to good Sailor Jack, after their dismal drive, to see Don look up at the house as they turned into the lane and wave his hat gallantly to Dorothy.

She, too, standing at her bed-room window with Lydia, was wonderfully relieved by Don’s salutation.

“Oh, it’s all right!” she exclaimed, cheerily. “Even Dood is n’t hurt as badly as we feared, and how lovely it is to have Don back again, safe and sound! You should have seen Jack, Liddy, when I refused to get into the buggy, and made him drive on for his life with Lady. But the trouble is over now. How lovely! Both of us will take supper with Uncle, after all!”

Lydia, who had been doing all sorts of things to save Dorry from “taking her death o’ cold,” stood admiringly by while, with rapid touches and many a laughing word, the happy girl arrayed herself to go down and meet “dear old Don and Uncle.”

Meanwhile Mr. Reed, in his study, looking up inquiringly to greet Donald’s return, was surprised to see the boy’s white face and flashing eyes.

“Uncle George,” said Donald, the moment he entered the room, “tell me, quick! Is Dorothy Reed my sister?”

(To be continued.)





## HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO HARRY IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY FANNY BARROW.

"WHY does n't San-ta Claus come in sum-mer time?" asked lit-tle Har-ry, as he lay up-on his back on the sweet, green grass, and looked up in-to the blue sky.

"Per-haps be-cause there is no snow for his sleigh," said his moth-er.

"What a pit-y!" sighed Har-ry. "I wish it would snow this min-ute. There is my horse; it has on-ly one leg, and no nose at all.

My foot-ball went pop! the oth-er day, and turned in-to a lit-tle crook-ed twist of In-dia rub-ber. My ex-press wag-on is all to pieces, and my drum is bu'st 'cause I banged it so hard."

"Oh, what a boy!" said his moth-er. "I am a-fraid you banged your poor horse a lit-tle, al-so."

"Yes, I did, and I kicked the foot-ball tre-men-jous-ly! and up-set my wag-on ev-er so man-y times; but I don't care for those now; I want a book, Mam-ma—a book full of pict-ures and sto-ries."

"Well, list-en; I will sing you a song a-bout Kris Krin-gle—which is the Ger-man name for Saint Nich-o-las, as well as San-ta Claus.

And who knows? per-haps he will hear me, and make you a vis-it, al-though it is sum-mer-time."

Then his moth-er sang the song, which so de-light-ed Har-ry that he begged her to lend him the mu-sic, so that he might learn the words. He had just be-gun to read, and he was ver-y proud and hap-py when he had read an-y-thing all by him-self.

"I 'll sing it, too!" cried Har-ry, "and keep time with my drum-sticks." But first he went down in-to the kitch-en and begged Bridg-et, the cook, to give him a big tin pan.





"What do you want it for, Mas-ter Har-ry?" she asked.

"Oh, nev-er mind," said Har-ry, and he ran a-way as fast as he could. He fas-tened the mu-sic to the back of a chair with a big pin, and put the tin pan up-side down on the seat, and then he be-gan to sing, rat-tling with the drum-sticks in fine style. He did not get the tune quite right, but the cho-rus came in splen-did-ly. This is it:

"Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jing, jing, jing. How mer-ry we shall be!  
Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, come Kris Krin-gle—Come with your Christ-mas-tree."

His moth-er laughed soft-ly to her-self as she list-ened, and then she wrote a lit-tle note, ad-dressed to some-bod-y in New York Cit-y, and sent it to the post-of-fice.

Har-ry lived in the coun-try, and it was three days be-fore the an-swer came. It was a beau-ti-ful book; just as full of pict-ures and sto-ries as a book can be! And you nev-er saw a bright-er face than Har-ry's, when he ex-claimed to his moth-er: "On-ly think! San-ta Claus has come to see me in sum-mer-time!"

*Helen Purson*

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

OH, what a noise!  
Ah, what a clatter!  
Is it the boys?  
What *is* the matter?  
Dozens and dozens—  
Only eight, is it?—  
Only some cousins  
Come on a visit?  
Hearing the rattle,  
I thought 't was an  
army;  
Sounds of a battle  
Always alarm me.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IN this country, July is the grand eagle month of the year, I'm told. Hundreds and thousands of the finest American variety are called in on the fourth day by orators and lesser speakers, all over the land, and made to do duty in various ways. Some poise, some pounce, some scorn, some droop, and some, according to the special mood of the speaker, soar—soar—soar so high that they find great difficulty in getting down again, especially if the Star-spangled Banner happens to be waving at the same moment.

For all that, America is a great country—no-body loves and knows it more than your Jack—and the eagle is a noble bird. I've watched him from my pulpit more than once, and felt that our nation did well to adopt him as its own—so inspiring is his flight, so majestic his repose. By the way, on last Fourth of July, when I, your loyal Jack, stood listening,—stripes on my pulpit and stars—daisy stars—at my feet,—the birds brought me a letter. It is not very poetical, but it will interest all of you chicks, who are of a scientific and inquiring turn of mind. Here it is;—but first let me explain that a bald eagle is not really bald. He only looks bald, because the feathers on the top of his head are lighter and smoother than those on the rest of his body:

#### EAGLES' FOOD.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some years ago I had a bald eagle, which I kept for several months in captivity. He had been wounded in one wing by a shot, but not otherwise injured. He was very fierce and savage, and for a day or two refused to eat: but finally hunger prevailed, and he greedily seized the meat which I gave him. I knew that, though eagles commonly eat the flesh of animals either killed by themselves or already dead, yet they also sometimes eat fish, often robbing the fish-hawks to get the fish. But I was not aware how much they seem to prefer fish to anything else, until I gave by chance some fish to this captive of mine. I had returned from fishing, and as usual stopped by the eagle's cage, or rather the large pen in which he lived, to admire him. Taking a perch from my basket, I threw it to him. His quick eye detected the treasure on the instant,

and instead of walking up to it, as he would have done had it been a piece of meat, he made a furious dash and caught the fish before it reached the ground. The eagerness of his movements and the savage haste with which he devoured the perch told the story—it was the food which he chose above all others; and from that time, I fed him on fish when I could get them. Anything less than half a pound in weight he always swallowed head foremost entire; larger fish were held down with his claws while his beak tore them to pieces. He soon learned that I would throw them to him, and it was curious to see him catch them in the air. I can not remember that I ever saw him miss one.

Yours truly,

W. O. A.

#### A WARM-WEATHER PUZZLE.

"THERE 's only one thing in 'stronomy I'm sure about," said a little chap near my pulpit, one very hot day last July.

"Ah!" exclaimed Deacon Green, "and what is that, my little man?"

"Why, sir, that this earth is a heap nearer the sun in summer than it is in winter," says the boy.

"But it is *not* nearer in summer, my lad," says the Deacon. "What are you going to do about that?"

"Deacon Green," says the little boy, trying to speak respectfully, "I skated on that creek over there last winter, many a time. It was frozen hard as a rock, sir. To my knowledge, it has n't been fit to skate on once this summer. What 's more, sir, my father always tells me to take the evidence of my own senses when I can, sir—and if that there sun is n't nearer this earth to-day" (here the speaker dried his freckled little forehead with his sleeve) "than it was last Christmas, sir, I'll give up."

"Give up, then," says the Deacon, nodding and smiling a real good, sociable smile at the boy, "for you 're wrong."

Now the Deacon 's reckoned to be a learned man, and a sensible man, but yet somehow, my hearers,—what with the July weather and all,—it was as much as I could do not to side with that innocent child.

#### ORBITS.

IN connection with the above, I am advised by the Deacon to "throw out a hint about orbits—the earth's orbit in particular." I am not familiar with them myself, but perhaps you will know what the good soul means.

#### IS THIS THE REASON WHY?

ANOTHER day, out in my meadow, a little girl from the Red School-house asked the Little School-ma'am why summer is warm and winter cold. As near as I can remember the answer, it was something like this: (I can't say I quite see through the matter myself, but I've no doubt you'll be able to puzzle it out, my clever ones.)

The earth leans over in one direction on its journey about the sun; and, when it is near the sun, the top or northern part of the earth, where we live, is a little nearer to him than are the other parts; it is then summer time in the north. But when the earth is at the other end of its path, farther from the sun, it still leans over in the same direction, so that the top is turned away from the sun; and then it is winter in the north. Besides



this, the sun shines so directly on the middle parts of the earth that they never get very cold; but near the top and bottom the sun's rays reach the earth at a slant, and the heat is not felt so much there.

#### BUSY AT THE CALIFORNIA TREES.

DEAR JACK: The red-headed woodpecker of California, scientifically known as *Melanerpes formicivorus*, has a strange custom of storing away acorns which it seldom, if ever, eats, using the trunks of trees for its store-house. These industrious little birds pick holes in the bark, and with their strong bills hammer acorns into the holes until the trunks of the trees look as if they were studded from top to bottom with big-headed tacks from some upholstery shop. Even the giant trees that have withstood the tempests for thousands of years are made to serve as a mighty store-house of provisions for these little red-heads. During this process, many pair of bright eyes look on approvingly. These eyes belong to the pert, chattering squirrels, who, no doubt, consider it a kind and very considerate act upon the part of the woodpecker to thus lay up winter provisions for Mrs. Squirrel and all the family of little Squirrels.

DAN BEARD.

Jack is very much obliged to Mr. Beard, both for his letter and for the pretty picture it explains.



Some of my birds are related to these little red-headed fellows, and they tell me that, while the mighty California trees are thus forced to store acorns, the acorns themselves, in turn, often hold fine grubs that are considered especially delicate eating by the woodpecker.

Sometimes, a number of birds are driving acorns into a tree at the same time, and then what a lively time they have!—pushing, driving the nuts in with their bills, darting off a moment for a play-spell, filling the air with rattling cries, and then back again to their skillful work. Meanwhile, the expectant squirrels look boldly on, and lazy jays, hard by, chatter about the good time they will yet have, eating the acorn-meat, and laughing at the red-headed, unsuspecting little workers.

By the way, the Little School-ma'am has asked me to tell you that there is a very interesting paper on this matter in the May number of *The American Naturalist*.

#### THREE NOTED RAVENS.

YESTERDAY, in my meadow, the Deacon told a group of boys and girls about three ravens that belonged in turn to one Charles Dickens. The first raven loved horses—in fact, generally slept on horseback, in his master's stable. The second was a discoverer of stolen goods, and managed to dig up in his master's garden all the cheese and half-pence that the first raven had pilfered from time to time, and hidden there. The third was a hermit, and neither loved horses nor had any special talent, excepting that he could bark like a dog. This same Mr. Dickens studied the habits of his ravens, the Deacon said, and wrote about them. Finally, he put two of them into one splendid book-raven, which is alive to this day, walking about and doing astonishing things in a volume known as "Barnaby Rudge."

#### BABY LIONS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My brother and I went to see Jumbo, but I liked the baby elephant better. He is the funniest little fellow I ever saw—just like a canton-flannel elephant suddenly made alive. But other baby animals have been exhibited. We read one night about a lioness named Old Girl, that belonged to a Zoo in Ireland. She died when she was sweet sixteen, and she had raised about fifty little baby lions during her life. These baby lions were just like kittens at first, but gradually they learned to roar, and then they were lions. Your little friend, ANGIE T.

#### NATURAL APARTMENT-HOUSES.

MY birds have told me of a queer thing. They hear so much, because they and their friends travel in so many different directions. In South Africa, it appears, mounds like haystacks are sometimes seen stuck high up in the trees. These mounds, though really made of coarse, wild grass, also remind one of a honey-comb, if looked at from below; for they are full of shapely little openings. And the openings are entrances to the nests of a colony of grossbeaks, who live sociably side by side, each in an apartment of his own, though under one common roof.

When the dear Little School-ma'am heard of these mounds, she called them natural apartment-houses, and seemed to think that birds were very like human folk, after all.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

WITH sincere sorrow we chronicle here the decease of Mr. Albert Robert Thompson, who died of scarlet fever at his home in Brooklyn, on the 10th of May. Mr. Thompson had been for the last five years a faithful and efficient assistant in the office of ST. NICHOLAS, and in his sudden and lamented death the readers, as well as the editor and publishers, of this magazine have suffered a loss.

Mr. Thompson was born in Paris, about thirty-four years ago, the son of a colonel in the British army, who was lately financial adviser to the Governor of Western Australia. He was educated at one of the English public schools, and devoted himself to business. He came to this country, about fourteen years ago, as the agent of a large London house engaged in the manufacture of rubber goods. Subsequently he was employed by the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., and E. Butterick & Co., and taught a public school in a New Jersey village. He then returned to England, and became engaged in the real estate business. When E. Butterick & Co. commenced the publication of a literary weekly known as *The Metropolitan*, in the winter of 1874-5, Mr. Thompson returned to New York to become its associate editor, and continued to do literary work for the firm for a considerable time after *The Metropolitan* ceased to exist. In 1877, he became an assistant in the editorial office of ST. NICHOLAS, where his fine qualities of character and temperament soon won the hearts of all his associates. He was possessed of a good education and a wide and thorough culture, and all his duties were performed with a faithfulness that never shrank from, nor slighted, any demand upon it. The statements already made in a few newspapers that he was the "associate editor" and the "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" of ST. NICHOLAS are incorrect; but his devotion, energy, and capacity made themselves felt in almost every department of the editorial work, and were of enduring benefit in many ways. It is but just to him who so sincerely loved and honored his work that all our readers—thousands of whom may not even have seen his name before—should know of his tireless zeal and efficient aid in their behalf.

Mr. Thompson was for some time superintendent of the Sunday-school in the Brooklyn church that was presided over by Dr. Edward Eggleston, and his deeds of unostentatious kindness will be long remembered by many whom he aided and cheered. He married an English lady, a Miss Ashmore, of London, in 1875. His wife and one child, a boy of two years and a few months, survive him. One other child, a bright and beautiful little girl, died when two years old of scarlet fever.

To those who knew Mr. Thompson, the years of acquaintance or friendship yield no memories of him that are not kindly. Life seemed beautiful and noble to him, and he helped to make it so for others by his gentle courtesy, his integrity of word and deed, and his serene, generous, and cheerful spirit.

THROUGH the courtesy of a friendly correspondent we are allowed to present to our readers the following charming letter, written by Mr. Longfellow to a young friend of his about eighteen months ago. Though merely a brief note, it is full of the poetry and gentleness characteristic of the great man who penned it, and will be read with interest by young and old:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 23, 1881.

DEAR —: The echo answers at once, and does not keep you waiting. And it says: Thank you for your postal card, and for the kind remembrance of your mother.

As one grows old, the memories of youth become more and more precious; the forms of early friends brighten in the sunset. You know nothing of this yet, but some day you will find it out.

To tell you the truth, I do not think so much of birthdays as I used to do. I have had so many of them that I begin to wish they would not come quite so often and quite so soon. I like other people's better than my own. And that is another thing you know nothing about yet, but will find out later.

By to-day's mail I send you my latest if not my last volume of poems, and hope you will find something in it to please you. I date it January 1st. This is what Plato calls a "well intentioned and

necessary untruth," and what, perhaps, a modern philosopher would call an unnecessary fiction or something worse.

And now, my dear child, I will hang up the mistletoe and kiss you under it, and over it, and wish you many happy New Years, one at a time, and with kindest regards to your mother,

I remain sincerely yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE report upon the stories for The Very Little Folk's page, received in answer to the invitation on page 497 of the April number, will be given in next month's Letter-box.

## THE CHILDREN'S GARFIELD FUND.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR MADAM: We desire to acknowledge from the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS the kind gift of \$416.02, sent by them in small sums in order to found a "Children's Garfield Fund," for the poor and sick children of New York. This fund will be devoted to the children from New York tenement-houses who come down to the "Summer Home" at Bath, L. I., under the charge of the Children's Aid Society. It will help to give a happy week at the sea-side to those who are shut up in close tenement-houses the rest of the year. Here they will enjoy fresh air, nice sea-bathing, good country milk and food, and all the pleasures of this beautiful place, for a week. Mr. A. B. Stone has purchased one of the most lovely spots on the coast for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and has generously presented it to the Society to be used for this purpose. The "Children's Garfield Fund" will greatly increase the number of those who enjoy the pleasures of this beautiful spot, and we hope it will be added to, each year, so that more and more of these poor little children can have this great pleasure. I send you a letter received from one of the little children who enjoyed the Home last summer.

Yours very truly,

C. L. BRACE,  
Secretary Children's Aid Society.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1882.

DEAR MR. —: I am writing to tell you about Bath. How I would love to sit down on the beach, and watch the large waves roll on the beach, and sing songs which we learned in day-school and in Sunday-school! Oh, such lovely times in bathing! When the large waves rolled over our heads, we would give a long breath and a jump. Miss Lane would take us a good ways out and play "Ring" in the water; she would run fast in with us, and then the large waves would make us run back to the shore, as if to say, "What are you coming so far out here for?" And Miss Lane would go out farther; I tell you she would not be afraid, like us babies. I would love to hear the trees shake their glossy leaves! We had a lovely time out there! Miss Agte would make me speak all the pieces I knew and all the songs I knew. Mary Vandernoot and I would trim Miss Agte with daisies, and all kinds of flowers! We would have all kinds of nice things to eat. We would have nice potatoes, blackberries, and O! I could not commence to tell you what nice things we had! We all, when we went to bed, said the Lord's Prayer. I love to go there. I close my letter.

Most respectfully,

JENNIE BLACK [age 10 years],  
Eighteenth Street School.

Mr. Brace's letter explains itself. We trust Willie P. Herrick and all the kind-hearted boys and girls who sent contributions to the Children's Garfield Fund, through the ST. NICHOLAS, will be glad to know that \$416.02, the entire sum received thus far, has been placed where it will be sure to help poor and sick little ones, and brighten lives that know very little of pleasure or even of comfort.

Long before the beautiful June days come, prosperous city parents eagerly discuss the question: "Where shall we take our young folk for a delightful and refreshing home during the hot season?" But the city poor are dumbly wondering whether or not *their* little ones can live through the sufferings and sicknesses of another crowded and scorching summer.



If any of the present or future contributors to the Children's Garfield Fund wish to know more of the Bath Summer Home, or of the Children's Aid Society, they may apply confidently at the rooms of the Society, No. 19 East Fourth Street, New York.

Meantime, we refer new readers to "A Summer Home for Poor Children" in *ST. NICHOLAS* for June, 1880,—also to *The Letter-box* of November, 1881, for the letter from Willie and Tottie Herrick and one from Mr. Fry, Superintendent of the Summer Home, and to an article by Charles L. Brace, in this magazine for May, 1882, entitled "Wolf-reared Children."

These articles will throw light on the great and good work that the Children's Aid Society and kindred associations are doing. Already, the last-named paper has been the means of making at least one poor street-boy happy, as the following letter eloquently shows:

EAST-SIDE BOYS' LODGING HOUSE AND SCHOOLS,  
OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY,  
EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK, May 13, 1882.

MRS. DODGE.

Dear Madam: Many persons—some of whom had not been familiar with the process by which the Children's Aid Society takes rough-hewn street Arabs and puts them in the way of becoming useful and respectable citizens—have spoken to me of the pleasure

and interest with which they have read Mr. Brace's pretty story on "Wolf-reared Children" in this month's *ST. NICHOLAS*. In these times, when the country is flooded with tales that have a most pernicious influence on the young, it is refreshing to read a story like that of "Pickety," and I am sure you will be gratified to hear that some good fruit of it has already appeared.

Yesterday, a boy of sixteen came up to me in the office of the Children's Aid Society and asked if we could not provide him with a home in the West. He was poorly equipped in the matter of clothing and shoes, but had a bright, intelligent face. He said he did not know where he was born, had no knowledge of his parents, and his earliest recollection of himself was in an institution in Massachusetts. On being asked how he knew about the Children's Aid Society, he said he had just arrived that morning by the Providence boat, on board of which he had found a copy of *ST. NICHOLAS* containing the story of "Pickety." He said he had no money and had become greatly discouraged, but after reading about "Pickety" he made up his mind to go and ask to be treated just as that boy had been. The poor fellow's eyes danced with delight when I told him that I was Superintendent of the house where "Pickety" was cared for, and that I should be happy to treat him in the same way. On Tuesday next, I leave with a company of boys for Kansas, where good homes will be provided for all, and I shall take this latest edition of "Pickety" along with the rest.

I am, dear madam, very respectfully yours,  
GEORGE CALDER.

## THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SIXTEENTH REPORT.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to report unabated progress during the last month. We number now 251 Chapters and 2,900 members. The reports from our Chapters are, as usual, full of enthusiasm and rich in valuable suggestions. The following new Chapters have been admitted:

### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
225.	Burlington, Kansas (A).....	7. P. M. Floyd.	
226.	Alfred Center, N. Y. (A).....	16. C. A. Davis.	
227.	Ypsilanti, Mich. (B).....	6. Louis B. Hardy.	
228.	Buffalo, N. Y. (D).....	7. Percy Scharff,	103 Tremont Street.
229.	Chicago, Ill. (F).....	4. E. R. Larned,	2546 South Dearborn St.
230.	Brazil, Ind. (A).....	5. Fred. Clearwaters.	
231.	Wiconisco, Pa. (A).....	5. J. R. Engelbert.	
232.	Utica, N. Y. (A).....	19. C. Baker.	
233.	Sidney, Iowa (A).....	12. Ed. Cooke.	
234.	New York, N. Y. (F).....	7. E. H. Hoerber,	339 West 29th Street.
235.	Washington, Pa. (A).....	Miss M. M. Gow.	
236.	Factory Point, Vt. (A).....	Miss Jessie D. Nichols.	
237.	Plantsville, Conn. (A).....	6. Bertie Shepard.	
238.	Wintusset, Iowa (A).....	20. Harry Wallace.	
239.	Georgetown, D. C. (A).....	4. F. P. Stockbridge.	
240.	New Milford, Pa. (A).....	6. Wm. D. Ainey, Box 253.	
241.	Scituate, Mass. (A).....	Geo. B. Hudson.	
242.	Philadelphia, Pa. (I).....	5. E. G. Lewis,	1125 Mt. Vernon St.
243.	Peekskill, N. Y. (B).....	Austin D. Mabie.	
244.	Newport, Ky. (A).....	6. Jerome Clarke.	
245.	Germantown. (C).....	7. Miss Ida Champion, corner	Walnut Lane and Green St.
246.	Bethlehem, Pa. (A).....	5. Harry Wilbur.	
247.	Columbus, Ga. (A).....	8. Chas. H. Dillingham.	
248.	Richmond, Va. (A).....	5. Mrs. J. B. Marshall,	302 West Grace St.
249.	Orange, N. J. (A).....	Geo. M. Smith.	
250.	Tiffin, Ohio (A).....		
251.	Saratoga, N. Y. (A).....	4. Harry A. Chandler, Box 15.	

### AN A. A. HAND-BOOK.

In response to repeated and urgent requests, the President has written and printed a complete Hand-book of the *ST. NICHOLAS* A. A. It contains a history of the A. A., its Constitution and By-laws. There are chapters on—How to Organize a Chapter; How to Conduct Meetings; Parliamentary Law; The A. A. in the Public School; How to Collect all Kinds of Specimens; How to Col-

lect and Preserve Birds; Sea-weeds; How to Build a Cabinet; Reports from Chapters and Members; Minerals; Full list of scientific books (over two hundred titles), etc., etc.; concluding with a complete and revised list of all our 250 Chapters, with the addresses of their secretaries. The book is well illustrated. We are able to furnish copies to those wishing them at fifty cents each, postage prepaid. We have written this book with the intention of answering in it all the questions which any one can care to ask about the A. A. Every active member of the A. A. should have one.

### REPORTS OF CHAPTERS AND MEMBERS.

#### DETROIT, MICH.

"How can 'poison ivy' be distinguished?"

I will send an answer which I once wrote and read at one of our club meetings. Poison ivy closely resembles the Virginia creeper or woodbine, as it is often incorrectly called. It usually grows as a vine, clinging to a tree or bank, but in some parts of the country it grows like a bush, about two feet high, with a trunk from three to four inches through. The leaflets of the ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) are similar in shape to those of the Virginia creeper, but each leaf of the ivy has *three* leaflets, whereas the creeper has *five*. More-over the leaf of the ivy is darker, more glossy, and somewhat blistered. It can also be readily distinguished by handling.

AGNES WILEY (Chapter A).

[Will some one mention other characteristics of *Rhus tox.*?]

Being frequently asked how animals can be preserved, we are glad to present the following excellent report from the Manhattan Chapter:

#### TAXIDERMY.

Taxidermy is the art of preserving animals. It includes preservation in spirits, the operation of stuffing, the arrangement of skeletons or parts of them, and the preservation of the skin alone.

*To Preserve Animals in Spirits.* Alcohol is generally used. Any animal can be preserved in it. The alcohol is diluted about fifty per cent. (some say as low as twenty per cent.). The animals that are generally preserved in this way are those that can not be readily stuffed, as reptiles, fishes, mollusks, and some insects. Benzine is also used, and is preferred by some as it does not lose color.

*To Stuff Mammals.* This operation requires skill, patience, and practice.

Lay the animal on its back, and then stuff the mouth, nostrils, and wounds with cotton or tow, to prevent the blood from disfiguring the skin. Then split the skin from the tail to the breast-bone, taking great care not to penetrate so deep as to cut the abdominal muscles. Push off the skin gently, right and left, and as the skinning proceeds, put pads of cotton between it and the muscles. When the skin is removed as far as it can be without pulling or



using force, separate the thighs at their junctions with the pelvis; the tail should be severed inside the skin. Now separate the skin from the carcass carefully till the shoulders are reached, then separate the legs at the shoulder-joints. Next remove the skin from the neck and head; cut off the ears close to the skull. Great care must be taken not to injure the eyelids and lips. Cut off the head, remove the external muscles of the face, and take out the brain and eyes. Now return to the legs, clean away all the flesh to the toes, but do not remove the tendons around the joints, as the bones are to remain in the legs; skin the tail by forcing a cleft stick in between the bones and skin. When all is removed, sprinkle the skin thoroughly with preservation powder or soap it well with arsenic soap. Leave the skin stretched till it becomes perfectly dry and absorbs the mixture. Fill the eye-orbits and nostrils with cotton, put a thin layer of cotton along the back, introduce the wire frame-work, stuff all the small parts with cotton and the remaining parts with any dry vegetable substance. Return the skull to the head; great dexterity is required in placing the artificial eyes—they are fastened with cement. When stuffing, care should be taken not to stretch the skin and to have the animal shaped into its natural appearance.

**Skeletons.** Remove the skin, muscles, and everything that will come off easily, except the ligaments, place it in water for several days, then take it out, clean it more thoroughly and remove the brain; place it in fresh water. Repeat this from day to day (changing the water each time). The bones are, each time, to be well cleaned. (The operation of cleaning and scraping should properly be done under the surface of the water.) After the skeleton is clean, place it in clean lime-water or solution of pearl-ash, then wash again with clean water, wire it and place it in position, and allow it to dry. Do not expose it to the sun or to a fire to dry. All large animals' skeletons can be prepared in this way. But for small skeletons, an easier method is to clean and soak the bones, and place them in perforated boxes, which should then be put into ant-hills. The insects will quickly remove the flesh; the skeletons must be taken out before they attack the ligaments. Now wash, wire, and place in position.

Walter H. Martin, 216 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is now Secretary of Chapter 151, in place of E. A. Osborne. (Nothing causes so great confusion as a change of secretaries. The change can not be noted here until three months after it occurs, and by that time a new one may have been elected. In case of Chapter 151, this change was necessary, but, ordinarily, the secretary should be permanent.)

#### EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Minerals and fossils for other minerals, fossils, and woods.—P. M. Floyd, Burlington, Kansas.

Birds' eggs blown with one hole.—Louis B. Bishop, Box 905, New Haven, Conn.

Petrified shells (labeled).—W. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio, Secretary Chapter 128.

Botanical specimens and correspondence.—Harry L. Russell, Poynette, Wisconsin.

Minerals and birds' eggs.—Louis D. Orrison, 1206 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Lepidoptera correspondence.—Ed. R. Putnam, Davenport, Iowa.

Chalcopryrite for quartz crystal.—E. R. Larned, Sec. Chapter 229, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Indian arrow-heads for a sea-horse or starfish.—Jerome Clark, 145 Washington Ave., Newport, Ky.

Feldspar, tourmaline, and Mexican onyx, for woods, geodes, minerals, and birds' eggs.—R. P. Kaighn, 2014 Ridge Ave., Phila.

Minerals in exchange for minerals, fossils, or woods.—Harry L. M. Mitchell, 23 W. 12th St., N. Y.

Minerals, Indian curiosities, and wood, for anything equal in value.—S. B. Arnold, Whipple Bk's, Yarpai Co., Arizona Ty.

Pressed ferns and a stuffed bat, for foreign coins and birds' eggs.—Miss Hattie M. Grover, Folsom State Prison, Folsom, California.

Curiosities and relics for minerals and curiosities.—Wm. R. Nichols, 2016 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Eggs for woods, sea-weeds, etc.—C. M. Sprague, 19 Oakwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Red-head ducks, black skimmer, and other rare eggs, in sets or single.—C. G. Doe, 28 Wood St., Providence, R. I.

Birds' eggs.—A. H. Rudd, 956 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Garnets for fossils.—H. I. Hancock, Box 1339, Waltham, Mass.

Texas centipede, stinging lizard, and horned frog.—Miss Jennie Wise, Box 454, Waco, Texas.

Petrified moss, shells, coral, etc., etc., for ocean curiosities and minerals.—Edward Shaw, 459 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.

Birds' eggs.—Samuel L. Magie, Rutherford, N. J.

Minerals.—Elliston J. Perot, Westchester, Penn.

Petrified moss.—Wm. G. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Moss agates.—James O'Connell, Fort Stockton, Texas.

We will send Emerton's Structure and Habits of Spiders, for the best mounted collection of six species of spiders received by Sept. 8th.—Philadelphia B., H. Taylor Rodgers, Sec., 1015 Vine St.

Sea-shells and sand-dollars for ores.—P. Luckner, Galveston, Texas.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN PREVIOUS REPORTS.

GEODES are rounded hollow concretions, either empty, or containing a more or less solid and free nucleus, and frequently having the cavity lined with crystals. On account of their size and shape they are sometimes called potato-stones. The word *Geode* comes from the Greek, and means 'earthy.'

GEO. POWELL, St. Clair, Pa.

[This gives no explanation of how geodes are formed. No one has answered this question yet. Please ask the nearest "Professor," and report. Stay! Here is a letter from the home of the geode.]

WAVERLY, BREMER CO., IOWA.

DEAR SIR: I send you this day a box of geodes. We find them in a quarry in a bluff of soft limestone. Some have colored crystals, but the colors fade on exposure to light. I am inclined to think that they were once living animals, something like sponges. In course of time they became covered with sediment, and this, through some action of the elements, changed to limestone, without petrifying the animal substance. This decaying, left cavities, which later were filled with crystals. If any one has a better theory, I should be glad to hear it. Please tell good St. NICHOLAS that it is rather inconvenient for me to get my mail in Ohio.

Very respectfully, L. L. GOODWIN.

[Mr. Goodwin's theory is surely ingenious. One member has suggested that geodes may have been volcanic in origin, and formed in the air like hail-stones. We shall hear further from this question.]

BEES carry the honey in a honey-bag. It is connected with the mouth, and the juices which the bees gather pass into it and are changed into honey. This can be brought up again at will.

THE APTERYX is a bird living in New Zealand. It has stumps of wings and no tail. Its feathers look like fur. Its eggs are laid in deep holes in the ground.

PEANUTS are the fruit of a trailing vine, with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall the stem bends downward, and the pod forces itself into the ground, where it ripens.

BRAZIL has two seasons. It would be the "dry" season there at the time mentioned.

DARK SPOTS on leopards correspond to the leaves of the tree in which it hides, and prevent its being seen easily.

IF THE OSTRICH is hunted, it will often thrust its head into the sand and think that no one can see it.

THE MANATEE, Porpoise, Dolphin, Whale, and Narwhal are amphibious animals. [Who will correct this?]

MOST FLIES die in winter; a few live in crannies until spring.

THE HOUSE of a BEAVER is built of mud, stones, and sticks. The entrance is always below the surface of the water.

THE FUSING POINT of copper is 1994 deg.; of lead, 620 deg.; of silver, 1873 deg. [All F.]

SALT WATER freezes at 26½ deg. F.

HIRAM H. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

[This is Miss Klyda Richardson's excellent answer to one of the March questions.]

I. Probably the hardest wood in the world is that of the *Eucalyptus resinifera*, Order Myrtaceæ. This tree is a native of Australia and the Indian Archipelago. It is, in common with the other trees of this genus, very tall. Often it attains a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and is seventy feet in circumference at its base. This tree is called the brown gum tree, or iron bark. From it is obtained one of the valuable kinds of kino, so much used in medicine.

Many other answers received, for which space can not be given.

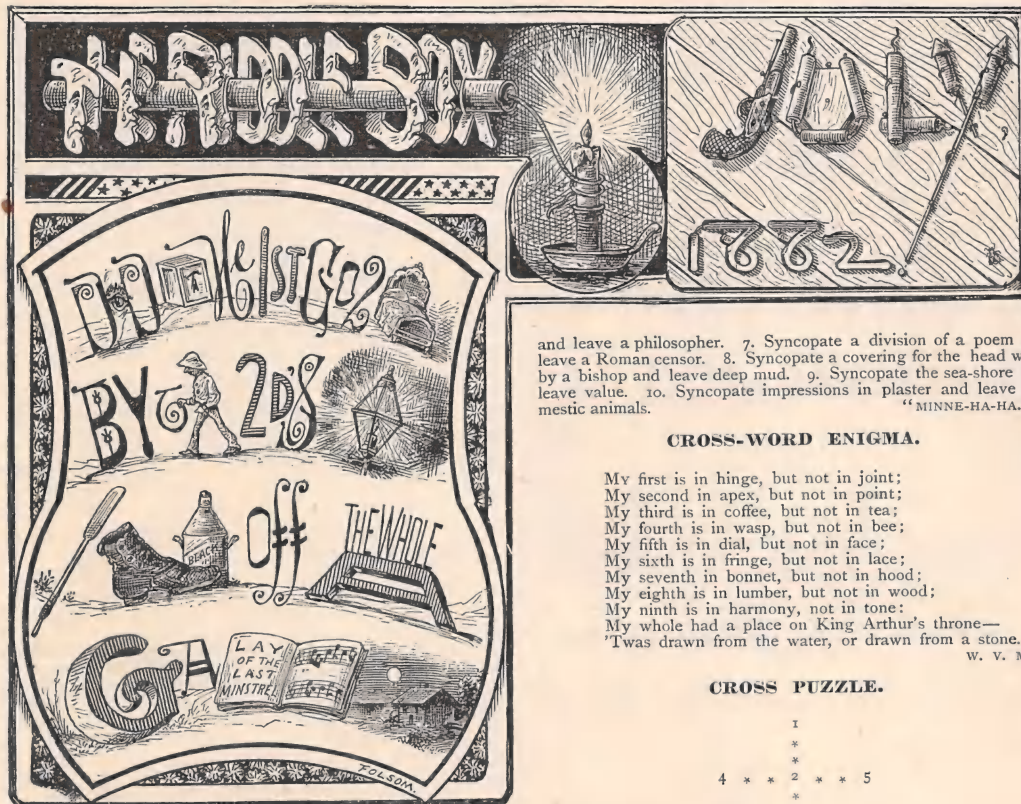
SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.—The prize for best drawings of snow-crystals is again awarded to Miss Mary L. Garfield, of Fitchburg, Mass.

ORONO, ME.

I have read the reports of the A. A. with great interest, and fully appreciate that through its influence a constantly increasing army of naturalists is being formed, which is destined to accomplish valuable results in the line of scientific observations. America needs this army of trained and enthusiastic observers. Please tell Clarence L. Lower, that *Tortrix Clorana* feeds on the leaves of willow (*Salix pentandra*) in Europe, but this insect has never been found in this country, and he doubtless has mistaken some other insect for it. If he will send me the insect by mail, I will give him the true name, and what is known of its habits. I will name tortricids for any of the members of the A. A. who will collect and send them to me, for I am making a revision of all the described species of the world, and wish to see as many as possible, especially from the South and West. Yours truly, C. H. FERNALD, Prof. of Nat. Hist.

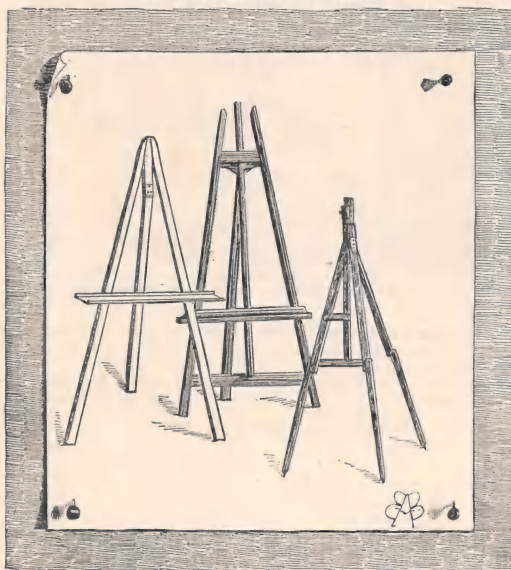
[This opportunity for making the acquaintance of "tortrics" will not be neglected by our entomologists.]







## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



WHAT animals are represented in this picture?

A. B. B.

## ANAGRAMS: FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

In the following Anagrams, the letters of the titles of the songs are not mingled with the letters which form the authors' names;

thus, Ether Van, by Dean Rolla Peag, is an anagram on "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe.

1. The Woes o' Hemme, by Rodney J. H. Wahpona.
2. Granther Spedbann's Tale, by Stacy K. Crofstein.
3. The Baby of Churltin Temple, by Hilda J. Waurowe.
4. The Kaudlebent Cook, by Waldo Southmower.
5. Adora Wheaton's Tempter, by Roger O. P. Grimes.

M. C. D.

## NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

YOU 'LL find my first in Africa;  
My second in Mexico;  
In Portugal my third is placed;  
For fourth to Russia go;  
My fifth in Scotland has a home;  
My sixth in Candahar;  
My seventh dwells in Hindoostan;  
My eighth in France afar;  
My ninth is in Jerusalem;  
My tenth in Paraguay;  
My eleventh 's fast in Belgium;  
My twelfth is in Norway.  
My whole comes only once a year,  
The boy's delight, the mother's fear.

## OCTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. The son of Mercury, who was the god of shepherds and huntsmen. 2. Is anxious. 3. Small bundles or packages. 4. The ancient name of a picturesque portion of Greece. 5. Lacking. 6. To steal away. 7. To settle. "ALCIBIADES."

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

AN AVIARY. 1. Nightingale. 2. Goldfinch (chat).

3. Lark. 4. Teal. 5. Chickadee. 6. Nut-hatch.
7. Bobolink. 8. Coot. 9. Cockatoo. 10. Snipe.
11. Whip-poor-will. 12. Magpie. 13. Lapwing. 14. Plover (plan). 15. Kingfisher.
16. Linnet (line). 17. Martin. 18. Sparrow.
19. Toucan. 20. Thrush (throne).

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Battle of Waterloo.

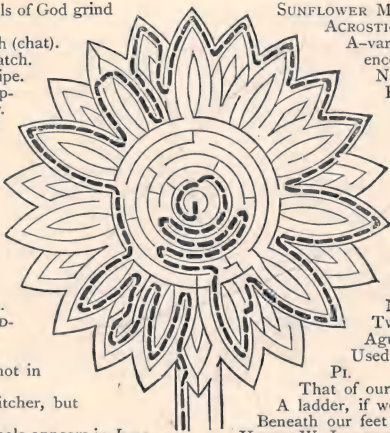
Cross-words: 1. BoWer. 2. AbAse. 3. TITle. 4. TrEat. 5. LaRch. 6. EILen. 7. OzOne. 8. FrOwn.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. I Rosebud II. Anemone.

TWELVE CONCEALED CITIES. 1. Eton. 2. Paris. 3. Dover. 4. Thebes. 5. Athens. 6. Ephesus. 7. London. 8. Teheran. 9. Rome. 10. Verona. 11. Nice. 12. Sparta.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE. ROSES.

In rat, not in kitten; in oar, but not in sail;  
In gloves, but not in mitten; in pitcher, but not in pail;  
In trumpets, but not in tune; the whole appears in June.



SUNFLOWER MAZE. See accompanying illustration.

ACROSTIC: Tadmor in the Desert. 1. T-time. 2. A-varice. 3. D-ebt. 4. M-ercy. 5. O-bedi-ence. 6. R-efreshment. 7. I-ndustry. 8. N-ought. 9. T-ailoring. 10. H-eroism. 11. E-arth. 12. D-eath. 13. E-xcellence. 14. S-atisfaction. 15. E-ternity. 16. R-eputation. 17. T-lara.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. P. 2. See. 3. Pears. 4. Era. 5. S. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Scene. 4. End. 5. E. Central Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Spare. 4. Err. 5. E. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stare. 4. Ere. 5. E. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Raw. 3. Eager. 4. Wet. 5. R.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Joan of Arc. TWO EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Oats. 2. Ague. 3. Tune. 4. Seen. II. 1. June. 2. Used. 3. Need. 4. Eddy.

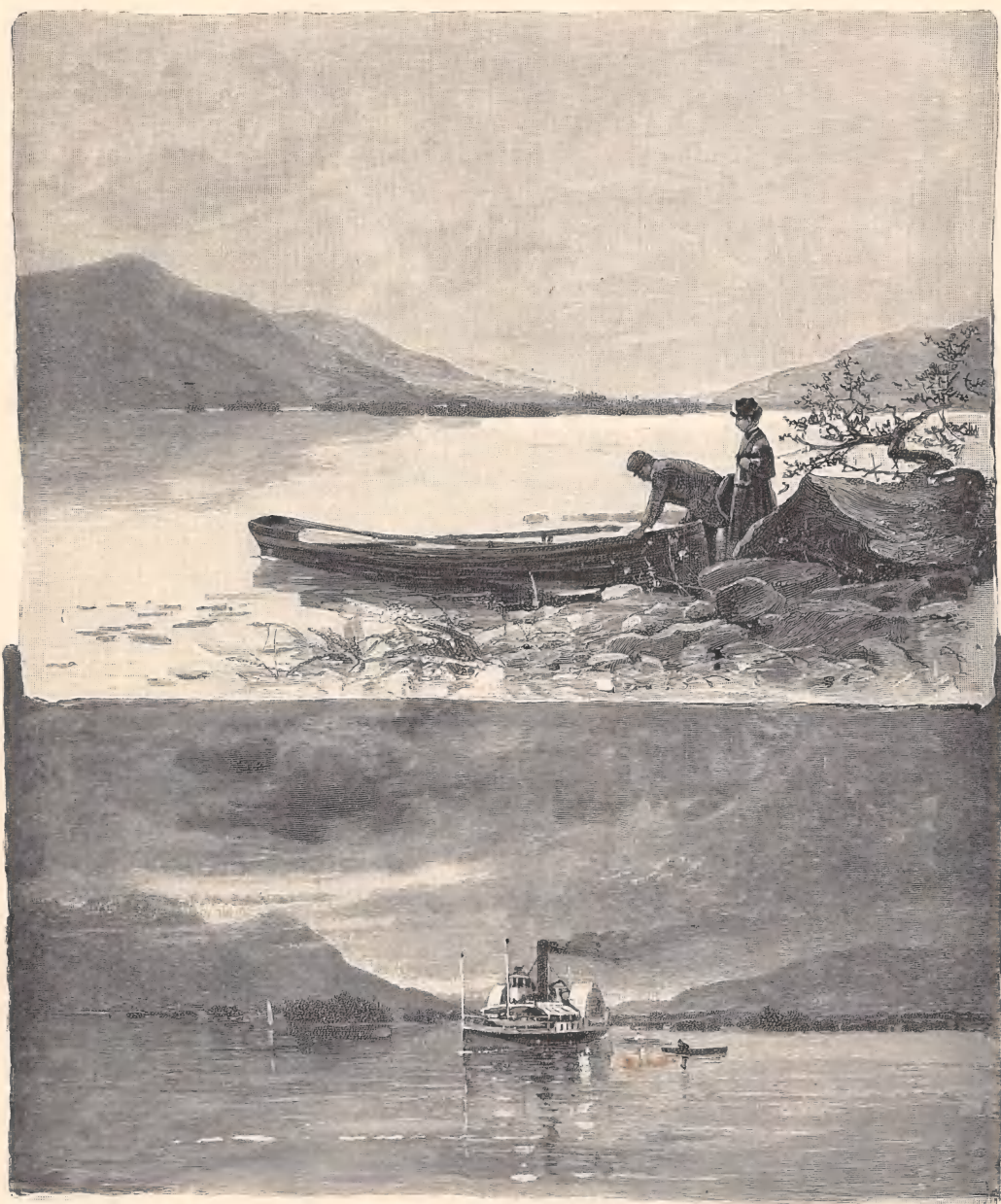
Pl. Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW in "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from A. Gardner, 11, and Mary A. Dodge, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from C. Horne—Ernest B. Cooper—"The Houghton Family"—Emma S. Wines—Freda—Alice Maud Kyte—Marna and Bae—Clara and her Aunt—Emilie Wheelock—The Blake Family—Florence Leslie Kyte—Clara J. Child—Sallie Viles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Pansy, 2—Minnie and Laurence Van Buren, 1—S. W. McClary, 1—Frank L. Burns, 6—Mary Deane Dexter, 2—Frank N. Dodd, 2—Jessie Bugbee, 6—Bess and Madge, 7—"Alci-biades," 7—Effie K. Talboys, 6—R. Hamilton, 1—Eirie, 3—J. Herbert Jordan, 1—H. W. Ogden, 2—Two Subscribers, 7—Edith McKeever, 4—E. Blanche Johns, 1—A. B. C., 6—Ruth Camp, 2—Carrie Weiting, 2—North Star, 1—Addie W. Gross, 1—Grace and Blanche Parry, 5—Annie Lovett, 7—Mattie G. Colt, 2—Rory O'More, 3—Bertie and Maud, 4—Rene, Bert, and Grace, 6—Louise Kelly, 4—Frankie Crawford, 2—F. N. Dodd, 4—Nellie Caldwell, 5—A. R., 4—L. E. R., 1—Livingston Ham, 1—Bessie P. McCollin, 6—Celetta M. Green, 6—Vin and Alex, 4—Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., 5—Helen E. Mahan, 6—Fred. Thwaites, 7—Anna Clark, 2—A. J. C., 2—Maud and Sadie, 2—H. M. S. "St. Vincent," 7—Florence E. Pratt, 6—Lyde McKinney, 6.





SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1882.

No. 10.

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## HOW BURT WENT WHALE-HUNTING.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

BURT HOLTER and his sister Hilda were sitting on the beach, playing with large twisted cockles which they imagined were cows and horses. They built stables out of chips, and fenced in their pastures, and led their cattle in long rows through the deep grooves they had made in the sand.

"When I grow up to be a man," said Burt, who was twelve years old, "I am going to sea and catch whales as father did when he was young. I don't want to stand behind a counter and sell calico and tape and coffee and sugar," he continued, thrusting his chest forward, putting his hands into his pockets, and marching with a manly swagger across the beach. "I don't want to play with cockles, like a baby any more," he added, giving a forcible kick to one of Hilda's finest shells and sending it flying across the sand.

"I wish you would n't be so naughty, Burt," cried his sister, with tears in her eyes. "If you don't want to play with me, I can play alone. Burt, oh—look there!"

Just at that moment, a dozen or more columns of water flew high into the air, and the same number of large, black tail-fins emerged from the surface of the fjord, and again slowly vanished. "Hurrah!" cried Burt in great glee, "it is a shoal of dolphins. Good-bye, Hilda dear, I think I'll run down to the boat-house."

"I think I'll go with you, Burt," said his sister obligingly, rising and shaking the sand from her skirts.

"I think you'll not," remarked her brother, angrily, "I can run faster than you."

So saying, he rushed away over the crisp sand as fast as his feet would carry him, while his sister Hilda, who was rather a soft-hearted girl, and ready with her tears, ran after him, all out of breath and calling to him at the top of her voice. Finally, when she was more than half way to the boat-house, she stumbled against a stone and fell full length upon the beach. Burt, fearing that she might be hurt, paused in his flight and returned to pick her up, but could not refrain from giving her a vindictive little shake as soon as he discovered that she had sustained no injury.

"I do think girls are the greatest bother that ever was invented," he said in high dudgeon. "I don't see what they are good for, anyway."

"I want to go with you, Burt," cried Hilda.

Seeing there was no escape, he thought he might just as well be kind to her.

"You may go," he said, "if you will promise never to tell anybody what I am going to do?"

"No, Burt, I shall never tell," said the child eagerly, and drying her tears.

"I am going whale-hunting," whispered Burt mysteriously. "Come along."

"Whale-hunting!" echoed the girl in delicious excitement. "Dear Burtie, how good you are! Oh, how lovely! No, I shall never tell it to anybody as long as I live."

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun, which at that time of the year never sets in the northern part of Norway, threw its red, misty rays like a veil of dull flame over the lofty mountains which, with their snow-hooded peaks pierced the fiery



clouds; their huge reflections shone in soft tints of red, green and gray in the depths of the fjord, whose glittering surface was calm and smooth as a mirror. Only in the bay which the school of dolphins had entered was the water ruffled; but there, high spouts rose every moment into the air and descended again in showers of fine spray.

"It is well that father has gone away with the fishermen," said Burt, as he exerted himself with all his might to push his small boat down over the slippery beams of the boat-house. "Here, Hilda, hold my harpoon for me."

Hilda, greatly impressed with her own dignity in being allowed to hold so dangerous a weapon as a harpoon, grasped it eagerly and held it up in both her arms. Burt once more put his shoulder to the stern of his light skiff (which, in honor of his father's whaling voyages, he had named "The North Pole,") and with a tremendous effort set it afloat. Then he carefully assisted Hilda into the boat, in the stern of which she seated herself. Next, he seized the oars and rowed gently out beyond the rocky headland toward which he had seen the dolphins steer their course. He was an

Now remember, and push the tiller to the side opposite where I want to go."

"I'll remember," she replied, breathlessly.

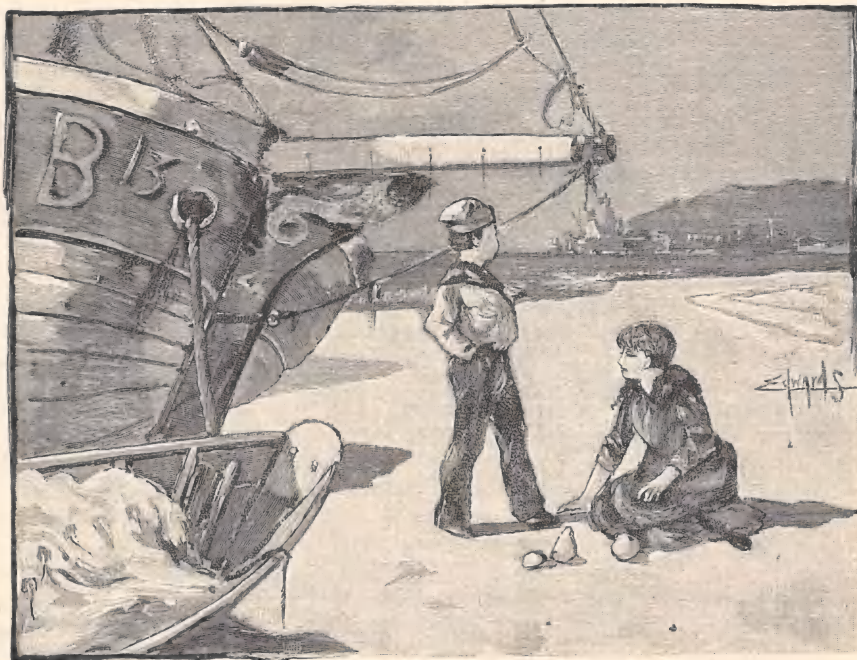
The gentle plashing of the oars and the clicking of the rowlocks were the only sounds which broke the silence of the evening. Now and then a solitary gull gave a long, shrill scream as she dived beneath the surface of the fjord, and once a fish-hawk's loud, discordant yell was flung by the echoes from mountain to mountain.

"Starboard," commanded Burt, sternly; but Hilda in her agitation pushed the tiller to the wrong side and sent the boat flying to port.

"Starboard, I said," cried the boy indignantly; "if I had known you would be so stupid, I should never have taken you along."

"Please, Burtie dear, do be patient with me," pleaded the girl remorsefully. "I shall not do so again."

It then pleased his majesty, Burt Holter, to relent, although his sister had by her awkwardness alarmed the dolphins, sending the boat right in their wake, when it had been his purpose to head them off. He knew well enough that it takes sev-



BURT RESOLVES TO GO WHALE-HUNTING.

excellent sailor for his years, and could manage a boat noiselessly and well.

"Hilda, take the helm," he whispered, "or, if you were only good for any thing, you might paddle and we should be upon them in a minute.

eral minutes for a whole school of so large a fish as the dolphin to change its course, and the hunter would thus have a good chance of "pricking" a laggard before he could catch up with his companions. Burt strained every muscle, while





A DOLPHIN DIVING.

coolly keeping his eye on the water to note the course of his game. His only chance was in cutting across the bay and lying in wait for them at the next headland. For he knew very well that if they were seriously frightened and suspected that they were being pursued, they could easily beat him by the speed and dexterity of their movements. But he saw to his delight that his calculations were correct. Instead of taking the straight course seaward, the dolphins, being probably in pursuit of fresh herring, young cod and other marine delicacies which they needed for their late dinner, steered close to land where the young fish are found in greater abundance, and their following the coast-line of the bay gave Burt a chance of cutting them off and making their acquaintance at closer quarters. Having crossed the little bay, he commanded his sister to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat—a command which she willingly, though with a quaking heart, obeyed. He backed cautiously into a little nook among the rocks from which he had a clear passage out, and

having one hand on his harpoon, which was secured by a rope to the prow of the boat, and the other on the boat-hook (with which he meant to push himself rapidly out into the midst of the school), he peered joyously over the gunwale and heard the loud snorts, followed by the hissing descent of the spray, approaching nearer and nearer. Now, steady, my boy! Don't lose your presence of mind! One, two, three—there goes! Jumping up, fixing the boat-hook against the rock, and with a tremendous push shooting out into the midst of the school was but a moment's work. Whew! The water spouts and whirls about his ears as in a shower-bath. Off goes his cap. Let it go! But stop! What was that? A terrific slap against the side of the boat as from the tail of a huge fish. Hilda jumps up with a piercing shriek and the boat careens heavily to the port side, the gunwale dipping for a moment under the water. A loud snort, followed again by a shower of spray, is heard right ahead, and, at the same moment, the harpoon flies through the air with a fierce whiz and



lodges firmly in a broad, black back. The huge fish in its first spasm of pain gives a fling with its tail and for an instant the little boat is lifted out of the water on the back of the wounded dolphin.

"Keep steady, don't let go the rope!" shouts Burt at the top of his voice, "he wont hurt ——"

But before he had finished, the light skiff, with a tremendous splash, struck the water again, and the little coil of rope to which the harpoon was attached flew humming over the gunwale and disappeared with astonishing speed into the depth.

Burt seized the cord, and when there was little

knowing that, however swiftly he swam, he pulled his enemy after him. As he rose to the surface, about fifty or sixty yards ahead, a small column of water shot feebly upward, and spread in a fan-like, irregular shape before it fell. The poor dolphin floundered along for a few seconds, its long black body in full view, and then again dived down, dragging the boat onward with a series of quick, convulsive pulls.

Burt held on tightly to the cord, while the water foamed and bubbled about the prow and surged in swirling eddies in the wake of the skiff.



TOWED BY THE WOUNDED DOLPHIN.

left to spare, tied it firmly to the prow of the boat, which then, of course, leaped forward with every effort of the dolphin to rid itself of the harpoon. The rest of the school, having taken alarm, had sought deep water, and were seen, after a few minutes, far out beyond the headland.

"I want to go home, Burt," Hilda exclaimed, vehemently. "I want to go home; I don't want to get killed, Burt."

"You silly thing! You can't go home now. You must just do as I tell you; but, of course—if you only are sensible—you won't get killed, or hurt at all."

While he was yet speaking, on a sudden the boat began to move rapidly over the water.

The dolphin had bethought him of flight, not

"If I can only manage to get that dolphin," said Burt, "I know father will give me at least a dollar for him. There's lots of blubber on him, and that is used for oil to burn in lamps."

The little girl did not answer, but grasped the gunwale hard on each side, and gazed anxiously at the foaming and bubbling water. Burt, too, sat silent in the prow, but with a fisherman's excitement in his face. The sun hung, huge and fiery, over the western mountains, and sent up a great, dusky glare among the clouds, which burned in intense but lurid hues of red and gold. Gradually, and before they were fully aware of it, the boat began to rise and sink again, and Burt discovered by the heavy, even roll of the water that they must be near the ocean.



"Now you may stop, my dear dolphin," he said, coolly. "We don't want you to take us across to America. Who would have thought that he was such a tough customer anyway?"

He let go the rope, and seating himself, again put the oars into the rowlocks. He tried to arrest the speed of the boat by vigorous backing; but, to his surprise, found that his efforts were of no avail.

"Hilda," he cried, not betraying, however, the anxiety he was beginning to feel, "take the other pair of oars and let us see what you are good for."

Hilda, not realizing her danger, obeyed, a little tremblingly perhaps, and put the other pair of oars into their places.

"Now let us turn the boat around," sternly commanded the boy. "It's getting late, and we must be home before bed-time. One—two—three—pull!"

The oars struck the water simultaneously and the boat veered half way around; but the instant the oars were lifted again, it started back into its former course.

"Why don't you cut the rope and let the dolphin go?" asked Hilda, striving hard to master the tears, which again were pressing to her eyelids.

"Not I," answered her brother; "why, all the fellows would laugh at me if they heard how I first caught the dolphin and then the dolphin caught me. No, indeed. He has n't much strength left by this time, and we shall soon see him float up."

He had hardly uttered these words, when they shot past a rocky promontory, and the vast ocean spread out before them. Both sister and brother gave an involuntary cry of terror. There they were, in their frail little skiff, far away from home, and with no boat visible for miles around. "Cut the rope, cut the rope! Dear Burt, cut the rope!" screamed Hilda, wringing her hands in despair.

"I am afraid it is too late," answered her brother, doggedly. "The tide is going out, and that is what has carried us so swiftly to sea. I was a fool that I did n't think of it."

"But what shall we do—what shall we do!" moaned the girl, hiding her face in her apron.

"Stop that crying," demanded her brother, imperiously. "I'll tell you what we shall have to do. We could n't manage to pull back against the tide, especially here at the mouth of the fjord, where the current is so strong. We had better keep on seaward, and then, if we are in luck, we shall meet the fishing-boats when they return, which will be before morning. Anyway, there is little or no wind, and the night is light enough, so that they can not miss seeing us."

"Oh, I shall surely die, I shall surely die!" sobbed Hilda, flinging herself down in the bottom of the boat.

Burt deigned her no answer, but sat gazing sullenly out over the ocean toward the western horizon,

over which the low sun shed its lurid mist of fire. The ocean broke with a mighty roar against the rocks, then hushed itself for a few seconds, and then hurled itself against the rocks anew. To be frank, he was not quite so fearless as he looked; but he thought it cowardly to give expression to his fear, and especially in the presence of his sister, in whose estimation he had ever been a hero. The sun sank lower until it almost touched the water. The rope hung perfectly loose from the prow, and only now and then grew tense as if something was feebly tugging at it at the other end. He concluded that the dolphin had bled to death or was exhausted. In the meanwhile, they were drifting rapidly westward, and the hollow noise of the breakers was growing more and more distant. From a merely idle impulse of curiosity Burt began to haul in his rope, and presently saw a black body, some eight or nine feet long, floating up only a few rods from the boat. He gave four or five pulls at the rope and was soon alongside of it. Burt felt very sad as he looked at it, and was sorry he had killed the harmless animal. The thought came into his mind that his present desperate situation was God's punishment on him for his cruel delight in killing.

"But God would not punish my sister for my wickedness," he reflected, gazing tenderly at Hilda, who lay in the boat with her hands folded under her cheek, having sobbed herself to sleep. He felt consoled, and murmuring a prayer he had once heard in church for "sailors in distress at sea," lay down at his sister's side and stared up into the vast, red dome of the sky above him. The water plashed gently against the sides of the skiff as it rose and rocked upon the great smooth "ground swell," and again sank down, as it seemed into infinite depths, only to climb again the next billow. Burt felt sleepy and hungry, and the more he stared into the sky the more indistinct became his vision. He sprang up, determined to make one last, desperate effort, and strove to row in toward land, but he could make no headway against the strong tide, and with aching limbs and a heavy heart he again stretched himself out in the bottom of the boat. Before he knew it he was fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept, but the dim, fiery look of the sun had changed into an airy rose color, when he felt some one seizing him by the arm and crying out: "In the name of wonders, boy, how did you come here?"

He rubbed his eyes and saw his father's shaggy face close to his.

"And my dear little girl too," cried the father, in a voice of terror. "Heaven be praised for having preserved her."

And he lifted Hilda in his arms and pressed her



close to his breast. Burt thought he saw tears glistening in his eyes. That made him suddenly very solemn. For he had never seen his father cry before. Around about him was a fleet of some thirty or forty boats laden to the gunwale with herring. He now understood his rescue.

"Now tell me, Burt, truthfully," said his father, gravely, still holding the sobbing Hilda tightly in his embrace, "how did this happen?"

"I went a-whaling," stammered Burt, feeling not at all so brave as he had felt when he started

on his voyage. But he still had courage enough to point feebly to the dead dolphin which lay secured a short distance from the skiff.

The father gazed in amazement at the huge fish, then again at his son, as if comparing their bulk. He felt that he ought to scold the youthful whaler, but he was more inclined to praise his daring spirit.

"Burt," he said, patting the boy's curly head, "you may be a brave laddie; but next time your bravery gets the better of you,—leave the lassie at home."

## THE LESSON OF THE BRIERS.

BY JOEL STACY.

"CHARLEY! Charley!" called Ella to her younger brother; "*don't* go among those briars; come over here in the garden!"

"Ho! stay in the garden! who wants to stay in the garden?" answered master Charley with great contempt. "I guess you think I'm a girl to want to play where it's all smooth and everything. Ho!"

"That's not it, Charley, but you know we both have on our good clothes, and we must be ready to run quick when we hear the carriage drive up to the gate with Aunt May and Cousin Harry and Alice."

"I know that as well as you do," said Charley, pushing his way through the hedge as he spoke. "Girls are n't good for any thing but to sit and sew. I mean to have some fun. I mean to cl——"

Ella felt like giving some angry answer, but she checked herself, and went on with her sewing as she sat under the big tree, wondering what made Charley break off his sentence so suddenly.

"El-la, El-la!" cried a pitiful voice at last, "come help me! I'm getting all torn. O—oh!"

Sure enough, Charley *was* getting all torn; some big thorns had caught his new trousers, and the harder he struggled the worse matters became.

"Hold still, dear," said Ella, "I can't help you while you kick so. There! now you're free. Oh! Charley!"

Charley, clapping his hand to his trousers, knew well enough what Ella's "Oh!" meant. It meant a great big tear in his new clothes, two cousins coming to spend the day, and a poor little boy sobbing

in the nursery until the nurse would stop scolding and make him fit to go down and see the company. The very thought of all this misery made him cry.

"Oh! they'll be here in a minute! boo-hoo!" he sobbed; "what *shall* I do?"

"Why, stand still, that's all," said Ella, hastily threading her needle with a long black thread; "stand just so, dear, till I mend it."

"Mend it!" cried master Charles delighted. "Oh Ella! *Will* you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered very gently, at the same time beginning to draw the edges of the tear together; "you know girls are not good for any thing but to sit and sew."

"O Ella! I didn't say that."

"I think you *did*, Charley."

"Not *exactly* that, I guess. It was awful mean, if I did. Oh! hurry; I hear the carriage."

"Do be quiet, you little wriggler!" laughed his sister, hastily finishing the work as well as she could, so that Charley in a moment looked quite fine again. "There! we'll get to the gate before they turn into the lane, after all."

Charley held Ella's hand more tightly than usual as they ran toward the gate together. Ella noticed it, and stopped to kiss him.

"I'm sorry I spoke so," he panted, kissing her again right heartily. "Does it show?"

"Not a bit; you would n't know any thing had happened. Hurrah! here they are!"

"Hurrah! Howdy do, everybody!" shouted Charley.



## THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



## I.

THERE is a bird, a plain, brown bird,  
That dwells in lands afar,  
Whose wild, delicious song is heard  
With evening's first white star.

## II.

When, dewy-fresh and still, the night  
Steals to the waiting world,  
And the new moon glitters silver bright,  
And the fluttering winds are furled;

## III.

When the balm of summer is in the air,  
And the deep rose breathes of musk,  
And there comes a waft of blossoms fair  
Through the enchanted dusk;

## IV.

Then breaks the silence a heavenly strain,  
And thrills the quiet night  
With a rich and wonderful refrain,  
A rapture of delight.

## V.

All listeners that rare music hail,  
All whisper softly: "Hark!  
It is the matchless nightingale  
Sweet-singing in the dark."

## VI.

He has no pride of feathers fine;  
Unconscious, too, is he,  
That welcomed as a thing divine  
Is his clear minstrelsy.

## VII.

But from the fullness of his heart  
His happy carol pours;  
Beyond all praise, above all art,  
His song to heaven soars.

## VIII.

And through the whole wide world his fame  
Is sounded far and near;  
Men love to speak his very name;  
That brown bird is so dear.





A LADY who lived by the shore,  
In time grew so used to its roar,  
That she never could sleep  
Unless some one would keep  
A-pounding away at the door.

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## MRS. PETERKIN IN EGYPT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE family had taken passage in the new line for Bordeaux. They supposed they had; but would they ever reach the vessel in New York? The last moments were terrific. In spite of all their careful arrangements, their planning and packing of the last year, it seemed, after all, as if everything were left for the very last day. There were presents for the family to be packed, six steamer-bags for Mrs. Peterkin, half a dozen sachels of salts-bottles for Elizabeth Eliza, Apollinaris water, lunch-baskets. All these must be disposed of.

On the very last day, Elizabeth Eliza went into Boston to buy a bird, as she had been told she would be less likely to be sea-sick if she had a bird in a cage in her state-room. Both she and her mother disliked the singing of caged birds, especially of canaries, but Mrs. Peterkin argued that

they would be less likely to be homesick, as they never had birds at home. After long moments of indecision, Elizabeth Eliza determined upon two canary birds, thinking she might let them fly as they approached the shore of Portugal, and they would then reach their native islands. This matter detained her till the latest train, so that on her return from Boston to their quiet suburban home, she found the whole family assembled in the station, ready to take the through express train to New York.

She did not have time, therefore, to go back to the house for her own things. It was now locked up and the key intrusted to the Bromwicks; and all the Bromwicks and the rest of the neighbors were at the station, ready to bid them good-bye. The family had done their best to collect all her



scattered bits of baggage, but all through her travels, afterward, she was continually missing something she had left behind, that she would have packed, and had intended to bring.

They reached New York with half a day on their hands, and, during this time, Agamemnon fell in with some old college friends, who were going with a party to Greece to look up the new excavations. They were to leave, the next day, in a steamer for Gibraltar. Agamemnon felt that here was the place for him, and hastened to consult his family. Perhaps he could persuade them to change their plans and take passage with the party for Gibraltar. But he reached the pier just as the steamer for Bordeaux was leaving the shore. He was too late, and was left behind! Too late to consult them, too late even to join them! He examined his map, however,—one of his latest purchases, which he carried in his pocket,—and consoled himself with the fact that on reaching Gibraltar he could soon communicate with his family at Bordeaux, and he was easily reconciled to his fate.

It was not till the family landed at Bordeaux that they discovered the absence of Agamemnon. Every day, there had been some of the family unable to come on deck,—sea-sick below; Mrs. Peterkin never left her berth, and constantly sent messages to the others to follow her example, as she was afraid some one of them would be lost overboard. Those who were on deck from time to time were always different ones, and the passage was remarkably quick, while, from the tossing of the ship, as they met rough weather, they were all too miserable to compare notes, or count their numbers. Elizabeth Eliza, especially, had been exhausted by the voyage. She had not been many days seasick, but the incessant singing of the birds had deprived her of sleep. Then the necessity of talking French had been a great tax upon her. The other passengers were mostly French, and the rest of the family constantly appealed to her to interpret their wants, and explain them to the *garçon*, once every day at dinner. She felt as if she never wished to speak another word in French, and the necessity of being interpreter at the hotel at Bordeaux, on their arrival, seemed almost too much for her. She had even forgotten to let her canary birds fly, when off shore in the Bay of Biscay, and they were still with her, singing incessantly, as if they were rejoicing over an approach to their native shores. She thought now she must keep them till their return, which they were already planning.

The little boys, indeed, would like to have gone back on the return trip of the steamer. A son of the steward told them that the return cargo consisted of dried fruits and raisins; that every state-room,

except those occupied with passengers, would be filled with boxes of raisins and jars of grapes; that these often broke open in the passage, giving a great opportunity for boys.

But the family held to their Egypt plan, and were cheered by making the acquaintance of an English party. At the table d'hôte, Elizabeth Eliza by chance dropped her fork into her neighbor's lap. She apologized in French, her neighbor answered in the same language, which Elizabeth Eliza understood so well that she concluded she had at last met with a true Parisian, and ventured on more conversation, when, suddenly, they both found they were talking in English, and Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed: "I am so glad to meet an American," at the moment that her companion was saying, "Then you are an Englishwoman!"

From this moment, Elizabeth Eliza was at ease, and indeed both parties were mutually pleased. Elizabeth Eliza's new friend was one of a large party, and she was delighted to find that they, too, were planning a winter in Egypt. They were waiting till a friend should have completed her "cure" at Pau, and the Peterkins were glad also to wait for the appearance of Agamemnon, who might arrive in the next steamer.

One of the little boys was sure he had heard Agamemnon's voice the morning after they left New York, and was certain he must have been on board the vessel. Mr. Peterkin was not so sure. He now remembered that Agamemnon had not been at the dinner table the very first evening. But then neither Mrs. Peterkin nor Solomon John were able to be present, as the vessel was tossing in a most uncomfortable manner, and nothing but dinner could have kept the little boys at table. Solomon John knew that Agamemnon had not been in his own state-room during the passage, but he himself had seldom left it, and it had been always planned that Agamemnon should share that of a fellow-passenger.

However this might be, it would be best to leave Marseilles with the English party by the "P. & O." steamer. This was one of the English "Peninsular and Oriental" line, that left Marseilles for Alexandria, Egypt, and made a return trip directly to Southampton, England. Mr. Peterkin thought it might be advisable to take "go and return" tickets, coming back to Southampton, and Mrs. Peterkin liked the idea of no change of baggage, though she dreaded the longer voyage. Elizabeth Eliza approved of this return trip in the P. & O. steamer, and decided it would give a good opportunity to dispose of her canary-birds on her return.

The family therefore consoled themselves at Marseilles with the belief that Agamemnon would appear somehow. If not, Mr. Peterkin thought he



could telegraph him from Marseilles, if he only knew where to telegraph to. But at Marseilles there was great confusion at the Hôtel de Noailles, for the English party met other friends, who persuaded them to take route together by Brindisi. Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to continue with her new English friend, and Solomon John was delighted with the idea of passing through the whole length of Italy. But the sight of the long journey, as she saw it on the map in the guide-book, terrified Mrs. Peterkin. And Mr. Peterkin had taken their tickets for the Marseilles line. Elizabeth Eliza still dwelt upon the charm of crossing under the Alps, while this very idea alarmed Mrs. Peterkin.

On the last morning, the matter was still undecided. On leaving the hotel, it was necessary for the party to divide, and take two omnibuses. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin reached the steamer at the moment of departure, and suddenly Mrs. Peterkin found they were leaving the shore. As they crossed the broad gangway to reach the deck, she had not noticed they had left the pier, indeed she had supposed that the steamer was one she saw out in the offing, and that they would be obliged to take a boat to reach it. She hurried from the group of travelers whom she had followed, to find Mr. Peterkin reading from his guide-book to the little boys an explanation that they were passing the "Chateau d'If," from which the celebrated historical character, the Count of Monte Cristo, had escaped by flinging himself into the sea.

"Where is Elizabeth Eliza? Where is Solomon John?" Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed, seizing Mr. Peterkin's arm. Where indeed? There was a pile of the hand baggage of the family, but not that of Elizabeth Eliza, not even the bird-cage. "It was on the top of the other omnibus," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, one of the little boys had seen it on the pavement of the court-yard of the hotel, and had carried it to the omnibus in which Elizabeth Eliza was sitting. He had seen her through the window.

"Where is that other omnibus?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, looking vaguely over the deck, as they were fast retreating from the shore. "Ask somebody what became of that other omnibus!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps they have gone with the English people," suggested Mr. Peterkin, but he went to the officers of the boat, and attempted to explain in French that one-half of his family had been left behind. He was relieved to find that the officers could understand his French, though they did not talk English. They declared, however, it was utterly impossible to turn back. They were already two minutes and a half behind time, on account of waiting for a party who had been very long in crossing the gangway.

Mr. Peterkin returned gloomily with the little boys to Mrs. Peterkin. "We can not go back," he said, "we must content ourselves with going on, but I conclude we can telegraph from Malta. We can send a message to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John, telling them that they can take the next Marseilles P. & O. steamer in ten days, or that they can go back to Southampton for the next boat, which leaves at the end of this week. And Elizabeth Eliza may decide upon this," Mr. Peterkin concluded, "on account of passing so near the Canary Isles."

"She will be glad to be rid of the birds," said Mrs. Peterkin, calming herself.

These anxieties, however, were swallowed up in new trials. Mrs. Peterkin found that she must share her cabin (she found it was called "cabin," and not "state-room," which bothered her and made her feel like Robinson Crusoe)—her cabin she must share with some strange ladies, while Mr. Peterkin and the little boys were carried to another part of the ship. Mrs. Peterkin remonstrated, delighted to find that her English was understood though it was not listened to. It was explained to her that every family was divided in this way, and that she would meet Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at meal times in the large *salon*, on which all the cabins opened, and on deck, and she was obliged to content herself with this. Whenever they met their time was spent in concocting a form of telegram to send from Malta. It would be difficult to bring it into the required number of words, as it would be necessary to suggest three different plans to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John. Besides the two they had already discussed, there was to be considered the possibility of their having joined the English party. But Mrs. Peterkin was sure they must have gone back first to the Hôtel de Noailles, to which they could address their telegram.

She found, meanwhile, the ladies in her cabin very kind and agreeable. They were mothers, returning to India, who had been home to England to leave their children, as they were afraid to expose them longer to the climate of India. Mrs. Peterkin could have sympathetic talks with them over their family photographs. Mrs. Peterkin's family book was, alas, in Elizabeth Eliza's handbag. It contained the family photographs, from early childhood upward, and was a large volume, representing the children at every age.

At Malta, as he supposed, Mr. Peterkin and the little boys landed, in order to send their telegram. Indeed all of the gentlemen among the passengers, and some of the ladies, gladly went on shore to visit the points of interest that could be seen in the time allotted. The steamer was to take in coal, and would not leave till early the next morning.



Mrs. Peterkin did not accompany them. She still had her fears about leaving the ship and returning to it, although it had been so quietly accomplished at Marseilles.

The party returned late at night, after Mrs. Peterkin had gone to her cabin. The next morning, she found the ship was in motion, but she did not find Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at the breakfast table as usual. She was told that the party who went on shore had all been to the opera and had returned at a late hour to the steamer, and would naturally be late at breakfast. Mrs. Peterkin went on deck to await them, and look for Malta as it seemed to retreat in the distance. But the day passed on and neither Mr. Peterkin, nor either of the little boys appeared! She tried to calm herself with the thought that they must need sleep, but all the rest of the passengers appeared, relating their different adventures. At last, she sent the steward to inquire for them. He came back with one of the officers of the boat, much disturbed, to say that they could not be found, they must have been left behind. There was great excitement, and deep interest expressed for Mrs. Peterkin. One of the officers was very surly, and declared he could not be responsible for the inanity of passengers. Another was more courteous. Mrs. Peterkin asked if they could not go back; if, at least, she could not be put back. He explained how this would be impossible, but that the company would telegraph when they reached Alexandria.

Mrs. Peterkin calmed herself as well as she could, though indeed she was bewildered by her position. She was to land in Alexandria alone, and the landing she was told would be especially difficult. The steamer would not be able to approach the shore, the passengers would go down the sides of the ship, and be lifted off the steps, by Arabs, into a Felucca (whatever that was) below. She shuddered at the prospect. It was darker than her gloomiest fancies had pictured. Would it not be better to remain in the ship; go back to Southampton; perhaps meet Elizabeth Eliza there; picking up Mr. Peterkin, at Malta, on the way? But at this moment she discovered that she was not on a "P. & O." steamer—it was a French steamer of the "Messagerie" line; they had stopped at Messina, and not at Malta. She could not go back to Southampton, so she was told by an English colonel on his way to India. He, indeed, was very courteous, and advised her to "go to an hotel" at Alexandria with some of the ladies, and send her telegrams from there. To whom, however, would she wish to send a telegram?

"Who is Mr. Peterkin's banker?" asked the colonel. Alas, Mrs. Peterkin did not know. He

had at first selected a banker in London, but had afterward changed his mind and talked of a banker in Paris, and she was not sure what was his final decision. She had known the name of the London banker, but had forgotten it; because she had written it down, and she never did remember the things she wrote down in her book. That was her old memorandum-book, and she had left it at home, because she had brought a new one for her travels. She was sorry now she had not kept the old book. This, however, was not of so much importance, as it did not contain the name of the Paris banker, and this she had never heard. "Elizabeth Eliza would know;" but how could she reach Elizabeth Eliza?

Some one asked if there were not some friend in America to whom she could appeal, if she did not object to using the ocean telegraph.

"There is a friend in America," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to whom we all of us do go for advice, and who always does help us. She lives in Philadelphia."

"Why not telegraph to her for advice?" asked her friends.

Mrs. Peterkin gladly agreed that it would be the best plan. The expense of the cablegram would be nothing in comparison with the assistance the answer would bring.

Her new friends then invited her to accompany them to their hotel in Alexandria, from which she could send her dispatch. The thought of thus being able to reach her hand across the sea, to the lady from Philadelphia, gave Mrs. Peterkin fresh courage,—courage even to make the landing. As she descended the side of the ship and was guided down the steps, she closed her eyes, that she might not see herself lifted into the many-oared boat by the wild-looking Arabs, of whom she had caught a glimpse from above. But she could not close her ears, and as they approached the shore, strange sounds almost deafened her. She closed her eyes again, as she was lifted from the boat, and heard the wild yells and shrieks around her. There was a clashing of brass, a jingling of bells, and the screams grew more and more terrific. If she did open her eyes, she saw wild figures gesticulating, dark faces, gay costumes, crowds of men and boys, donkeys, horses, even camels in the distance. She closed her eyes once more as she was again lifted. Should she now find herself on the back of one of those high camels? Perhaps for this she came to Egypt. But when she looked round again, she found she was leaning back in a comfortable open carriage, with a bottle of salts at her nose. She was in the midst of a strange whirl of excitement; but all the party were bewildered, and she had scarcely recovered her composure when they reached the hotel.



Here, a comfortable meal and rest somewhat restored them. By the next day, a messenger from the boat brought her the return telegram from Messina. Mr. Peterkin and family, left behind by the "Messagerie" steamer, had embarked the next day by steamer, probably for Naples.

More anxious than ever was Mrs. Peterkin to send her dispatch. It was too late the day of their arrival, but at an early hour next day it was sent, and after a day had elapsed, the answer came:

"All meet at The Sphinx."

Everything now seemed plain. The words were few, but clear. Her English friends were going directly to Cairo, and she accompanied them.

After reaching Cairo, the whole party were obliged to rest a while. They would indeed go with Mrs. Peterkin on her first visit to the Sphinx; as to see the Sphinx and ascend the Pyramid formed part of their programme. But many delays occurred to detain them, and Mrs. Peterkin had resolved to carry out completely the advice of the telegram. She would sit every day before the Sphinx. She found, that, as yet, there was no hotel exactly in front of the Sphinx, nor indeed on that side of the river, and she would be obliged to make the excursion of nine miles there and nine miles back, each day. But there would always be a party of travelers whom she could accompany. Each day, she grew more and more accustomed to the bewildering sights and sounds about her, and more and more willing to intrust herself to the dark-colored guides. At last, chafing at so many delays, she decided to make the expedition without her new friends. She had made some experiments in riding upon a donkey, and found she was seldom thrown, and could not be hurt by the slight fall.

And so, one day, Mrs. Peterkin sat alone in front of the Sphinx,—alone, as far as her own family and friends were concerned, and yet not alone indeed. A large crowd of guides sat around this strange lady who proposed to spend the day in front of the Sphinx. Clad in long white robes, and white turbans crowning their dark faces, they gazed into her

eyes with something of the questioning expression with which she herself was looking into the eyes of the Sphinx.

There were other travelers wandering about. Just now, her own party had collected to eat their lunch together, but they were scattered again, and she sat with a circle of Arabs about her, the watchful dragoman lingering near.

Somehow, the Eastern languor must have stolen upon her, or she could not have sat so calmly, not knowing where a single member of her family was at that moment. And she had dreaded Egypt so; had feared separation; had even been a little afraid of the Sphinx, upon which she was now looking as at a protecting angel. But they all were to meet at the Sphinx!

If only she could have seen where the different members of the family were, at that moment, she could not have sat so quietly. She little knew that a tall form, not far away (following some guides down into the lower halls of a lately excavated temple), with a blue veil wrapped about a face shielded with smoke-colored spectacles, was that of Elizabeth Eliza, herself, from whom she had been separated two weeks before.

She little knew that at this moment, Solomon John was standing, looking over the edge of the Matterhorn, wishing he had not come up so high. But such a gay, young party had set off that morning from the hotel that he had supposed it an easy thing to join them, and now he would fain go back, but was tied to the rest of his party with their guide preceding them, and he must keep on and crawl up behind them, still further, on hands and knees.

Agamemnon was at Mycenæ, looking down into an open pit.

Two of the little boys were roasting eggs in the crater of Mt. Vesuvius.

And she would have seen Mr. Peterkin, comfortably reclining in a gondola, with one of the little boys, in front of the palaces of Venice.

But none of this she saw, she only looked into the eyes of the Sphinx.





## THE PUNJAUBS OF SIAM.

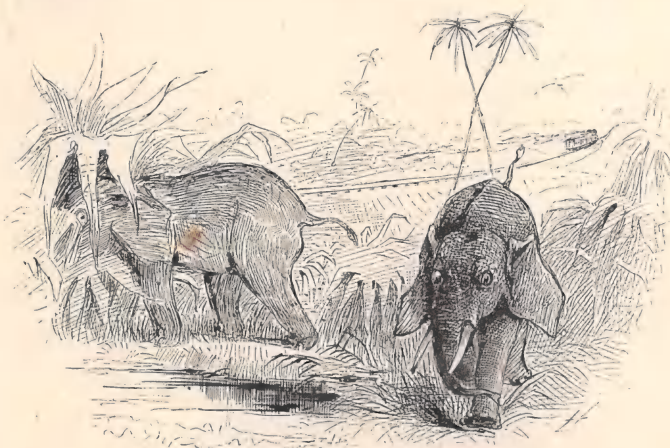
BY MRS. S. C. STONE.

"TOOT, toot!" puffed Mrs. Punjaub,  
 Loud trumpeting with fear,  
 "I do believe what they call '*men*'  
 Have been invading here!  
 And that they've spun their railroad,—  
 There's so much talk about,—  
 Right through our quiet jungle  
 I have n't, now, a doubt!"

Thus spake a lady elephant  
 In her own far Siam;  
 But Mr. Punjaub bore the news  
 Just like a ponderous lamb.

Till, one day, through their solitudes  
 There pierced a dreadful screech!  
 When, Mrs. Punjaub, fainting, caught  
 The nearest branch in reach!

Right down upon their silent haunts  
 There tore a shrieking train;  
 At which it seemed Punjaub, himself,  
 Would never breathe again!  
 One moment thus he quailed, and then  
 On that fast-flying train  
 He strove to turn; but it had passed,  
 And all was still again.



He laid his ears back lightly  
 As though he hardly heard,  
 And took a second bite of tree  
 Before he spoke a word.

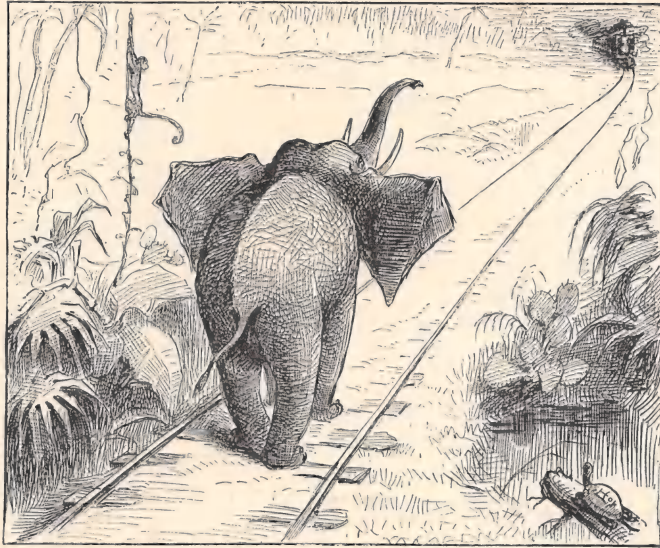
"These so-called men are pigmies!  
 Pray, what can creatures do  
 Who have no tusks, nor even trunks,  
 Who're so inferior, too?  
 Once let them show their faces here—  
 I'll scatter them like chaff!"  
 And then he smiled a lordly smile;  
 She laughed a wifely laugh.

They really quite enjoyed their fun,  
 So pleasant 't is to feel  
 Superior to some weaker sort,  
 And turn upon one's heel!

The Punjaubs caught each other's eyes;  
 They winked, but did not speak;  
 Since Punjaub hardly would have told  
 His knees felt rather weak.  
 Though what to say they did not know,  
 Just what to do they did:  
 With one accord they galloped off  
 And straightway went and hid.

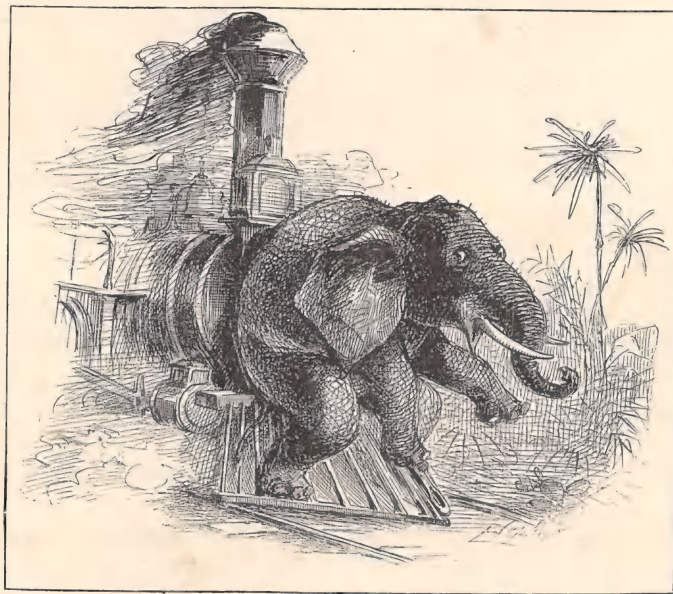
But Punjaub soon began to scold  
 And tear around and fret,  
 Declare he'd never been afraid  
 Of any humbug, yet!  
 So, when that same invading train  
 Came slowly shrieking back,  
 Old Punjaub thundered boldly down  
 To storm along the track.





Nor would he leave the gleaming lines,—  
 He roared: "This wild is mine!  
 And I shall go, or I shall stay,  
 Whichever I incline!"

And, as the train rolled pointing on  
 Straight towards big Punjaub's legs,  
 The cow-catcher soon tossed his weight  
 Quite off those useful pegs.



So pigmy man turned on his steam  
 And laughed with sly aside:  
 "If that's your tune, old Juggernaut,  
 We'll treat you to a ride!"

Perhaps things wore an aspect new  
 As, crouching like a dog,  
 The startled beast was whirled away  
 At quite a lightning jog.



Unwilling though he were to ride,  
 He dared not drop his feet,  
 And so he did the next best thing,—  
 He humbly kept his seat.  
 But when the playful man was tired,  
 And gave him half a chance,  
 Bewildered Punjaub found his feet  
 And fled with frantic prance.



And, as he went, with baffled rage  
 He pulled up mighty trees,  
 That so he might somehow secure  
 His injured spirit's ease.  
 Great Punjaub never rode again;—  
 The sun had scarcely set  
 Ere he had nailed a ticket up:—  
 "This Jungle is To Let."

## HASSAN'S WATER-MELON—A TURKISH STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE are few pleasanter places in the world than the hills of Western Anatolia, and the dainty little white villages that look down upon the bright blue waters of the Bosphorus form a maze of clustering vineyards and sunny melon-patches. Any one who is not afraid of heat or stinging-flies may spend a month there pleasantly enough; but three hundred and fifty years ago, when Turkey was strong enough to scare all Western Europe, and Russia had still the whole breadth of Tartary between her and the Black Sea, it was a very different matter.

Then, all these shady gardens and green hill-sides were one great mass of savage forest, through which fierce beasts and fiercer men roamed at will. The town of Brusa—where you can now live in a snug, little hotel, and ride out into the country whenever you please—shut and barred its gates, in those days, the moment the glow of sunset began to fade from the great, white dome of Mount Olympus overhead. At night, the howl of the Syrian wolves could be heard close under the walls and robbers haunted every road.

But there was *one* man who seemed to fear neither wolf nor robber, cultivating his little garden on the slope of the mountain, and trudging into the town to sell his fruit, as coolly as if he had been in the heart of Constantinople. Many people told him that he would certainly be robbed or eaten up some day; but Hassan, like a sturdy old Turk as he was, only answered that no man can avoid his destiny, and went on just the same as before, raising and selling his fruit, and providing

food for himself and his little girl, the only other inhabitant of the clay hovel, and jogged along, altogether, contentedly enough.

Now it happened that one day he had in his garden a fine melon, so much bigger than all the rest that he made up his mind not to sell it, but to keep it as a birthday treat for his little Fatima.

Old Hassan was sitting watching it, one hot afternoon, as he smoked his long pipe in the shade, and listened to the tinkle of the tiny stream that kept his little plot alive, when suddenly the garden door opened, and in came three men, with guns on their shoulders and long spears in their hands.

Hassan's first thought was that the robbers were upon him at last; but one glance showed him that the new-comers, roughly-dressed and dusty though they were, did not look in the least like brigands. Two of them were fine-looking men of middle age, whose long, dark beards were just beginning to turn gray. The third was a tall, handsome young man with large, black eyes, who came forward and said courteously:

"Peace be with thee, father. We have been hunting on the mountain and have lost our way; tell me, I pray you, how far it is to Brusa."

"It lies right before you," answered Hassan, rising at once to receive them, like a hospitable old fellow as he was; "and when you have rested awhile, I will gladly guide you thither. But first, I pray you, sit down and repose yourselves, and take of such food as I can offer."

"That will we do gladly, for we have fasted since sunrise," said the youth, seating himself;



"and we shall be well served with some bread and a slice of yon melon; a finer I have never seen!"

This was more than poor Hassan had bargained for, and he looked ruefully at the splendid fruit, his little daughter's promised treat. But it was not in his nature to deny anything to a tired and hungry guest, and in a trice the cherished melon was vanishing piece by piece down the strangers' throats, while Hassan stood by with a gallant attempt at a smile.

But little Fatima did not take the matter so quietly by any means. When she saw her father pluck up the fruit, she was too much confounded to say any thing; but the sight of it being devoured before her very eyes was too much for her self-command, which broke down in a burst of sobs and tears.

"Ha! what means this?" asked the youngest hunter, looking up from his meal. Hassan tried to avoid an explanation, but there was something in the young huntsman's look and tone not easy to resist, and at last the whole truth came out.

"And thou hast given thy child's chosen fruit rather than seem inhospitable?" cried the guest admiringly. "Would to Heaven all men followed the Prophet's teaching like thee! then should I have a quieter life of it. How say ye, friends? What doth this man deserve?"

But before his comrades could answer, the garden gate flew open again, and the whole place was filled with richly-dressed men, who threw them-

selves at the young stranger's feet, crying: "God be praised, we have found the Commander of the Faithful, safe and sound!"

"Purse-bearer," said the huntsman, pointing to Hassan, who stood petrified at the discovery that his strange guest was no other than the Sultan himself, "give this man a hundred zecchins, to show him that Solyman leaves no good deed unrequited. And, as for thee, little one," he added, hanging around Fatima's neck the gold chain that fastened his girdle, "let this comfort thee for the loss of thy melon. Had I a daughter like thee, my palace would not seem so lonely."

And away he swept toward Brusa with his retinue.

Now when the Governor of Brusa, a mean, greedy fellow, heard of Hassan's luck, he at once picked out the finest horse in his stables, and away he went post-haste to present it to the Sultan, expecting to get something very good in return.

"Thou hast deserved a good reward, my servant," said the Sultan, with a twinkling eye; for he saw through the man in a moment. "Yesterday, I paid a hundred gold pieces for this melon; I give thee the goodly fruit in exchange for thy horse!"

You may fancy how the Governor looked, and what a hard time of it his household had that night, though he took good care to tell no one *what* had made him so angry. But the story got abroad, nevertheless, and for years afterward, "Hassan's melon" was a proverb throughout the whole district.

## SEA BABY-HOUSES.

BY MRS. H. M. MILLER.

YOU would n't think it, but the queer things shown on the next page are merely baby-houses, as they are cast up on the sea-shore after the youngsters who lived in them have started out in life for themselves.

The long one, curving through the middle, which looks like a string of empty seed-pods, was once the home of a whole family. Inside each of these low, round rooms, on a soft bed like the white of an egg, reposed several baby Pyrulas, about as big as grains of rice. There, they lived and grew, shut up closely from the salt water till they reached the proper age, when a tiny, round door in the front opened, and out they all went into the sea.

Like many little fellows who live in the water, each baby Pyrula carries his own house on his back. It is made of shell, and of course is very

small at first, but it grows to be six or seven inches long before he can be called grown up. The shell is like a snail's shell drawn out longer at one end into a canal, which makes it the shape of a pear, and gives it the name Pyrula, which means a little pear, though our grandfathers thought it more like a fig, and named it The Tower-of-Babel Fig-shell.

The Pyrula lives on our coast, and the empty baby-houses—sometimes in a string a yard long—are washed up by the waves, and called by seaside visitors "vegetable rattlesnake."

A grown-up Pyrula is a queer-looking fellow as he walks about looking for fresh meat for breakfast. His house is built over his back, as a lady holds her parasol when the sun is behind her; his head, with its feelers, or tentacles, and its pair of



black eyes stuck out in front to see the way; his foot dragging behind like a trailing dress and carefully supporting the door of his house.

His foot trailing! Strange as it sounds, it is quite true. He has but one foot, though it is big enough for a dozen, as we regard feet. On this one foot he not only creeps around in the world wherever he wishes to go, but leaves enough dragging on behind to safely carry the door, as I said. Big as the foot is, too, he can draw it completely inside his house and close the door, which is a thin, oval-shaped affair just fitting the opening; and then you might mistake it for an empty shell tossed up by the waves.

I should like to tell you the name by which you might hunt him up in the big books; but alas! he has had so many names that he's as horrid to find as though he had none. He's a *Mollusc*, because his body is soft, and a *Cephalous mollusc*, because he has a head, which not every body does have in the sea. He's a *Univalve*, because he has but one shell, and a *Gasteropod*, because of his wide, flat foot, and he is *Canaliculated*, because of his long canal.

That's not all: from his spindle shape he has been called *Fusus*, and from his resemblance to a pear, *Pyrula*. One names him *Murex*, because he lives on the rocks, and another, *Bousycon*, for some other reason. The last name up to 1875 is *Sycoteus*, according to Professor Morse.

On the whole, until the scientists settle this matter definitely, we may as well call him *Pyrula*, as did our fathers before us.

A cousin of his, the Whelk, prepares a droll little cluster of baby-houses which look like the ends of

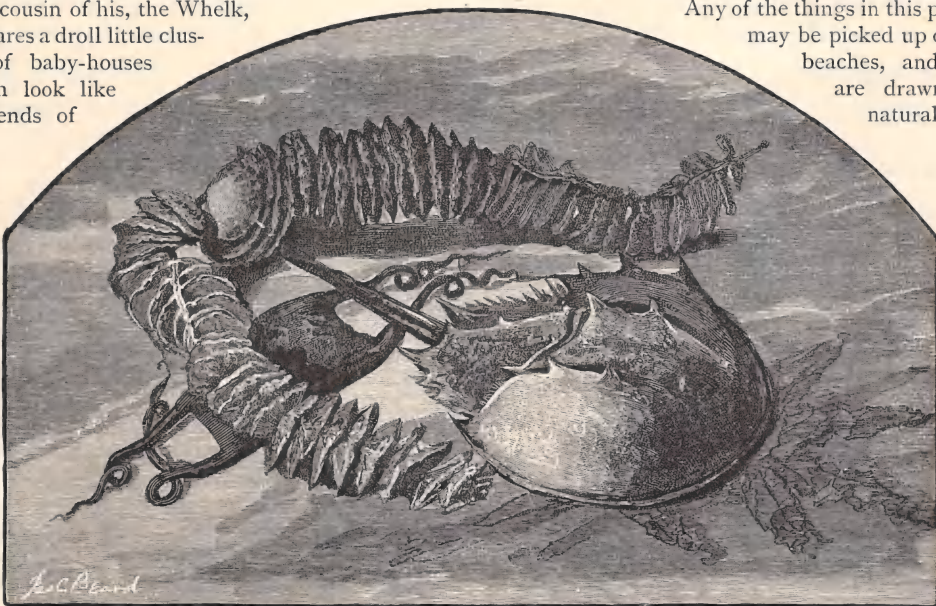
an ear of corn; and on the coast of Maine, it is called Sea-corn, and a hundred years ago, it had the name of Sea Wash-balls, being used by sailors for soap.

Each little ball or bag of the cluster is the home of several baby Whelks, whose life in the sea is much like that of the *Pyrula*. The Whelk, too, likes fresh meat for breakfast, and he gets it by boring a hole through the shell of some tender scollop, or other peaceful creature, and dragging the owner out, to eat. The weapon with which he thus breaks into his neighbor's house is his tongue, which is a sort of ribbon armed with hundreds of sharp teeth.

The square-looking object with a handle at each corner, was the nursery of the baby Skate. You who visit the sea-shore have doubtless often seen them in a tangle of coarse sea-weed on the beach. The Skate baby had this snug room to himself; for he is much bigger than the *Pyrula*, and when he made his way out into the world he was a round, flat fish exactly like his mother, only, of course, not so large. The empty case is black and leathery, not at all like the yellowish baby-houses of the Whelk family.

The thorny empty home in the foreground, with its long, sharp tail running out below, belongs to a young Horse-shoe Crab who grew too big for it, and so simply went out at the front door, and left it to be washed up on the beach. He is an interesting little fellow, and you have already been told some of his queer ways in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS (page 262).

Any of the things in this picture may be picked up on our beaches, and they are drawn the natural size.







## THE SWEET, RED ROSE.

By Joel Stacy.

"Good-morrow, little rose-bush,  
Now prythee tell me true:  
To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose  
What must a body do?"

"To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose  
A little girl like you  
Just grows and grows and grows  
and grows—  
And that's what she must do."

## STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

### STORY THE FOURTH.\*

#### HOW SIEGFRIED RETURNED TO ISENSTEIN.

SIEGFRIED staid but a twelvemonth in the Nibelungen Land. A feeling of unrest came over him again, and urged him on to seek new fields of danger and adventure. And he bade farewell to his Nibelungen vassals, who wept as his shining face departed from them. And he rode away through the dark pine-forests and over the bleak mountains, toward the Rhine country. Of whom he met, and of what he did, and through what lands he fared, I will not now stop to speak. But, at last, he reached Burgundy Land, where he became the honored guest of King Gunther, at his castle of Worms upon the Rhine.

Right glad was the Burgundian king to welcome the wandering hero to his castle; and,

although the winter season had not yet passed, a festival of rejoicing was held in Siegfried's honor. And the noblest warriors and the fairest ladies of Burgundy were there; and mirth and jollity ruled the day. In the midst of the festivities, an old man, of noble mien, and with snow-white beard and hair, came into the great hall, and sang for the gay company. And some whispered that he was Bragi, the sweet musician, who lives with the song-birds and beside the babbling brooks and the leaping waterfalls.

But he sang not of spring, as the sweet Bragi does, nor yet of youth, nor of beauty. His song was a sorrowful one,—of dying flowers and falling leaves and the wailing winds of autumn; of forgotten joys, of blasted hopes, of a crushed ambition; of gray hairs, of tottering footsteps, of old age, of a lonely grave. And, as he sang, all were moved to tears by the mournful melody and the sad, sad words. Then Siegfried said to him:

\* The third story of this series appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for May.



"Good friend, thy music agrees not well with this time and place; for where nothing but mirth and joy are welcome, thou hast brought sorrowful thoughts and gloomy forebodings. Come now, undo the harm that thou hast done, and sing us a song which shall tell only of gladness and good cheer."

The old man shook his head, and answered: "Were I Bragi, as some think I am, or even a strolling harper, I might do as you ask. But I am neither, and I know no glad songs. I come as a herald from a far-off land; and I bear a message to King Gunther, of Burgundy Land, which, by his leave, I will now deliver."

"Let the herald-bard say on," said the king, graciously.

"Far over the tossing sea," said the herald, "many days' sail from Norway's coast, there lies a dreamy land called Isenland; and in its center stands a glorious castle with six and eighty towers built of purest marble, green as grass. Here lives the matchless Brunhild, the maiden of the spring-time and the fairest of all earth's daughters. Long ago, she was one of Odin's Valkyrien; and, with other heavenly maids, it was her duty to follow, unseen, in the wake of armies, and, when they engaged in battle, to hover over the field, and with kisses to waken the dead heroes and lead their souls away to Odin's glad banquet-hall. But, upon a day, Brunhild failed to do the bidding of Odin; and then the All-Father, in anger, sent her to live among men, and, like them, to be short-lived and subject to old age and death. But the childless old king of Isenland took pity on the friendless maiden, and called her his daughter, and made her his heir. This caused Odin's anger to grow still more bitter, and he sent the thorn of sleep to wound the princess. And lo! a wondrous change came over Isenland; sleep seized on every creature, and silence reigned in the halls of the marble palace. And Odin said: 'Thus shall they all sleep until the hero comes who will ride through fire, and awaken Brunhild with a kiss.'

"At last, after many years, the hero came. He passed the fiery barrier, safe; he woke the slumbering maiden; and all the castle sprang suddenly into life again. And Brunhild, once more, is known as the most glorious princess on the earth."

"But her beauty is not her only dowry; the greatness of her strength is even more wonderful, and a true warrior-queen she is. And she has sent heralds into every land to challenge every noble prince to match his skill with hers in three games of strength,—in casting the spear, in hurling the heavy stone, and in jumping.

The one who can equal her in these three feats she declares shall be King of Isenland, and share

with her the throne of Isenstein; for the old king, her foster-father, is dead. But every one who fails in the contest shall lose his head. Many have already risked their lives in this adventure, and all have fallen sacrifices to the odd whim of the warrior-queen.

"And now, King Gunther, the challenge is delivered to you. What answer shall I carry to the queen?"

Gunther answered, hastily:

"When the spring-time comes again, and the waters in the river are unlocked, I shall go to Isenland, and accept the challenge, and match my skill with that of the fair and mighty Brunhild."

Siegfried, when he heard these words, seemed to be uneasy, and he whispered to the king:

"Think twice, friend Gunther, ere you take any steps in this matter. You do not know the strength of this mighty, but lovely, warrior-maiden. Were your strength four times what it is, you could not hope to excel her in those feats. Give up this plan, I pray you. Think no more of such an undertaking, for it surely will cost you your life."

But these warnings only made Gunther the more determined, and he vowed that nothing should keep him back from the adventure. Then the dark-browed Hagen, Gunther's uncle and counselor, having overheard the whispered words, said:

"Our friend Siegfried seems to know much about Isenland and the fair Brunhild. And, indeed, if there is any truth in hearsay, he has had the best of means for learning. Now, if our good king Gunther has set his mind on going upon this dangerous voyage, mayhap Siegfried would be willing to bear him company?"

Gunther was pleased, and he said to Siegfried:

"My best of friends, go with me to Isenland and help me in this adventure. If we do well in our undertaking, ask of me any reward you wish, and I will give it you, as far as lies in my power."

"You know, most noble Gunther," answered Siegfried, "that, for myself, I have no fear; and yet, again, I would warn you to shun the unknown dangers with which this enterprise is fraught. But if, after all, your heart is set upon going, make ready to start as soon as the warm winds shall have melted the ice from the river. I promise to go with you."

The king grasped Siegfried's hand, and thanked him heartily. "We must build a fleet," said he. "A thousand warriors shall go with us, and we will land in Isenland with a retinue such as no other prince has led. A number of stanch sailing vessels shall be built at once, and, in the early spring, they shall be launched upon the Rhine."

Siegfried was amused at Gunther's earnestness, and he answered: "Make no thought of taking



such a following. You would waste twelve months in building and victualing such a fleet; you would take from Burgundy its only safeguard against foes from without; and when you should reach Isenland you would find such a force to be altogether useless. Take my advice: have one small vessel built and rigged and victualed for the long and dangerous voyage; and, when the time shall come, you and I and your faithful kinsmen, Hagen and Dankwart—we four only—will undertake the voyage and the bold emprise you have fixed upon.”

Gunther knew that Siegfried's judgment in this matter was better than his own, and he agreed to all the plans that Siegfried put forward.

When the winter months began to wane, many hands were busy, making ready for the voyage. King Gunther's sister, the peerless Kriemhild, called together thirty of her maidens, the most skillful seamstresses in Burgundy Land, and began the making of rich clothing for her brother and his friends. With her own fair hand she cut out garments from the rarest stuffs—the silky skins brought from the sunny lands of Lybia; the rich cloth of Zazemang, green as clover; the silk that traders bring from Araby, white as the drifted snow. For seven weeks, the clever maidens and their gentle mistress plied their busy needles, and twelve suits of wondrous beauty they made for each of the four heroes. And the princely garments were covered with fine needlework and with curious devices, all studded with rare and costly jewels, and all was wrought with threads of gold.

Many carpenters and sailors were busy with axes and hammers and flaming forges, working day and night to make ready a ship, new and stanch, to carry the adventurers over the sea. And great store of food and all things needful to their safety or comfort were brought together and put on board.

Neither were the heroes themselves idle. For, when not busy in giving directions to the workmen, or in overseeing the preparations that were elsewhere going on, they spent their time in polishing their armor, now long unused, in looking after their weapons, or in providing for the management of their business while away. And Siegfried forgot not his trusty sword Balmung, nor his cloak of darkness, the priceless Tarnkappe, which he had captured from the dwarf Alberich in the Nibelungen Land.

Then the twelve suits of garments, which fair fingers had wrought, were brought. And when the men tried them on, so perfect was the fit, so rare was every piece in richness and beauty, that the wearers were amazed, and all declared that such dazzling raiment had never before been seen.

At length, the spring had fairly vanquished all the forces of the cold North-land. The warm

breezes had melted the snow and ice and unlocked the river, and the time had come for Gunther and his comrades to embark. The little ship, well victualed, and made stanch and stout in every part, had been launched upon the Rhine, and she waited, with flying streamers and impatient sails, the coming of her crew. Down the sands at length they came, riding upon their noble steeds, and behind them followed a train of vassals bearing their kingly garments and their broad, gold-red shields. And on the banks stood all the noble lords and ladies of Worms—King Gunther's brothers, Gernot and the young Giselher, and the queen-mother Ute, and the peerless Kriemhild, and great numbers of warriors and fair dames and damsels. And the heroes bade farewell to their weeping friends, and went upon the waiting vessel, taking their steeds with them. And Siegfried seized an oar and pushed the bark off from the shore.

“I, myself, will be the steersman, for I know the way,” he said.

And the sails were unfurled to the brisk south wind, and the vessel sped on its way; and many fair eyes were filled with tears as they watched it, until it could be seen no more. And with sighs and gloomy forebodings the good people of Worms went back to their homes, and but few hoped ever again to see their king and his brave companions.

Driven by favorable winds, the trusty little vessel sailed gayly down the Rhine, and, ere many days had passed, it was out in the boundless sea. For a long time the heroes sailed and rowed, but they kept good cheer, and their hearts rose higher and higher, for each day they drew nearer the end of their voyage and, as they hoped, the successful termination of their undertaking. At length, they came in sight of a far-reaching coast and a lovely land; and a noble fortress, with high towers, stood not far from the shore.

“What land is that?” asked the king.

Siegfried answered that this was Isenland, and that the fortress which they saw was the castle of Isenstein and the green marble hall of the Princess Brunhild. But he warned his friends to be very wary when they should arrive at the hall.

“Let all tell this story,” said he; “say that Gunther is the king, and that I am his faithful vassal. The success of our undertaking depends on this.” And his three comrades promised to do as he advised.

As the vessel neared the shore, the whole castle seemed to be alive. From every tower and turret window, from every door and balcony, lords and ladies, soldiers and serving-men, looked out to see what strangers these were who came thus unheralded to Isenland. The heroes went on shore with their steeds, leaving the vessel moored to the bank;



and then they rode slowly up the beach and across the narrow plain, and came to the draw-bridge and the great gateway, where they paused.

The matchless Brunhild in her chamber had been told of the coming of the strangers, and she asked the maidens who stood around:

"Who, think you, are the unknown warriors who thus come boldly to Isenstein? What is their bearing? Do they seem to be worthy of our notice, or are they some straggling beggars who have lost their way?"

And one of the maidens answered:

"The first is a king, I know, from his noble mien and the respect which his followers pay him. But the second bears himself with a prouder grace and seems the noblest of them all. He reminds me much of the brave young Siegfried of former days. Indeed, it must be Siegfried, for he rides a steed with sun-beam mane, which can be none other than Greyfell. The third is a dark and gloomy man; he wears a frown upon his brow and his eyes shoot quick glances around; nervously he grasps his sword-hilt as if ready for surprise. I think his temper must be grim and fiery, and his heart a heart of flint. The fourth is young and fair and of gentle mien. Little business has he with rude warriors; and many tears, methinks, would be shed for him at home should harm overtake him. Never before has so noble a company come to Isenland. Their garments are of dazzling luster; their saddles are covered with jewels; their weapons are of unequaled brightness. Surely, they are worthy of your notice."

When Brunhild heard that Siegfried was one of the company, she was highly pleased, and she hastened to make ready to meet them in the great audience hall. And she sent ten worthy lords to open the gate and to welcome the four heroes to Isenstein.

When Siegfried and his comrades passed through the great gateway and came into the castle yard, their horses were led away to the stables, and their clanging armor and broad shields and swords were placed in the castle armory. Little heed was paid to Hagen's surly complaints at thus having every means of defense taken away. He was told that such had always been the rule at Isenstein, and that he, like others, must submit.

After a short delay, the heroes were shown into the great hall where the matchless Brunhild already was awaiting them. Clad in richest raiment, from every fold of which rare jewels gleamed, and wearing a coronet of pearls and gold, the warrior-maiden sat upon the dais. Five hundred warriors, the bravest in Isenland, stood around her with drawn swords and fierce, determined looks. Surely men of mettle less heroic than that of the four

knights from Rhineland would have quaked with fear in such a presence. King Gunther and his comrades went forward to salute the queen. With a winning smile, she kindly greeted them, and said to Siegfried:

"Gladly do we welcome you back to Isenland, friend Siegfried. We have ever remembered you as our best friend. May we ask what is your will, and who are these warriors whom you bring with you?"

"Most noble queen," answered he, "right thankful am I that you have not forgotten me, and that you should deign to notice me while in the presence of this, my liege lord," and he pointed toward King Gunther. "The king of all Burgundy Land, whose humble vassal I am, has heard the challenge you have sent throughout the world, and he has come to match his strength and skill with yours."

"Does he know the conditions of the trial?" asked Brunhild.

"He does," answered Siegfried. "In case of success, a queen, and the throne of Isenstein; in case of failure, death."

"Just so," said Brunhild. "Yet scores of worthy princes have made trial, and all have failed. I warn your liege lord to pause and weigh well the chances ere he runs so great a risk!"

Then Gunther stepped forward and spoke:

"The chances, fairest queen, have all been weighed, and nothing can change our mind. Make your own terms, arrange everything as pleases you best; we accept the challenge, and ask to make trial of our strength."

The maiden, without more words, bade her vassals help her to make ready at once for the contest. She donned a coat of mail, brought long ago from the far-off Lybian shores, an armor which it was said, no sword could dint and upon which the heaviest stroke of spear fell harmless. Her helmet was edged with golden lace, and sparkled all over with precious jewels. Her lance, of wondrous length, was brought, a heavy weight for three stout men. Her shield was as broad and as bright as the sun, and three spans thick with steel and gold.

While the princess was thus arming herself, the heroes looked on with amazement and fear. But Siegfried, unnoticed, hastened quietly out of the hall and through the castle gate, and sped like the wind to their ship, which was moored to the shore. There, he arrayed himself in the Tarnkappe, and then, silent and unseen, he ran back to his friends in the great hall.

"Be of good cheer!" he whispered in the ears of the trembling Gunther.

The king could not see who it was that spoke



to him,—so well was Siegfried hidden by the cloak of darkness. Yet he knew that it must be Siegfried, and he felt greatly encouraged.

Hagen's frowning face grew darker, and the uneasy glances which shot from beneath his shaggy eyebrows were not those of fear, but of anger and anxiety. Dankwart gave up all as lost, and loudly bewailed their folly.

"Must we, unarmed, stand still and see our liege lord slain for a woman's whim?" he cried. "Had we only our good swords, we might defy this queen and all her Isenland!"

Brunhild overheard his words. Scornfully, she called to her vassals: "Bring to these boasting knights their armor, and let them have their keen-edged swords. Brunhild has no fear of such men, whether they be armed or unarmed."

When Hagen and Dankwart felt their limbs again enclosed in steel, and when they held their trusty swords in hand, their uneasiness vanished and hope returned.

In the castle yard a space was cleared; and Brunhild's five hundred warriors stood around as umpires. The unseen Siegfried kept close by Gunther's side.

"Fear not," he said. "Do my bidding, and you are safe. Let me take your shield. When the time comes, make you the movements, and trust me to do the work."

Then Brunhild hurled her spear at Gunther's shield. The mighty weapon sped through the air with the swiftness of lightning, and when it struck the shield, both Gunther and the unseen Siegfried fell to the ground, borne down by its weight and the force with which the spear had been thrown. Sad would have been their fate if the friendly Tarnkappe had not hidden Siegfried from sight and given him the strength of twelve giants. Quickly they rose, and Gunther seemed to pick up the heavy shaft. But it was really Siegfried who raised it from the ground. For one moment, he poised the great beam in the air, and then, turning the blunt end foremost, he sent it flying back more swiftly than it had come. It struck the huge shield which Brunhild held before her, with a sound that echoed to the farthest cliffs of Isenland. The warrior-maiden was dashed to the earth; but, rising at once, she cried:

"That was a noble blow, Sir Gunther! I confess myself fairly outdone. But there are two chances yet, and you will do well if you equal me in them. We will now try hurling the stone and jumping."

Twelve men came forward, carrying a huge rough stone, in weight a ton or more. And Brunhild raised this mass of rock in her white arms and held it high above her head; then she swung it

backward once, and threw it a dozen fathoms across the castle yard. Scarcely had it reached the ground, when the mighty maiden leaped after, and landed just beside it. And the thousand lookers-on shouted in admiration. But old Hagen bit his unshorn lip and cursed the day that had brought them to Isenland.

Gunther and the unseen Siegfried, not at all disheartened, picked up the heavy stone which was half buried in the ground, and lifting it with seeming ease, threw it swiftly forward. Not twelve, but twenty fathoms it flew; and Siegfried, snatching up Gunther in his arms, leaped after, and landed close to the castle wall. And Brunhild believed that Gunther alone had done these great feats, through his own strength and skill, and she at once acknowledged herself beaten in the games; and she bade her vassals do homage to Gunther as their rightful lord and king.

The unseen Siegfried ran quickly back to the little ship, and hastily doffed the magic Tarnkappe. Then, in his own proper person, he returned to the castle, and leisurely entered the castle yard. When he met his pleased comrades and the vanquished maiden-queen, he asked in careless tones when the games would begin. All who heard his question laughed, and Brunhild said:

"Surely, Sir Siegfried, the old sleep-thorn of Isenstein has been holding you in your ship. The games are over, and your lord, King Gunther, is the winner."

At this, Siegfried seemed much delighted—as, indeed, he was. And all went together to the great banquet-hall, where a rich feast was served to the Rhineland heroes and to the brave knights of Isenland.

Here the jarl's story ended. The children would have been glad to hear more, but they knew that it would be useless to ask. After a short pause, Rollo ventured to say:

"But you have not yet told us what became of the treasure that was buried in the cave. I should really like to know if it still lies hidden there; for if that be so, I mean, as soon as I am a man and have a ship of my own, to go and get it."

"The treasure is not in the cavern," answered the jarl, willing to satisfy the lad's curiosity. "As the dwarf Andvari had foretold, it proved to be the bane of all who claimed its ownership, and of Siegfried among the rest. Gunther and his three hero comrades soon returned to Rhineland, and Brunhild went with them as Gunther's wife. But Hagen grew jealous of Siegfried's influence over the king, and he longed to seize, for himself, the Nibe-





BRUNHILD, THE WARRIOR-QUEEN, HURLS HER SPEAR AT GUNTHER'S SHIELD.



lungen hoard. And so, one day, while hunting in the forest, he treacherously slew the noble prince. The great Nibelungen hoard was then taken to Rhineland, and Hagen caused it to be thrown into the deepest part of the Rhine river, and no man nor elf has ever been able to recover it."

Jarl Ronvald's fair wife Gudrun, who until now had been a silent listener, here looked up and said:

"The story of Siegfried reminds me, somewhat, of the old, old story of Balder, which you all have

heard so often and yet seem to be never tired of listening to, over and over again."

"Tell it to us again, mother!" cried her children, eagerly.

The good lady readily agreed to repeat the old story, which had been heard at that fireside every Yule-tide eve for many years. And when the servants had brought fresh fuel and thrown it upon the fire, and when the flames roared loudly up the chimney, and the old hall was brightly lighted even to the farthest corner, she began.

(To be continued.)



## THE SONG OF THE SWING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. HARRIS.

CLIMB into my lap, little girl, little  
girl,  
Since you wistfully-gazing stand;  
Climb into my lap of gray old  
pine,—  
Lay hold of my hempen hand.

A wonderful trip, little girl, lit-  
tle girl,  
We will take in a wonderful way,  
From the wonderful earth toward the wonderful  
skies  
On this wonderful summer's day.

Softly, and slowly, at first, we 'll stir,  
As the shy, wild creatures pass,  
Scarce bending the tops of the clover blooms,  
Or moving the feathery grass.

Then up—up—up—where the blossom-clouds  
Shut close 'round the robin's nest.  
Peep quick! Can you see the deep blue eggs.  
She hides 'neath her soft, warm breast?

Now you can tell why the bobolink  
When from meadow-grass he springs,  
Carols with joy as he feels the air  
Pass under his outspread wings!



Ah, down—down—down—with a sinking  
 swoop  
 That makes your heart stand still!  
 Look up—at the arching apple-boughs!  
 And out—at the distant hill!



It may be, the trout with the self-same sigh  
 Drops down to the depths of the pool,  
 Leaving the sun-bright ripples above  
 For the shadows safe and cool.

A bird or a fish or a butterfly,  
 Or a bee in a bed of thyme—  
 You shall know all their joys, little girl, little girl,  
 If into my lap you 'll climb!



## A VISIT TO THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MRS. P. L. COLLINS.

PROBABLY many of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, who are also readers of Sir Walter Scott's famous romances, would like to hear of a visit which I made a few years ago to the home of that great writer. As some of you may know, it is a fine and lordly mansion, surrounded by a beautiful country, and situated on a bank of the river Tweed, near Melrose Abbey, some thirty miles south-east of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Leaving the cars at Melrose, from which it is three miles distant, I drove the remainder of the way in an open carriage. Hedges of hawthorn skirted the fields that sloped away as far as the eye could reach; flocks of sheep dotted them occasionally; then a bit of grove; and everywhere was the glory of a beautiful day, meet for a pilgrimage to such a place.

I entered by the east-front between a hedge-row and the ivy-covered wall. This view of the mansion is one of the prettiest. The many towers, fantastic gables and airy turrets are seen to excellent advantage. The entire estate was formerly a part of the property of the Abbots of Melrose, and the name was taken from the nearest ford on the Tweed. Sir Walter once said that he would make



ONE OF THE GATES OF ABBOTSFORD.

Abbotsford "a poem in stone and mortar," and right well did he succeed. It is as beautiful as a fairy palace and as grand as an old feudal castle,



THE ENTRANCE-HALL.—"ALONG THE WALL ARE MANY SUITS OF OLD ARMOR."



and history and romance are literally woven into its walls; for they contain sculptured stones from the famous Tolbooth prison, the burgh of Selkirk, Linlithgow Castle and many other places, each embodying a story of its own.

I was compelled to wait some time for admittance as the place is now open to visitors only two days in the week, and on those days there is always a throng. I recorded my name in the visitors' book and waited patiently for the rare pleasure in store. But when my turn came, it was a great trial to be hurried by the guide through the different apart-

Seringapatam, when that Hindoo city was besieged and captured by the English in 1799. On one side, in a niche formed by a window, is a glass case containing the last suit of clothes worn by Sir Walter. Hanging on the wall at the extreme end near the left door are the keys of the old Tolbooth prison. There are also relics in this entrance-hall of James VI., and Claverhouse, the "Bonny Dundee" of Scottish prose and poetry. Only two windows light the hall and they are so obscured by coats of arms that the interior has been spoken of as being "as dark as the twelfth century." I leave my



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT ABBOTSFORD.

ments as he ran over at railroad speed the history of each.

The entrance hall is forty feet in length. Its lofty ceiling of oak, fashioned into a series of arches, is exquisitely carved; the walls which are also of oak, from Dunfermline Abbey, are richly decorated in the same manner. The floor is made of black and white marble from the Hebrides. Along the walls are many suits of old armor, the most noticeable being an English suit of the time of Henry V., and an Italian one of more recent date; above them are the coats of arms of the ancient border clans, conspicuous among these being the arms of Douglas and the Royal Lion of Scotland. There are also helmets, rapiers and claymores in great variety, as well as Polish lances, and a suit of chain mail taken from the corpse of one of the royal body-guard of Tippoo Sahib, ruler of

young friends who study history to decide how dark that is. Standing in one of the corners, but not visible in the picture, is an American ax that was much prized by Sir Walter as the gift of Washington Irving. Many of you have doubtless read Irving's description of his stay at Abbotsford. It is a fine tribute to the host who entertained him so royally. The farewell at the gate was "I will not say good-bye, but come again." Irving tells us that he was so impressed while there with the fact that Sir Walter, notwithstanding the miracles of work he did, quite concealed his work from his friends and always seemed to have an abundance of leisure. He contrived to appear ever at the command of his guests, ready to participate in every excursion and continually devising new plans for their enjoyment.



The drawing-room contains an admirable collection of portraits. Above the mantel is that of Sir Walter himself with one of his ever faithful



SIR WALTER SCOTT—COPY OF A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

dogs near him. On one side of this hangs the portrait of his mother, and on the other, that of Lady Scott, and near it, that of his warm friend the Duchess of Buccleugh. The oval frame above the door contains the portrait of Lady Hope-Scott, the great-granddaughter and only surviving descendant of Sir Walter, and the present owner of Abbotsford. Among the other portraits are those of the beautiful Lucy Walters, mother of the Duke of Monmouth, and the old ancestor, the stubborn great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, who would never let his beard be cut after the execution of Charles I. Beside these, there is a collection of views in water-colors, eight in number, by the celebrated English painter, Turner, presented by the artist himself. And not least in importance, a souvenir of that most unfortunate woman, Mary, Queen of Scots,—a head painted the day after her execution by one Amias Cawood; ghastly, repul-

sive, robbed of all its grace and loveliness. It is said to have been sent to Sir Walter by a Prussian nobleman in whose family it had been for more than two hundred years.

The floor of the room is bare, but is waxed and polished until it is almost as slippery as ice. Not even a rug dots the cold expanse, so that despite the artistic display upon the walls with their silken hangings, rare china and cabinets, and the rich furniture, there seems to American eyes to be something lacking; perhaps a home-like warmth which might be diffused could the great and kindly owner live again.

The study is a small room adjoining the library. A gallery reached by a hanging stair, and filled with books, runs around it. In the center stands Sir Walter's chair and desk just as he last left them. At this desk he wrote most of the Waverley Novels, and after his death were found in it, neatly arranged, a number of small articles which had belonged to his mother when he was a sick child and shared her room, and which he had been accustomed to seeing upon her table. They were placed so that his eyes could rest upon them while he worked, as if he would borrow inspiration from the holiest recollections of his childhood.

In the earlier part of the century, Scott's poetry was very popular, but he suddenly found himself eclipsed by a new favorite—Lord Byron. It was then that he began to write his novels, which so entirely captivated the English reading world, that fame and fortune followed. The public could scarcely await the sheets as they were hurried from his hands to the printer's press. His company was eagerly sought by the highest in the land, and even crowned heads were glad to do him honor. Yet amidst all this he retained a simplicity of nature that no adulation or flattery could spoil. It is related that, upon one of his numerous excursions into a remote part of the country in the search for old folk-lore, a humble farmer with whom he stopped, knowing his fame, expected to be dazzled by his grand air. But after seeing and talking with him, the peasant exclaimed delightedly: "He's a chiel like oursels!"

While making these rural tours, instead of taking notes for future use, Sir Walter would simply cut notches upon sticks as reminders, and he often filled not only his own pockets but those of his traveling companions with these notched bits of wood, so that it was once laughingly declared that on their return to Abbotsford "enough timber was discharged from our various integuments to build a ship." The genuineness, the sweetness, the healthy tone of Sir Walter's character, which never changed, I can not help thinking was attributable in a great measure to his extreme



fondness for out-door life. He was wont to say that he only taught his boys two things,—to ride and to shoot, leaving the rest to the mother and their tutors.

He invariably rose early, and often accomplished before breakfast an almost incredible amount of work. While he sat at his desk, one or more of his dogs always lay at his feet, and were apparently as glad as he was, when the morning task was over and they could accompany him on his ride or stroll. His horse never waited to be led out, but as soon as he was saddled and the stable-door opened, trotted around to be mounted. Once upon the death of a favorite dog, Sir Walter asked to be excused from an engagement to dine, as he had "lost a dear friend." In after years, when his fortunes suffered such cruel disasters, he declared that "Nimrod," one of his pets, was "too good for a poor man to keep."

The library is considered the handsomest of all the apartments. It is fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth, and has an immense bay-window that affords a charming glimpse of the Tweed. The

on the wall, is the portrait of Sir Walter's eldest son, who was colonel of the Fifteenth Hussars. He went out to Madras in 1839, and was a very popular and efficient officer; but he soon fell a victim to the fatal climate of India and died on the return voyage to England, whither he had been ordered on account of his health. Here, too, is the bust of Sir Walter at the age of forty-nine, by Chantrey. There are chairs exquisitely wrought, from the Borghese Palace at Rome, the gift of the Pope; a silver urn upon a stand of porphyry, from Lord Byron; and an ebony cabinet and set of chairs presented by King George IV. In a glass case, shielded from the touch of profane fingers are the purse of Rob Roy; the brooch of his wife; a notebook in green and gold, once the property of Napoleon I.; and a gold snuff-box, also given by King George IV. When this royal friend was Regent, he invited Scott to dine with him in London, addressing him familiarly as "Walter," and showering upon him evidences of his esteem; when he succeeded to the throne, one of the first acts of the kingly prerogative was to create him a baronet.



THE STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD, SHOWING SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESK AND CHAIR.

ceiling is carved after designs from Melrose Abbey. There are twenty thousand volumes here and in the study. The book-cases were made under Sir Walter's direction by his own workmen. Some of them contain rare and curious old books and MSS. that are carefully guarded under lock and key. Here,

The fascinating history of the adventures of Rob Roy would tell us conclusively, even if Sir Walter himself had not frankly avowed it, that he had a rather trifling regard for his heroes proper, and "an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all



others of a Robin Hood description." I confess, for my own part, that I looked long and curiously upon the brooch that belonged to Rob Roy's wife. But as I leaned over the case, I was thinking more of the wife than of the dauntless outlaw; of the woman who reproached her husband upon his deathbed for exhibiting some signs of contrition for past misdeeds, exhorting him to die as he had lived, "like a man." Rob Roy's portrait hangs in the study. And yet another trace of him is found in the armory; his gun with the initials R. M. C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell) cut around the lock.

The armory contains a wonderful array of the weapons of various nations and ages, and disposed

his agony. This is the last of the "show-rooms"; visitors are not allowed elsewhere in the mansion.

As I went out, an almost oppressive silence brooded over the house and grounds, and I pondered upon the story of Sir Walter's struggle for this lordly, ideal home, and the painful buffetings of fortune which he endured afterward. I thought of the joy and beauty of his earlier years, of his triumph and his fame, and then of the sad day when he came back to Abbotsford from a foreign tour, which he had undertaken in the vain hope that it would restore his health. When, on that day, he caught sight first of the Eildon Hills, and soon after of the towers of Abbotsford, his emotion was pro-



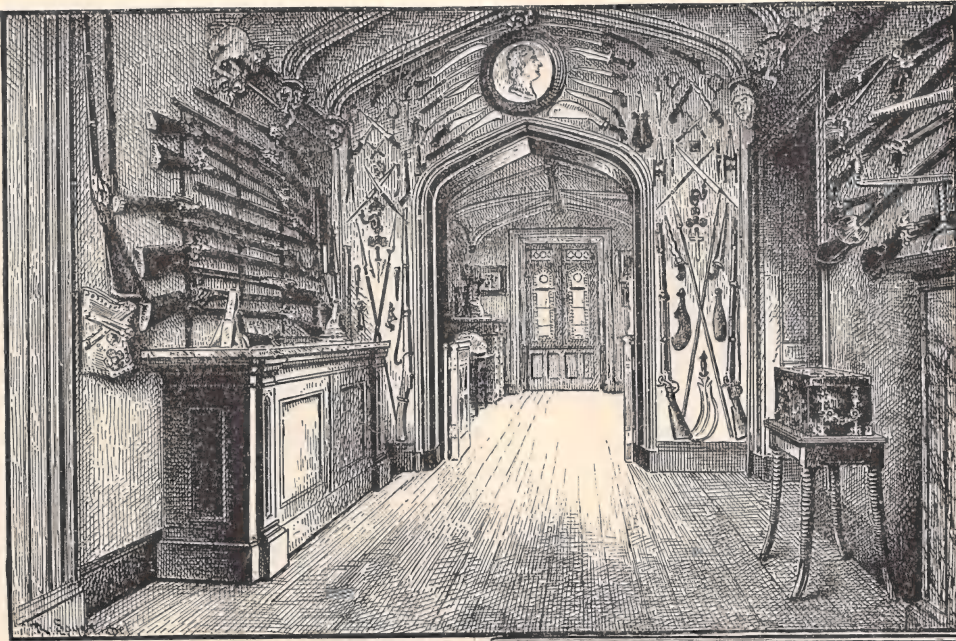
THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

among the spears, battle-axes, darts, arrows, etc., are many relics not of a warlike character, such as Oliver Cromwell's spurs and the hunting-bottle of "bonnie King James;" and the cross which you can see on the wall once belonged to the Queen of Scots. Bonaparte's pistols, said to have been found in his carriage at Waterloo, and a sword superbly mounted, bestowed upon Montrose by Charles I., also belong to this unique collection. I wish I might say no more here, except to mention the bulls' and stags' horns over the doorway, but there is a secret as dark as Blue Beard's. In a corner, almost, but not quite, hidden from view are some of the old Scottish instruments of torture called "thumbkins," and an iron crown which was so adjusted that the victim could not even cry out in

found. It was his last view of them from the outer world. How touching the greeting to his humble and cherished friend: "Ho, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often I have thought of you!" And those other devoted followers, — the never forgotten dogs, gave their full share of the welcome home, "fawning upon him and licking his hands while he smiled or sobbed over them."

Not long afterward, and just before his death, he said to his son-in-law, "Lockhart, be a good man, my dear, — for when you come to lie here, nothing else will be of any avail." Surely, in those last hours, if the panorama of his own years passed in review before him, it included no scenes for which he need feel repentance. The record of a singularly pure child-life was continued





THE ARMORY AT ABBOTSFORD.

without a blemish. One of his early teachers tells us that it happened only once, while he had charge of him, that he thought it necessary to punish him, and even then the intention was quickly put to flight by the sobbing boy's clasping him about the neck and kissing him.

His literary taste and precocity were very remarkable. When only six years of age, a friend of the family, entering unceremoniously, found him reading the story of a shipwreck, in verse, to his mother. He was quivering with excitement, and his voice rose and fell in sympathy with the sentiment, till his hearers looked in wonder and almost in awe upon their little interpreter of the storm. Having finished, he tossed the book aside carelessly, and said quietly, "That is too melancholy; I had better read something more amusing." On another occasion, while still an occupant of the nursery, he heard a servant-girl begin the recital of a rather blood-curdling ghost-story to one of her companions, and he was very eager to listen to it. Knowing, however, that if he did so he would become frightened and sleepless, he tucked the bed-clothes about his ears, and heroically refused to hear the fascinating narrative.

But I do not wish you to think that, as a boy, Sir Walter was altogether perfect. He was probably much indulged, owing to his lameness and his delicate health; certainly, we never hear that his mother objected to his Shetland pony following him



DRYBURGH ABBEY—THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

into the house! And we have his own word that, when a starling that he had partly tamed was

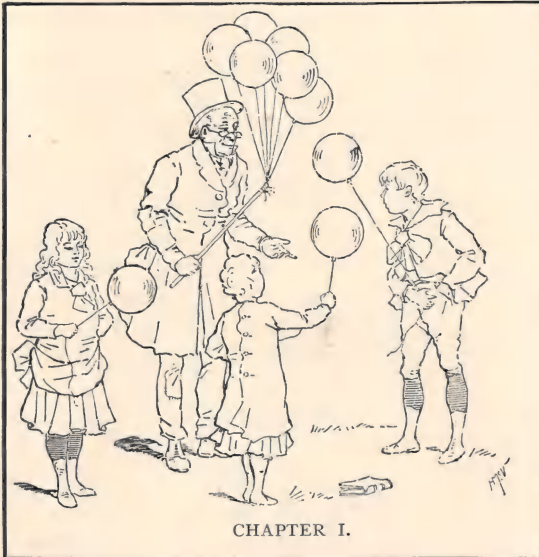


killed by the old laird of Raeburn, he "flew at his throat like a wild cat, and could only be torn from him with difficulty."

Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter's body is entombed, is four miles from Abbotsford. It was founded in the eleventh century, but was destroyed in the fourteenth by Edward II. It was restored by Robert I., and in the changes of centuries again

destroyed. St. Mary's Aisle, with its arched roof and clustering columns, is the most beautiful fragment now remaining. Within its shadow lie Sir Walter Scott, his wife, eldest son, and Lockhart, whom he loved so much, and who made such an admirable and complete chronicle of his life, and which should be read by every lover of the great Prince of Romancers.

### A BALLOON STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.





## THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.

BY PAUL FORT.

"CAPTAIN JOHN," said I, "did n't you tell me that you sometimes brought wild animals in your ship on your return voyages from South America?"

Captain John had just put a couple of fresh sticks on the fire, and had re-arranged the other logs, and he now leaned back in his chair, rubbing his hands before the comfortable blaze. He was a fine, hearty man, of about middle age, and for many years had been a sea-captain, commanding sailing vessels trading between the United States and various ports in the West Indies and South America.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I often used to bring up animals. They were generally small ones, of various kinds, and I brought them on my own account. I could easily sell them to menageries and museums in our home ports. I brought one of the first electric eels that was ever carried to New York. I got it in Para, Brazil, and I bought it of some Indians for twelve milreis—about six dollars of our money. We had lots of trouble with this fellow, for these eels live in fresh water, and, if we had not had plenty of rain on the voyage, we could n't have kept him alive, for the water he was in had to be changed every day. We kept him on deck in a water-barrel, which lay on its side in its chocks, with a square hole cut through the staves on the upper side to give the creature light and air. When we changed the water, a couple of sailors took hold of the barrel and turned it partly over, while another held a straw broom against the hole to keep the eel from coming out. We would always know when the water had nearly run out, for then the eel lay against the lower staves, and even the wood of the barrel would be so charged with electricity that the sailors could hardly hold on to the ends of the barrel. They 'd let go with one hand and take hold with the other, and then they 'd let go with that and change again. At first, I did n't believe that the fellows felt the eel's shocks in this way; but, when I took hold myself one day, I found they were n't shamming at all. Then we turned the barrel back and filled it up with fresh water, and started the eel off for another day.

"Before we began to empty the barrel, we always took a chain-hook and felt about in the water to see if he was alive. A chain-hook is a longish piece of iron, with a handle at one end and a hook at the other, and is used for handling heavy chains.

When we were scooping around in the water with this hook and touched the eel, we would always know whether he was alive or not, for, if he was all right, he would immediately charge the iron with electricity, and the fellow that held it would know quick enough that the eel was alive. We took this trouble because we did not want to waste fresh water on him if he had died in the night.

"He got along first-rate, and kept well and hearty through the whole of the voyage. When we reached New York we anchored at Quarantine, and the health-officer came aboard. I knew him very well, and I said to him: 'Doctor, I 've got something aboard that perhaps you never saw before.' 'What 's that?' said he. 'An electric eel,' said I. 'Good!' said he; 'that is something I 've always wanted to see. I want to know just what kind of a shock they can give.' 'All right,' said I; 'you can easily find out for yourself. He is in this water-barrel here, and the water has just been put in fresh, so you can see him. All you have got to do is just to wait till he swims up near the surface, and then you can scoop him out with your hand. You need n't be afraid of his biting you.' The doctor said he was n't afraid of that. He rolled up his sleeve, and, as soon as he got a chance, he took the eel by the middle and lifted it out of the water. It was n't a very large one, only about eighteen inches long, but pretty stout. The moment he lifted it he dropped it, grabbed his right shoulder with his left hand, and looked aloft. 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Why, I thought something fell on me from the rigging,' said he. 'I was sure my arm was broken. I never had such a blow in my life.' 'It was only the eel,' said I. 'Now you know what kind of a shock he can give.'

"On that same voyage we had a monkey, one of a rather uncommon kind. He was what they call a woolly monkey, and was covered all over with short wool, like a sheep. He was the smartest monkey I ever knew. He was up to all kinds of tricks. We did n't keep him caged, but let him run around as he pleased about the ship and in the rigging. For some reason or other, he used to hate the cook. Every day, when the cook was getting the dinner ready, when he had set out the bread and the cold meats, the monkey would hide somewhere and watch him, pretending to be asleep. The moment the cook started to go out of the cabin, Jacko would come in at the door behind him (we always left the door at each end open in hot weather



for the sake of the draught), and, springing on the table, would seize a piece of meat, or a cracker, or anything else that was handy, slip past the cook, and get out of the other door before the angry cook could catch him. Then he would bounce up into the rigging, and wait till the cook came out."

"And sit there, I suppose," said I, "and eat the food he had stolen?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the captain. "The minute the cook showed his head, Jacko would hit him on the top of the pate with whatever he had taken—bread, meat, knife, fork, or spoon. It was no use for the cook to get mad; he could never catch that monkey."

"There was one thing that always excited Jacko's curiosity, and that was our changing the water every day in the eel's barrel. There were eight water-barrels standing there in a row, and why three men should go every day, and empty the water out of one, and pour more in, and never touch the other barrels, was more than the monkey could understand. He used to sit on the main-boom and watch the whole operation, just as full of

view of this mysterious and perplexing business than had ever been vouchsafed him before.

"When we went away, Jacko staid there, and, happening to be standing where I could see him, I noticed that he was running around the water-barrel, and trying his best to see what was in it. Then, as he had seen us trying to fish up something with a chain-hook, he thought he would try to fish up the same thing, whatever it was, himself. So he jumped up on the barrel, and, leaning over, ran his right arm down into the water, and began to scoop around and around, just as he had seen us do with the chain-hook. Pretty soon he felt the thing he was after, and grabbed it tight.

"But that monkey never saw that eel. The moment he clutched it he let go, gave one wild, backward leap, and fell on the floor with a dull thud. I went up to him, and found him laid out as if he were dead. I picked him up by the back of the neck, but he hung as limp as a wet dish-rag. The cook came along just then, and I said to him:

"Cook, Jacko is dead. He has found out what is in that barrel, and the eel has killed him."

"I laid him on the pork-barrel, and was just saying something about his having such an eternal amount of curiosity, when Jacko jumped to his feet, gave a bounce out of the store-room, and in a minute was up in the main cross-trees, chattering and screaming as if he had gone mad. After he had been knocked over by the shock, he had made believe to be dead, fearing that whatever had hit him would hit him again. He often used to play 'possum in this way when he was afraid of anybody; but I thought he was really dead this time.

"After that, he never came around us when we were at work at the eel's water-barrel. He did not want to know what was in it.

"I sold that eel for seventy-five dollars to a menagerie man in New York State. And I sold the monkey too; but I have often wished I had him again, for he was the smartest monkey I ever saw."

"Did you ever carry any really dangerous animals, Captain John?" said I.

"Well," said he, "once, when I was in Para, I bought a snake, a boa-constrictor, seventeen feet long. I got him of four Indians, who caught him some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river. They brought him into town in a strong covered crate, or basket, which they carried on two poles. When I bought him I had him carried into my old consignee's yard, and I got a stout packing-box, and had it all double-nailed, and holes bored in the sides to give him air. Then the Indians put the



THE HEALTH-OFFICER INVESTIGATES THE MYSTERIOUS BARREL.

curiosity as he could stick. But he never could see anything in the barrel.

"One day, I thought there was going to be bad weather, and, as I was afraid it might be too cold for the eel on deck, I had his barrel moved to the store-room, where it would be well sheltered. This move made the monkey still more curious; and the first time we changed the water after the eel got into his new quarters, the monkey sat on the head of a pork-barrel close by, and had a better



snake in the box, and we nailed him up tight, leaving him in a snug corner for the night.

"The next morning, I went around early to the market (the markets there are open only about



HE GAVE ONE WILD, BACKWARD LEAP.

sunrise) to buy something for my snake to eat, for the Indians said he was nearly starved. I got a couple of little animals, something like our rabbits (for these snakes wont touch any food that is n't alive), and I carried them around to my consignee's house. I found the old gentleman had n't turned out of his hammock yet; but he soon got up, and went with me into the yard. When we got there, we saw the packing-box all burst open, the boards lying around loose, and no snake to be seen. We looked about, but could see nothing of him. I was amazed enough, to be sure, and the old gentleman felt quite uneasy at the thought of such a creature wandering about his place.

"'We wont look for him,' he said. 'Those Indians are still in town, and we will send for them to catch him.'

"The Indians came, and they soon found him.

You can't imagine where he had hidden himself. There was a pile of earthen drain-pipes in one corner of the yard, behind some bushes, and he had crawled into one of these short pipes, and then turned and crawled into the one next to it, and then into the next one, and so on, in and out, until he had put himself into five or six of the pipes. He had probably seen, through the holes in his box, some of my old consignee's chickens, and, being made perfectly ravenous by the sight, had broken out. Then, having made a meal of one or two of them, he had crawled into the pipes.

"The Indians were not long in capturing him. Fortunately, his head stuck out of one of the pipes near the ground; and one of the Indians, taking a long pole with a fork at the end, climbed on a high fence near by, and soon pinned Mr. Snake's head to the ground, leaning on the pole with all his weight. Then the other Indians straightened out the drain-pipes in which he was, and began to draw them off him, pulling them down toward his tail, and first exposing the portion of his body nearest his head. Then they took a long, strong pole, and, with bands of the tough grass which grows in that country, tied his body to the pole close to his head. Then they bound him again, about eighteen inches farther down. Slowly drawing down the pipes, they tied him again to the pole, about eighteen inches below, and so on until his whole length was fastened firmly to the pole. Thus he was held secure until the box was nailed up again, and I had sent for a blacksmith to put iron bands around it, so that it should be strong enough to hold any snake. Then the creature's tail was loosened and put through a hole in the top of the box. Then another band was cut, and the snake pushed still farther in. Then, one after another, every fastening was cut, and the snake pushed gradually into the box, until, his head being loosened and clapped in, a board was fastened over the hole, and he was snug and tight and ready for his voyage."

"Did you have any trouble with him when you were taking him to the North?" I asked.

But just then the supper-bell rang, and the captain arose to his feet. It was of no use to expect Captain John to go on with a story when supper was ready.





IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

## HOW A HOOSIER BOY SAW THE TOWER OF PISA.

BY A. H. FRETAGEOT.

DURING a tour of several months in Europe, I arrived in the ancient city of Pisa at eleven o'clock on a lovely summer night. Being of course very eager to see the famous Leaning Tower, I resolved, as the moon was shining brightly, not to wait for daylight, but to visit the Tower before retiring. On my asking the proprietor of the hotel to tell me the way to the Leaning Tower, he became greatly excited, and exclaimed: "It is impossible to go to-night!" I laughed at his fears, and told him nothing was impossible to an American boy. He still hesitated, but finally came out reluctantly into the middle of the street and pointed out the course I was to take.

Off I started, full of the self-confident fearlessness of impetuous youth. Before turning the corner, I looked back and saw the old man still standing and gazing after me. I felt sorry for him, thinking his fears for my safety were groundless.

For a few squares the street was wide, and the full light of the moon cheered me onward; but soon my way was not to be so clear.

Coming suddenly to the end of the wide street, I found myself by the side of the ruins of an old cathedral. The irregular walls covered with ivy, the light of the moon shining through the ruined gothic

windows, and showing the decayed and mossy interior, gave to the scene a solemn grandeur that filled me with awe. Just in front of the cathedral was the river Arno, a narrow stream, and the water low within its banks. Mine host's directions to me had been to go "straight onward" from the old cathedral. But how was the river to be crossed? There were no bridges in sight. Walking around the corner of the old edifice and up the bank of the Arno, I presently saw the outline of a boat close to the shore, and as I drew nearer, I not only found the boat, but discovered the owner thereof lying flat on his back, with his arms thrown over his head.

The light of the moon, shining on his face, gave it rather a ghastly expression, and for a moment I paused; but, with a laugh at my fears, I stepped into the boat and kicked one of his feet so as to waken him. This unceremonious treatment roused him quickly enough, and he sprang up and glared at me fiercely. Not being an expert in the Italian language, I went through a series of pantomimes, which he finally understood to mean that I wanted him to take me across the river. Whereupon, seizing a long pole, he pushed his craft out into the sluggish stream. As we reached the middle, it occurred



to me that here would be a fine opportunity for my ferryman to collect whatever fare he wished. Accordingly, I courteously declined his invitation to enter the cabin, as I much preferred standing where I could see all around me and watch his movements. However, I had no trouble with my sleepy boatman, and our craft soon reached the opposite side of the river. Walking up the bank I found, to my dismay, that I was in quite a different kind of a city from that I had left. The streets were so narrow that, extending my arms, I could touch the buildings on both sides as I walked, and the houses were very high and overhanging, almost shutting out the moonlight. After proceeding for several squares in hopes of finding a more inviting street, but without success, I gave up the search as vain, and started down one of these dismal alleys. The miserable little streets were not only narrow and very uneven, but destitute of pavements. After stumbling

found open. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the intense stillness was oppressive. Not a sound of any kind excepting my footsteps; not a human being to be seen, nor a light in any of the buildings.

After a long, tedious tramp, I saw what appeared to be a fire a long way ahead of me, but shortly discovered that it was merely the light of the moon shining across an open space. Pushing on rapidly, I came to the end of the street, and there, to my delight, I saw directly in front of me the Grand Plaza of Pisa, with the massive Cathedral and the Baptistery and the beautiful Leaning Tower



CAMPO SANTO.

along for an hour, I at last found myself facing a wall at the end of the street, and I must confess to feeling a little nervous. Retracing my steps to the first cross-street, I walked along it a short distance, and turned into another street which I



THE LEANING TOWER AND THE CATHEDRAL.

standing close together and gleaming in the moonlight!

After pausing a few moments to enjoy this first grand vision of the Tower, I turned toward a pair of beautiful ornamental iron gates which attracted my attention. But when I went up to them and looked through, the sight was not one calculated to add to my cheerfulness, for I found myself facing the great Campo Santo, or burying-ground of Pisa. The bright light of the moon on the marble monuments and tombs, the weird



shadows of the porches, the perfect stillness of the night, inspired me with a strange feeling of awe. Leaving this solemn place, I walked over to the grand old Cathedral and the Baptistery near the Leaning Tower. From that point the Tower was distinctly outlined, and the sight of its eight stories and the columns of pure white marble, glittering in the moonlight, amply repaid me for my tedious walk.

Advancing to the base of the Tower, I went inside and looked up. The bell-ropes touched the sides near the top and hung down close to the wall. I think that a man looking up from the bottom of a deep well would have a very good idea of the appearance of the Tower as seen within from the base, especially if the well happened to be quite off the perpendicular.

I began to climb leisurely to the top, but I could not prevent myself from edging toward the center as I walked around on the leaning side. It seemed to me that my weight alone would cause the whole structure to topple over.

This wonderful Tower is about thirty feet in diameter at its base, and is one hundred and forty-six feet high.

If any one of my boy-readers should climb the one hundred and ninety-four steps to the top without feeling inclined to hold on to the higher side and tread very lightly on the lower side, he would have steadier nerves than the "Hoosier" boy who climbed the Tower that night. The stairs are worn by the tramp of millions of feet, for the curiosity of people since the year 1174 has led myriads of them to climb the steps of this remarkable edifice, to reach the place where Galileo was wont to go to study the heavens.

There are in the belfry six large bells, which are still used. The largest one is said to weigh six tons, and is hung on the side opposite the overhanging wall, perhaps to aid in balancing the Tower, which is twelve feet out of the perpendicular. I believe that it is still unsettled whether its oblique position is the result of accident or design.

The foundation is in a low, wet place and, it is claimed, shows signs of having sunk many feet farther into the earth on one side than the other. The top story also leans back perceptibly from the lower side, as if built to counteract the sinking of the foundation.

After resting awhile at the top of the Tower, I descended and walked over to the Baptistery. Its magnificent bronze doors, so celebrated as works of art, could be seen to advantage that night only on the side on which the moonlight fell.

Close by the Baptistery stands the solemn, ancient Cathedral, finished in the same style of architecture as the Tower. It was the swinging of the ancient bronze chandelier in this cathedral that suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum, and thus originated the method of marking time which is used in some clocks.

I had almost decided to remain on the Plaza, and in the vicinity of these three justly celebrated objects,—the Tower, the Baptistery, and the Cathedral,—until morning; but I had now become very tired, and the desire for rest and refreshments decided me to make an effort to find my hotel. I must confess that this seemed to me a greater task than finding the Tower. I was in the situation of the Indian who could not find his wigwam—he was not lost, but the wigwam was. I was not lost, for I knew where I was, but it was my hotel that was to be found.

Off I started, however, to the end of the Plaza opposite to that I had entered, and here I found a wide, beautiful street, and proceeding along it for half an hour, I came to a handsome bridge over the Arno. Upon this bridge I paused to take my bearings, and presently descried the dim outlines of my old friend, the ruined Cathedral. Following the street along the river for a few squares, and turning the corner by the Cathedral, I came once more to the street on which stood the hotel, which I finally reached in safety just at daylight, and received a hearty welcome and many congratulations from the old landlord.







A GOOD TIME ON THE BEACH.



## GOING TO THE FAIR.

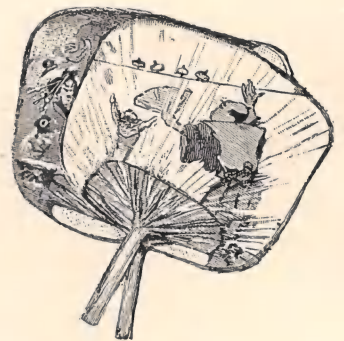
BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



THE birds are singing,  
 The bells are ringing,  
 There 's music in all the air, heigh-ho!  
 As all together,  
 In golden weather,  
 We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!

We have no money  
 For ribands bonny,  
 Our clothes are the worse for wear,  
 heigh-ho!  
 But little it matters,  
 In silk or in tatters,  
 We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!

Come, lads and lasses,  
 The time it passes;  
 Step out with a royal air, heigh-ho!  
 As all together,  
 In golden weather,  
 We merrily go to the fair, heigh-ho!





## THE CLOISTER OF THE SEVEN GATES.

WITH THE STORY OF HOW PAUL AND HIS SISTERS SAW THE WHITE VILA OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

[Author of the "*Land of Nod*" and "*Comedies for Children*."] 

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THREE children were swinging and swaying upon the bending branches of a stout Vistula cherry-tree—clinging and swinging and swaying there with shouts and laughter, in the same jolly way that you and I have swung, many a time, from the overhanging limbs of some springy willow or fragrant apple-tree in our own American meadows. But these noisy swingers were not Americans. They were the children of an old race and of a far-off day. Strong-limbed, fair-haired, blue-eyed Paul and his two sisters, Rosa and Mira, were children of Servia, natives of that slightly known but most interesting section of Eastern Europe whose plains and passes and wooded hill-slopes have echoed the war-cries of Roman and Byzantine, of Barbarian and Turkish conquerors from distant ages until now. Take your atlas and turn to the map of Turkey in Europe, follow the winding course of the "beautiful blue Danube" until you reach Belgrade, and there, stretching to the east and south, ribbed with mountain-ranges and crossed by several rivers, is the old kingdom of Servia, the country where, on a verdant hill-slope, near to the ancient city of Karanovatz, on a bright June morning away back in the year 1389, Paul and his two sisters were swinging merrily on the lower branches of their favorite cherry-tree, or, as they called it, their *visknia*. As thus they swung, they could catch glimpses now and then, across the dark green fir-tops, of the tall, gray towers of the royal palace of King Lazarus, from which floated the imperial banner of the double eagle, and of the ivy-covered walls of the old monastery of Siczi, "the Cloister of the Seven Gates." And well they knew, simple children though they were, the stirring stories of Servian valor and of Servia's greatness. Often had they heard, both at the meetings of the grave elders, and from gray old Ivan the bard, as he sang to the music of the rude guitar, or *gusle*, how the palace was built in the early days of the kings; how from it had marched to victory the royal Stephen, the mighty Tzar, whose flag had floated over many a battle-field, until the power of Servia was acknowledged from the white walls of Belgrade to the azure waters of the Grecian Seas; how, in the holy cloister of Siczi, each new king of the line of Stephen had been crowned with the "diadem of Dushan," and, sword in hand, had issued from the cloister as

king of Servia, through a new door cut for his special exit in the ivy-covered wall; and how, now, seven gates for seven kings had thus been cut, and the noble Lazarus ruled as the seventh king of Servia in his palace at Karanovatz. All this they knew, for they were Servian children—proud of the old tales and legends told at the fireside, and dearly loving the green hills and fertile valleys of Servia, and, best of all, the waving forests that circled and shadowed their own Servian home.

And, as they swung, now high, now low, they played at their game of king and queen, singing the song known to every boy and girl of Servia. It was thus that Paul sang to Rosa:

"The king from the queen an answer craves:  
How shall we now employ our slaves?"

And Rosa answered:

"The maidens in fine embroidery,  
The widows to spin flax-yarn for me,  
And the men to dig in the fields for me."

Then Paul sang to Mira:

"The king from the queen an answer craves:  
How shall we, lady, feed our slaves?"

And Mira replied:

"The maidens shall have the honey-comb sweet,  
The widows shall feed on the finest wheat,  
And the men of maize-meal bread shall eat."

But just as they were about to sing the next verse, in which the king asks:

"Where for the night shall rest our slaves?"

they heard a shout and a rustle, and Mira's pretty, dappled fawnkin, Lado, all timid and trembling, came flying for safety up to the children; and almost before Mira and Rosa could calm the frightened creature, and Paul, snatching up a stout cherry-branch, could stand on guard, a swooping falcon darted down at poor Lado's head. The girls screamed, and shook their silken jackets at the fierce bird; but Paul, swinging his cherry-stick, struck the bird on its sleek gray neck, and stretched it, a dead falcon, at his feet.

"O Paul, Paul! O Lado, Lado!" cried both the girls in mingled joy and fear, as they stroked their rescued pet and trembled for Paul's safety; for he had killed, perhaps, one of the royal falcons.



They were not kept long in suspense, for there came galloping up to them, mounted on a swift Wallachian pony, a stout-built youth of some sixteen years, richly dressed, his long, yellow hair streaming out from under his scarlet cap.

"O Paul, run! Run, dear Paul!" moaned Rosa. "It is the young *bau*!"

Then Paul knew that he had killed the falcon of the young prince, or *bau*, Stephen, the son of King Lazarus. But he stood his ground. "I will not run," he said.

The prince looked at the group, saw the trembling Lado, saw the dead falcon, saw Paul's stout cherry-stick, and, leaping from his pony, he rushed at the boy, white with rage.

"Thou dog!" he said, striking at Paul with his unstrung bow. "How dar'st thou kill my falcon?"

Paul answered as bravely as will any boy of spirit who has justice on his side and the weak under his protection.

"Strike me not, O Prince!" he said. "I sought not to kill thy falcon, but to drive him off, lest he should tear and blind our fawn."

"Thou wolf! thou pig! thou dog!" screamed the prince, still furious at his loss; and flinging aside his bow, he grasped his yataghan, or short scimitar, to cut the boy down. Rosa and Mira threw their arms around Paul, but he shook them off, parried the prince's stroke with his stick, and, grasping his arm, said: "Take care what you do, my prince. My grandfather is Nicholas, an imperial officer. 'T will go hard, even with thee, shouldst thou harm or kill me."

"The *vilas* of the forest and the *vilas* of the mountain choke and smother thy grandfather!" said the enraged prince, and he would have struck at Paul again, but just then there came a clatter of horses' hoofs and a gleam of shining armor, and through the trees at full gallop came the prince's uncle, Milosh Obilitch, the chief captain, or *voivode*, of King Lazarus of Servia, followed by three mounted spearmen. A look of displeasure came into his face as he caught sight of the prince's angry countenance and Paul's defensive attitude.

"Come here, my prince," he said, sharply; "why dost thou loiter there? Even now thy father, the Tzar, is on the march to Kosovo, and waits but for his son."

"I would be even with this vampire though the Turkish Tzar himself was at our palace gates," said the prince, wrathfully, and then he told his side of the story.

"But his falcon would have killed our fawn, O mighty *bau*," said Rosa—"our fawn, Lado, dear to us as life."

The *voivode* Milosh laughed a mighty laugh.

"Now, by the fist of the Cloud-gatherer," he swore in roughest Servian, "*bau* I may be, and trusted soldier of the Tzar, but I am no judge of man or child. Come, we waste words. Get you to horse, my prince. A gallop through Kushaja will cool your hot young head. Fawns and falcons must wait, for 'When the Tzar rides, all business bides.'"

The prince stood in great awe of his mighty uncle. He therefore obeyed his command, though in rebellious silence, and mounted his pony with angry reluctance.

"As for you, little ones," said the *voivode*, "you, too, must wait for justice with fawns and falcons. Here, Dessimir," he said, turning to one of his spearmen, "take these children to the cloister. Greet the abbot Brankovicz for me, and bid him give these little ones safe keeping till I return, God willing, from Kosovo. Then shall the king decide on the right of this affair, for surely I will not. Now, gallop, my prince! To the Turk, to the Turk!"

There is nothing more unlovely and unforgiving than a sulky boy balked of his revenge. The Prince Stephen followed his uncle as commanded, but there were black looks on his face and blacker thoughts in his heart. As for Paul, he was overjoyed at this fortunate end of an unlucky quarrel. He knew the kindly old abbot Brankovicz, and felt that he and his sisters would be safer within the protecting walls of the great cloister than even in the strongest inner chamber of their grandfather Nicholas' house, now shorn of all its men for service against the Turkish invaders. So he took his sisters by the hand, and, following the spearman Dessimir, they walked rapidly toward the gates of the old monastery, while Paul sang softly to himself, as he looked at the giant form of the *voivode* Milosh, who galloped far in advance, a popular Servian song:

"Swaggering surely is no sin,  
Fair I face the battle's din,  
Laughed old Peter Doitchin,  
The burly *bau* of Varadin."

The good abbot Brankovicz, who was the superior or head of the cloister, at once understood the children's case, and readily took them under his protection; but, before they had passed within the outer gate, Paul's eyes rested upon a sight that fired his boyish heart with the chiefest of boyish ambitions—the wish to be a soldier. For there, along the white road that passed through fields of growing maize and under arching forest-trees, the main body of the army of Servia wound over the mountains toward the rocky ridge that overlooked the field of thrushes—the fatal field



of Kosovo. The fair June sunlight flashed on the fast vanishing array of steel-capped casques and bristling spears, and, just before the cloister gates, it touched with a glorious gleam the golden corselet of King Lazarus himself, as, with his guards and seigneurs, he rode in the vanguard of his army. Tall, commanding, and gentle-featured, he glanced backward but once to the gray towers of the palace of his queen, and but once to the ivy-grown walls of the Cloister of the Seven Gates, from which in brighter days he had issued as Serbia's acknowledged king. The shadow of his dream seemed resting upon him—that dream in which, 't is said, the Lord offered him the kingdom of Serbia or the kingdom of Heaven—an earthly or a heavenly realm; and the gentle Tzar made the better choice, for he said:

"What, then, is the earthly worth?  
It is but a day,  
It passeth away,  
And the glory of earth full soon is o'er;  
But the glory of God is more and more."

And so, pointing with his "massy mace of gold" toward his advancing army, he bent his head to the priestly benediction as he passed the cloister gates, and, preceded by the gallant young Bocko Yougovitch, bearing the great purple standard of the cross, with his son, the sulky Prince Stephen, riding at his bridle-hand, with nobles in golden corselets and gleaming helmets following after, with stout spearmen, and lusty curtal-axmen, and trusty archers closing the glittering cavalcade, up the steep of the Scardus, and on toward the distant mountain-passes through the fair June weather rode Lazarus, the last of the Serbian kings to fight for his fatherland against the hosts of the Turkish invaders.

Paul gave a great sigh as the cloister gates shut the inspiring sight from his boyish eyes.

"O that I were a man and a soldier!" he said.

"Would to St. Sava that you were, little brother!" said the patriotic old abbot. "Serbia needs every hand and every heart to guard the crown and save the cross from infidel robbers."

But childish desires quickly change, as childish hearts quickly open to each new joy, and, through the few days that followed, Paul found no lack of incident to blur the memory of shield and helm and brighten the joys of living pleasures. For the good monks of the monastery, too engrossed in prayers for Serbia's safety and in anxious and weary waiting for tidings from the battle to look after three harmless children, suffered them to roam at will, unquestioned and unchecked. So Paul and Rosa and Mira, merry-hearted, and thinking little of a danger still distant, roamed

alike through cloister and "holy forest." Paul could recall many of the stories and legends that hovered about the old walls—legends of the saints it shrined and stories of the mighty Tzar who had honored and decorated it. These he could tell, with many boyish embellishments, to his wondering and adoring sisters. Together they knelt before the scarlet altar, or looked with curious awe at the dusty memorials of dead kings or the relics of Serbia's saints; together they stood before each of the seven gates in the cloister wall, rehearsing the stories of the kings, while Paul, crowned with maple-leaves and roses, and bearing a white wand of peeled maple, stood in turn under the shadow of each royal gate personating each of the seven kings, while Rosa and Mira wheeled and whirled before him in the fleet figures of the *kolo*, the favorite dance of Serbia. When tired of the sunny cloister and the chapel walls, they would wander through the forest paths that, to them, led to fairy-land.

No people in Europe is so greatly given to romance and superstition as are the Servians. But it is an airy and fanciful superstition, full of fairies and angels and lucky signs or unlucky omens. And Paul and his sisters were devoted believers in all the delicious mysteries of their home-land. To them every tree, and stream, and grassy mound had its attendant sprite—its fairy guardian, or *vila*, as they called it; witches and vampires sought to entrap heedless or wicked children, but would quickly disappear at the sound of a little prayer or at the sign of the holy cross. So they roamed and romanced through the monastery woodlands, seeing fairy forms in every waving bush, and weaving innocent fairy fancies around each sunny grotto and shady nook. But their favorite resort was the old moss-grown fountain close to the cloister walls. Here they would sit for hours under the shade of the mountain maples, watching the bubbling waters and speculating about the Lady of the Fountain—the White Vila of whom they had so often heard in the songs of old Ivan the bard—the White Vila who haunted the holy fountain, and appeared only when Serbia's glory or Serbia's distress called her forth.

On the fifth day of their stay in the monastery, the fifteenth of June, 1389, the children came from the cloister woods, where they had been playing at the Fire-festival, Serbia's great June festival of St. John. It was a lovely afternoon, and they were wrapped in mystery and fancy, and therefore happy. For Paul had declared that, as he watched while the girls waved their tiny torches, he had thrice seen the sun stand still, as it was said to do on St. John's feast, in honor of that worthy saint. The girls, of course, devoutly believed it too, and



now the three approached their favorite maple-tree, singing softly the Servian harvest song:

"Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens, and see  
Who the kissers and kissed of the reapers shall be;  
Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,  
If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss old."

But the song died upon their lips as Rosa, suddenly clutching Paul's arm, pointed to the moss-grown fountain, and whispered:

"Oh, Paul! Paul! see there!"

Paul looked as directed, and there, under their favorite maple, he saw a white-robed female figure, standing motionless. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were turned toward that part of the cloister where the last of the seven gates, the gate of King Lazarus, pierced the ivy wall.

"Rosa! Mira!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "'t is she! 't is she—the White Vila!"

The figure raised its clasped hands toward the cloister walls. "O holy Elias! O saintly Maria! saintly Sava!" it said, "guard thou the Tzar Lazarus; save thou the golden crown of Servia from the infidel Turk!"

Now restrained by childish timidity, now drawn on by childish curiosity, Paul and his sisters gradually approached the apparition. Then Paul's curiosity, as is often the case, got the better of his caution. Stretching far forward to hear the Vila's words, he tripped and fell forward. At the sound the figure turned quickly. A beautiful but sorrow-filled face looked upon the children, and a tear-laden voice asked: "And who are you, O little ones, here in the cloister gardens?"

Rosa and Mira drew back in fear, but Paul answered stoutly enough, though a trifle shakily: "The grandchildren of the good Nicholas, so please you," he said; and then added: "We are here, under safeguard of the holy abbot, for killing the falcon of the young *bau*, Stephen."

"The falcon of Stephen killed!" said the white figure. "Oh, cruel omen!"

"But it would have killed our fawn, O White One!" said trembling Rosa—"our fawn Lado, and Paul struck it down."

"And we wait here till the king's return," said Paul.

"The king's return?" sadly echoed the White One. "Ah, little brother, they who wait longest wait safest."

"But will the king not return?" Paul asked, for the first time feeling that perhaps all the gleam and glitter of that soldierly array might go down in disaster.

"Who shall say?" the figure replied. "This morning, when the dawn was dim, two black ravens, flying from Kosovo, perched upon the palace of the Tzar, and thrice they croaked and thrice they called."

And Paul, full of Servia's legends and omens, said sadly:

"When ravens croak and falcons fall,  
Low hangs the black cloud over all."

"The falcon has fallen, the ravens have croaked, the black cloud hangs low over the Seven Gates. See!" said the White One, and she pointed where, across the cloister wall, the heavy shadows lay across the gateways of the kings.

"But, can you not save Servia, O lady White Vila?" Paul asked, appealingly. "Old Ivan the bard has sung that the White Vila of the Fountain stands Servia's friend in Servia's need."

But, before an answer could be made, the cloister gates swung open with a sudden clang, and straight to the holy fountain dashed a black courser, flecked with foam, while on his back swayed a wounded rider—the courier of the Tzar.

"O Milontine!" cried the white lady, rushing toward him. "The Tzar, the Tzar?"

The courier dropped from his saddle and kissed the lady's robe.

"O true-eyed Queen," he said, "the sun of Servia is down; dead is the great Lazarus!"

"Ah, woe is me!" she said; "the ravens, the falcon, and the black cloud did show but the truth!"

And as her fair head drooped in grief, Paul knew that the White Vila of the Fountain was "the sweet-eyed Melita," the widowed queen of Servia.

"And my boy Stephen? How died the young *bau*, Milontine?" she asked, raising her head.

The courier hesitated. "Hear the end, O Queen!" he said, and then he told in few but weary words the whole sad tale. He told how gallantly Servia's army met the foe; how bravely young Bocko guarded the purple standard of the cross; how her brother, the *voivode* Milosh, cut his way through twelve thousand Turkish soldiers to where King Lazarus stood at bay, and fought the Turkish sultan himself; how, when they were overpowered by numbers, Milosh and the king still fought until vanquished, and how even in his death-struggle the *voivode's* blade had cut down the sultan too; how the new sultan, Bajazet, in his tent, slew the great Lazarus; and, last of all, how Stephen—her son, the young *bau*, the hope of Servia—had early in the battle deserted to the enemy, told the Turks the secret of Servia's array and the weakest spot in her battle-line, and now, in the tent of the Turkish sultan, saluted him as master and lord.

Calm in face and feature, the queen waited till the last; but when the story of her son's treachery was told, she started to her feet.

"O sacred house!" she said, turning to the monastery walls, "O Cloister of the Seven Gates!"



from out whose holy doors have issued Serbia's kings, at whose sacred altar the holy christening drops fell on my baby Stephen's head, fall now and cover Serbia's wretched queen!"

"And doubt ye, doubt ye, the tale I tell?  
Ask of the dead, for the dead know well;  
Let them answer ye, each from his mouldy bed,  
For there is no falsehood among the dead;  
And there be twelve thousand dead men know  
Who betray'd the Tzar at Kosovo."

So, under the ivy-covered walls of the Cloister of the Seven Gates, swooned the sweet queen of Serbia; so, on the fatal field of Kosovo, fell the noble Lazarus, the last of Serbia's kings; so a traitor son betrayed a kingly father; so Lado the fawn lost the crown of Serbia.

And now, why have I told this story of Serbia's sorrow, this tale of a far-off time, and of a land so little known to the boys and girls of to-day—this tale, half fact, half fable, as I have gathered it from the mist of romance that obscures the history of a fair land and of a gallant race?

Five hundred years have passed since the fatal day of Kosovo, five centuries since the last of Serbia's kings fell, fighting bravely in her defense. Through all these years, with only now and then a gleam of light, a bright but transient flaring-up of the spirit of liberty, the Turk has ruled as master of the land. But now her deliverance has come. In 1868, when but a boy of fourteen, the young Milan Obrenovitch was acknowledged as tributary prince of Serbia; a young man of twenty-two he, in the year 1876, revolted against Turkish misrule and freed Serbia from the long tyranny of her Moslem conquerors. And now, in this very month of August, 1882, he will, unless some change of ceremonial occurs, "bear his crown forth into the world," amid the glad acclaims of an emancipated people, as King Milan the First of Serbia, passing through a new gate cut in the time-stained, moss-grown wall of the old Cloister of the Seven Gates, under the shadow of which Paul and his sisters saw the White Vila of the Fountain five hundred years ago.

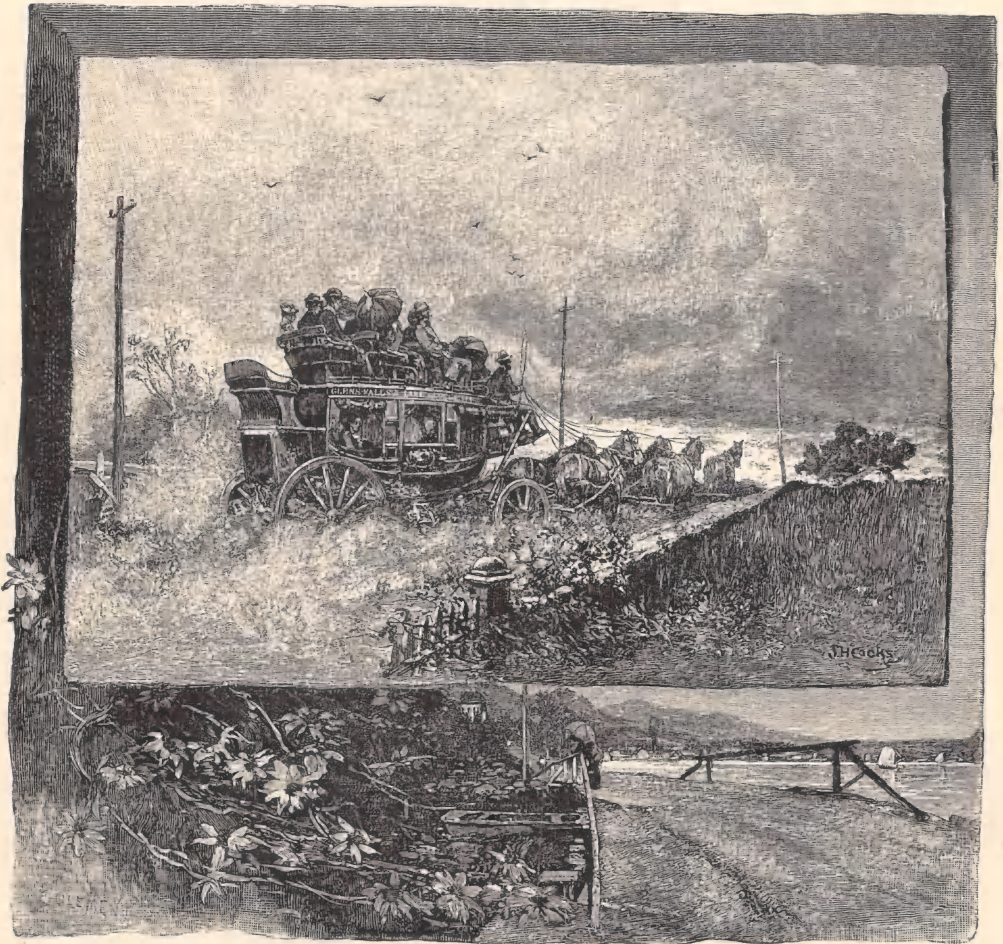


LEAP-FROG IN THE WOODS.



## SUMMER DAYS AT LAKE GEORGE.

BY LUCY A. MILLINGTON.



ON THE ROAD TO LAKE GEORGE.

MASTER HARRY HADLEY, aged just fourteen at the time I shall tell you about, was a very genial boy, and had no fear of making the acquaintance of strangers whose appearance pleased him. His sister Anne, two years younger, but almost as tall, went everywhere with him, and shared in all his adventures, without a thought of consequences.

They finally tired of the places they had been in the habit of visiting summer after summer, and, having recently read Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," had succeeded in persuading their mother that, after a brief stay at Saratoga, a visit to Lake George would be an agreeable change for them all.

So it happened that, on a bright summer morning, they found themselves actually at the beginning of their long-anticipated journey, and about to enter the commodious stage drawn up at the door of the hotel. And when a dark, grave-looking stranger, who occupied an outside seat, beckoned to Harry with the air of one who knew the best places, and generally got them, nothing seemed to him more natural than at once to accept so friendly an invitation, in which he also liberally included Anne.

If Mamma made any objections, they were so faint as to be lost in the bustle attending the start, for the next moment the stage was off.



Mamma and her eldest daughter, Marie, settled themselves comfortably inside the coach, content to know that Harry and Anne were at least safely on board, and would need no further care for the present.

It was a perfect summer day. The six shining horses trotting smoothly along the planked road; the light, bounding motion of the coach, the lofty seat whence they could look down complacently on the boys and girls toiling along the sidewalks or roadsides,—all this made Harry's blood tingle with a pleasant excitement.

He sat quite still, however, for he was not given to making a noise when he was pleased; but looked about with an interest sharpened by his keen enjoyment. The swallows darting from low eaves, sparrows in oak thickets, and a kingbird poised on beating wings over a fluttering moth, he

passing over had been used by the armies, that there had often been much fighting along it; and that the block-houses had been built for shelter and protection.

Harry became so interested that he began to make good resolutions about studying colonial history; but he forgot all about them when the stranger beside him asked him if he liked fishing, and pointed out a trout-brook, winding among meadows and thickets. Sometimes it was lost in a green level, and anon hid itself in a small piece of woodland. A miserable little scow, managed by two boys, was coming slowly down the brook, laden with water-lilies. Anne shouted with delight when they threw her a handful. She could not find a penny to throw to the boys, for her purse was at the bottom of a pocket very much like Harry's, full of all sorts of things accumulated in



THE STEAMER "GANOUSKIE."

merely pointed out to Anne. Looking back, he saw distant purple mountains, which their new acquaintance told them were the long, outlying ranges of the Green Mountains. Then Anne remembered having read that, during the French and Indian wars, this very road which they were

their travels. However, that did not matter, for the stranger threw down some small change. "Evidently," thought Harry, "he carries his pennies loose in his pockets."

Then they wound along hill-sides shaded by huge chestnut-trees, whose little fuzzy burs began



to peep from among the green leaves. The hills beyond were high and covered with dark woods. Anne wondered if there were not bears in those woods.

"Very likely," said the stranger; "bears are very fond of chestnuts and acorns."

"Have you ever seen a bear loose in the woods?" inquired Harry.

"Once or twice—yes, twice," said the stranger, meditatively.

Harry took a good look at him for the first time. He was a handsome man, with dark eyes and dark skin, almost like an Indian's, but his hair and beard were fine and smooth. Anne could not help noticing his brown hands, with clean nails, and the "useful" look they had—not at all like most gentlemen's hands; but he seemed in no hurry to tell them about the bears.

"Did you see them here?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no—a long way off in the mountains. We were hunting deer, and our supper depended on our success. I was not anxious to see a bear, because I had become tired of eating bear-steak, and we were wishing for a change. I waited for a deer to pass me, for the dogs had started one; but they had started a bear also. Well, when I heard the small cedar-trees rustle, I thought a deer was coming, and took up my gun; but after waiting a long time, a huge black paw was put out from among the branches, and slowly waved, as though beckoning me to come forward. It was so like a great rough hand that I shuddered. Then there was a silence. I took steady aim, and fired where I had seen the paw. Something or somebody cried 'Oh!' in a deep voice, and a heavy body plunged off the rocks, and fell with a scramble and a crash down the hill. I was so sure that I had shot one of my men that I threw down my gun and ran forward, calling out, 'Who are you? Oh, tell me who it is!' A howl that was more dreadful than any thing I ever heard before or since answered me. I had only my knife, but I knew that my shot would call in the rest of my men, if they were near me. I could hear the bear crashing about in the close thicket. It seemed an age, but it could not have been five minutes, before I had regained my rifle and faced the bear as it scrambled up the rocks. As its breast rose over the hill I fired, and it fell back, dead."

Harry's cheeks tingled, and he panted softly, looking into the dark eyes before him.

"Was it a very large bear?" asked Anne.

"Very large," said the stranger, "and we had to eat it, for there was no deer killed that day."

"Oh," said Harry, "I wish I had been with you!"

"To eat bear-meat?" laughed the man. Then

he pointed out to them a bit of blue like the sky, which he said was Lake George. They rolled down the long, sloping embankment of the sliding sand-hill, with its bank swallows wheeling in circles overhead, and then through the pines, and across to the hotel—a thing Harry and Anne cared very little about, and that little only for the supper and the rest, before the glad to-morrow in which they should see the old fort and the scene of the massacre of the unfortunate prisoners by their savage conquerors.

About nine o'clock next morning, Harry and Anne came out of the woods, and climbed the grassy mound that covers what was once Fort George. They had walked slowly across the rough lime-rocks, trying to trace in the confused heaps of broken stone the lines of defense and the fire-places of the log-barracks which once stood there. Harry had grown eloquent in his descriptions, for he knew that he had an admiring audience, and that gave him a sense of freedom which made him rather reckless as to numbers and dates. After a time he began to be speculative, and he seriously questioned the possibility of three thousand men getting inside so small an inclosure. The bit of wall still left, with its half-closed embrasure, he considered a trifling affair. Tramping up and down over the short, fine grass that covered the piles of stones and mortar, he went too near the edge, and, in the midst of a flourish of sneers and gesticulations, disappeared from Anne's admiring eyes, as suddenly as if some hidden savage had extended a long arm from below and pulled him down. Indeed, it was several seconds before she quite understood that he was gone. Then her screams rang through the woods and echoed along the rocky mountain-sides, peal after peal, as, more than a hundred years before, the screams of the helpless prisoners had waked the echoes on the day of the massacre. She dared not look down, though the fall was not great, for she did not doubt that Harry was killed. So she stood with clenched hands, crying loudly in a way that Harry despised and had often scolded her for, when two strong brown hands clutched her arms, and she felt herself swung into the air and carried swiftly along the mound and down the broken rocks below the wall.

Five minutes later, she was laughing through her tears to see the mortified look on Harry's face when he opened his eyes and beheld the grave countenance of their companion of the day before.

Presently, Anne brought some water in Harry's folding cup, and he sat up as well as ever, but with a monstrous bump on his forehead where he had indented the turf, as their new acquaintance smilingly showed them.



"Now," said Harry, "I am Harry Hadley, and this is my sister Anne——"

"And I," said the gentleman, interrupting him, "I am the Old Man of the Mountains, and if you want to address me by a commoner name, you may call me John Jones. Suppose you call me John, and let us shake hands and swear eternal friendship."

"I don't mind if I do," said Harry; "and if you are going to the mountains again soon, I wish you would persuade Mamma to let me go too. I don't care sixpence for school, and I'd rather be a good hunter than any thing I can think of."

"Oh, but I am not a hunter," said John, "and I went to school for many years before I visited the mountains. I should like to have you go with me, but you would not be happy yourself, or help me, until you had a good education. The more you learn, the more you will enjoy the woods; so, my boy, stick to school and be a brave man. Just now, you and I and sister Anne are having a play-spell, so let us enjoy it. Come, if you feel like walking, we will go back to the place you came from in such a hurry, and I will tell you something about this old fort."

So they climbed the mound, and John took them about, and showed them what the shape of the fort had been before it was blown up, and how easily the Frenchmen had taken it by planting guns on a height, and shooting into the inside instead of the outside of the inclosure.

You can read the whole story in any good Colonial History.

Harry, kicking carelessly about in a heap of rubbish dislodged by recent rains, had unearthed a round ball of rusty iron—an old grape-shot, which made him very happy, but not more happy than Anne, who picked up a bit of glazed ware as large as a penny. Nothing but the persuasion of their new friend kept them both from digging with might and main for more relics.

John led them down across the rocks, among the pines and thorn-bushes, to the lake, and then he gathered some waxy white callas and arrow-leaves to put with Anne's harebells. It was very late before they thought of dinner—so late that Mamma and sister Marie began to feel uneasy, and were looking out for them, when they came up from the lake along the road shaded by pines.

It did not add to Mamma's pleasure to observe that the children were accompanied by a stranger, a dark man whom she took to be a foreigner; and, moreover, that both the young people were evidently charmed with him.

However, Mrs. Hadley forebore spoiling their enjoyment by reproving them, but after dinner she went down and bought tickets for passage on the

"Ganouskie" to French Point the next day. When the young folks heard of it, Anne tried to console Harry by reminding him that the steam-boat ride must be delightful, and then there was the whole afternoon still left for a row.

Harry had learned to row well, so that his mother readily gave her consent to his taking Anne for a ride on the lake. They had not long been on the water before they discovered Mr. Jones at a little distance in a pretty boat. Though they did not speak to him, he presently rowed near them, and kindly showed Harry where to land on one of the little islands. They were very much puzzled by his proceedings. He rowed up and down, and looked through a telescope at the mountains for a long time, first from one point, then from another. When they left the lake he was still lying down in his boat, with the long glass resting across the side.

When Mamma took Harry and Anne on board the "Ganouskie" the next morning, she looked all about the boat and the dock for the dark man, but he was nowhere in sight; so she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful blue sky, with its great, fleecy, piled-up banks of white clouds, that were so perfectly reflected in the lake as to seem another sky below. Even the ripple made by the boat when under way did not spread far or fast enough to break the picture, and rocks, trees, and mountains all floated in doubles along the shore. Little steamers, with gay parties on board, trailed lines of light from point to point, and canoes and yawls, holding specks of dazzling scarlet, blue, and white, flitted about like some strange species of water-beetles. Anne was in ecstasies, and even sister Marie forgot her fine complexion, and let the sun and the wind kiss her pink cheeks. Harry was having a splendid time watching the boys out on the water.

So Harry watched the boats, and let the shores, with their glimpses of houses embowered in trees, stretches of woods along the water, and bits of green meadow-land, slip by him unobserved. When he saw a boy about his own age hauling in fish, he could hardly keep from clapping his hands.

Often, the little boats lay so near that he could look down into them as they danced about in the swell the "Ganouskie" made, and the little steamers puffing away so spitefully bobbed about in such a merry way that Mamma and the children laughed to see them.

But there are other ways of traveling than by steamer, for here, some miles up the lake, pulling easily along in a pale green tinted boat, built as long and slim as a trout, was Mr. Jones himself. He turned his dark face toward them, and nodded smilingly to both Anne and her brother. Harry





FRENCH POINT FROM THE NORTH.

became thoughtful as he watched him. Of all ways of traveling, he decided he should prefer canoeing. It cuts one off from the rest of the world—at least, that part of it which travels in cars and steam-boats. "Everybody goes this way," said Harry to Anne, as he confided to her his preference for small boats; "but to row about wherever you like, to sleep in your boat, and to cook and eat in it, would be glorious. I say, Anne, you and I will go off together that way, some day."

Anne was sure she should like it if Harry did.

After seeing Mr. Jones, Harry began to be interested in the places where the boat made landings. He could not help being amused by the troops of children at every little pier. Some were busy with rods and lines, and one party of boys had a splendid water-spaniel that plunged in and brought back to shore whatever they threw to him, till one boy pulled off his shoe, and tossed it out, crying, "Take it, Charley!" But before Charley could

reach it, the shoe turned around once and sank out of sight, to the great amusement of the boys, who made the hills ring with their shrill laughter. Before the boat left, Harry saw the boy hobbling up to the house with but one shoe on, for they had not been able to make the dog understand that he was expected to dive for the one tossed out to him.

The pretty pavilion standing on the bank of the lake, within the line of tall trees, with groups of ladies in delicately tinted dresses standing about or sitting on the grassy banks, shone down on the water like some fairy picture. Harry was mainly interested in the name, "Trout Pavilion," for once or twice in his life he had done a little trout-fishing—enough, however, to make him wish for more. He thought of the beautiful rod and the flies that were packed in his trunk, and the pride and pleasure he had had in buying them. He did not quite understand whether trout were to be looked for in the lake or in the brooks, and he



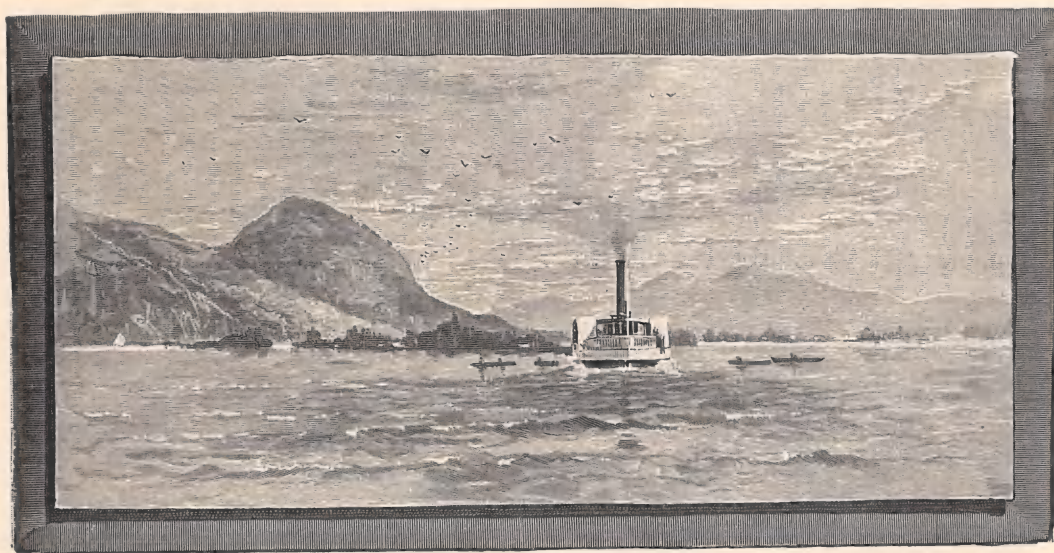
would not have asked about it for the world; but he resolved to try the lake on the first opportunity.

Anne tried hard to interest him in the beautiful scenery, but just now he could think only of good places to fish from. Shelving Rock, stretching out along the lake, looked like good fishing-ground, and he rather wondered at seeing so many people fishing from boats.

The shores were dotted with tents and tiny cottages, that seemed to swarm with people. Their flags looked like blossoms among the leaves. Boats darted in and out of every nook in the rocky shores, and from among the islands that were covered with trembling poplars and fragrant cedars. They swarmed along the steamer's track, and were supplied with ice, milk, fish, bread, and mail-matter by the boat-steward. The steamer's whistle was

summer. The stony desert of the city streets, the methodical school-drill, the constraint within known lines of city life had drifted so far into the past that they seemed to them both but a vague, hazy memory compared with the present, vivid with sunshine, sweet airs from evergreen woods, and the sheen of crystal water.

After dinner, which proved a pleasant occasion, as Mamma liked her rooms, and the children were in high spirits, Harry fished his rod out of his trunk, and, with Anne's help, arranged his lines for use. Just then, he was struck with a sudden pang of remorse. It had not occurred to him before, but he remembered that a good many of the boats he had seen held boys, no older than himself, who had young girls fishing with them—evidently brothers and sisters.



SHELVING ROCK.

blown every few minutes, and it was generally the signal for some boat that lay in waiting somewhere near. Young girls in gay flannel dresses, or boys with bare legs and arms and the broadest of hats, brought the letters and empty milk-cans from their camp. There were small cannon mounted on a hillock on the shore, and the girls fired a salute as the boat passed. It seemed a general holiday. Everything and everybody was enjoying the golden summer days. Even the leaves on the trees seemed to rustle happily on their stems, and the little puffs of wind that roughened long streaks of the silvery lake and made them look a steely blue, wandered aimlessly about, as if in the general enjoyment they too had a share. Long before they reached French Point, Harry and Anne had entered into the very spirit of a Lake George

"Anne," said he, "I must go down into the office; I won't be gone five minutes."

He came back silent and preoccupied. He could send an order to town for fishing-tackle, but could not get it until the next day, and he was determined to try the lake early in the morning.

After the tackle, he must secure his boat; so he took Anne to the wharf, and they climbed in and out of every one, tried the seats, and inspected the oars carefully.

One of the boys playing about on the beach came and looked at them with a knowing smirk on his sunburnt face. Seeing Harry pause at a boat with a rather broad stern-seat, with the name "Fred" painted above it, he could not restrain himself, but burst out:

"Oh, I would n't take that, if I were you. I took



it once because *my* name 's Fred; but it hangs back so in the water that it is very hard to row."

"What ails it?" asked Harry.

"I don't know, I'm sure, but the man said it

is my sister's name," and he looked at Anne, who blushed when Fred took off his rather rusty straw hat and made her a bow.

"You might have it if Papa had not taken it for the month; but there are others just as good. Pick out one, and enter your name for it, and then I should like to have you and your sister try mine. I'm going fishing over toward the other shore."

Harry looked the boats over once more, and finally took the one Anne liked best. It was named the "Susan," to which some school-boy had added a "Jane" in straggling red chalk letters, so that it read "Susan Jane." Harry and Fred laughed at it, but Anne tried to wipe it off with her handkerchief.

"No use, Miss Anne," said Fred. "I've seen it tried before, and it wont come off."

"What do you catch the most of?" asked Harry, as though he had but to choose the fish he wished for, and catch them.

"Perch mostly, and sometimes bass and pickerel. It is the best time in the season for pouts, too; but they are ugly things to handle, though they are nice eating. I'll get my bait now and take you over, if you will go."

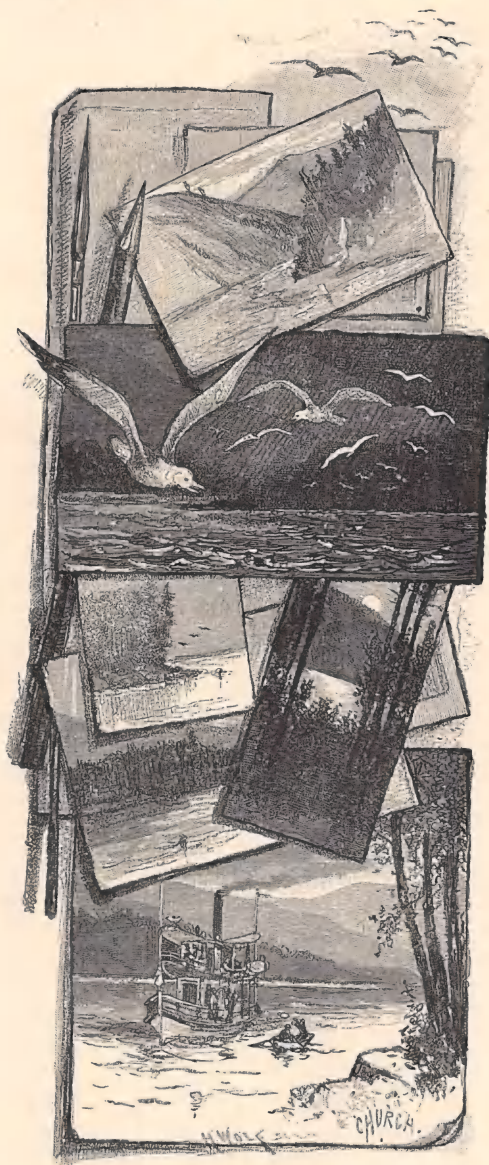
"Very well; I will see about the boats first."

Harry was ashamed to say, "I will ask my mother," for he felt himself at the age of fourteen very tall and old, and he thought he ought to be able to go fishing without asking permission. However, his sense of honor was his strongest trait, and he went at once and told his mother about the boat and the invitation. Anne, with a keener instinct as to what her mother would most approve, enlarged somewhat on Fred's good manners, and the result was a cordial permission to go fishing with his new friend.

When they got down to the boat, Harry found that some cushions and three kettles of bait had been put in, and he remembered with some chagrin that poor Anne had no tackle. He had not thought, when at home, of a girl fishing; but here the girls had as many privileges as their brothers, and he was ashamed of his carelessness. He was resolved, too, that Anne should have a nice dark flannel dress, so that she could go about without trembling for her skirts and sister Marie's reproof for a stain or a water-splash.

Fred then rowed them over quickly to his fishing-ground.

Harry was a long time in getting out his rod, in order to see what Fred would do; then he followed him as nearly as possible in all things. Anne watched their floats and the neighboring boats till she singled out a pale green one that seemed to be getting all the fish. It made her nervous to see Harry's fingers pricked till they bled



GLIMPSES ALONG THE LAKE.

'hogged'; whatever that means I can't say, but I know it seems as if it touched bottom all the time."

"Have you a boat?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, that one with the pink-tipped oars is mine. It is the 'Anne.'"

"Oh," said Harry, "I should like that. That



by the two or three pouts that he caught, but with Fred's help he presently learned to unhook them more skillfully. Still, they were not getting many fish, and Fred put them nearer the green boat, in which they found their friend Mr. Jones. He was glad to see them, shook hands cordially, and inquired after Harry's head. Five minutes later, Anne found herself in the green boat, dropping a coil of line into the water, under Mr. Jones's instruction. Anne had never fished before, and she needed all her life-long habits of prompt obedience to keep her from rising in the boat and becoming wildly excited when an active fish ran away with her line. It darted madly about, now on this side, then on that, shooting off like an arrow, flinging itself at last quite out of the water, before she lifted it over the side of the boat, doing it all at Mr. Jones's quiet dictation.

"Hurrah for Anne!" shouted Harry and his friend, and they pulled over to inspect the prize.

Harry's elation knew no bounds when he found that it was a trout, and a heavy one at that. Mr. Jones thought it would weigh five pounds, and he complimented Anne on her coolness and skill.

Poor Anne! Her hands certainly trembled very much, and she wondered more and more how she ever got the fish into the boat. Harry and Fred did not waste much time talking about it, but hurried their lines over the side, and waited impatiently for the almost imperceptible signal from below that a fish was taking the bait.

Twice Fred lost a fish, and then caught a small trout. Anne caught nothing more, and Harry

in the bottom of the boat, and he could feast his eyes on it and wish that his father was there to see it. So much absorbed was he, that he did not see nor hear another boat coming up with them, until its inmate exclaimed, "My! but that's a bouncer!" And Anne cried out in unselfish glee, "Hurrah! Harry has beaten me."

Then the happy young people came back to the Point, for Fred enjoyed their success almost as much as if it had been his own. Next came the exhibition to Mamma and sister Marie, and the triumphal procession to the kitchen to hand the fish over to cook to be weighed and dressed, so that they might have them for tea and breakfast.

In the meantime, Mamma had discovered that she knew of Fred's family. They were the Lelands, of Fairton, and she told Harry to send Mr. and Mrs. Leland a plate of fish from their own table, which led to further acquaintance and much pleasure for Anne and the two boys.

Anne told her mother that her fish was caught from Mr. Jones's boat, and with his tackle. She at first seemed to be somewhat vexed that Anne should have allowed herself to be indebted for so much attention to a perfect stranger; but when she learned that Mr. Jones was staying at a neighboring hotel, she made no further remark.

The next morning, Fred and Harry got up early and went out to catch pouts. The sun had not risen, and the great mountains that nestle so closely on all sides of the beautiful lake wore the loveliest garbs of purple and gold. Light scarfs of lace-like mist floated across their tops. The wood-duck led out her brood in the shadows of the rocks, and the great northern diver called his mate in the far-off, plaintive voice that, once heard, can never be forgotten. The lake lay still before them, black in shadow, streaked with steely blue where the brightening sky was reflected on the placid water. The two boys laid down their oars when they reached their fishing-ground, and sat a moment silent, looking and listening.

"This is glorious," said Harry at last. "I wish it would last forever."

"So do I," said Fred; "I would fish every day."

The word fish recalled them to the business of the morning, and they drew their boats away from each other and put out their lines.

In the meantime, Anne, who was awakened by Harry's going out, had risen and dressed, and went out to look at the sky and the mountains. She could see the boats and the flash of water from the oars, as they rose and fell. A bittern in some moist hollow near by called to his mate, and the kingfisher's clanging cry came from some tall old trees beside the lake. A bustling robin, that had already given its brood their breakfast, came



began to feel hot and flurried over his lack of success, when the signal came so suddenly as to almost upset his usual calmness.

"Go slow, or you'll lose him!" Fred shouted.

It seemed a long time to Harry, but a delicious time, too, before his fish lay glistening before him



down in the grass on the lawn for a bath, and fluttered its feathers, and rolled about in the dew, until it was thoroughly wet; then flew up and began to dry itself, with many cunning motions and twirling of rustling wings. The swallows flew in and out of the barn, squeaking and twittering, and sweeping over the trees and down on the lake, dipping here and there a wing, and then whirling back again, until Anne forgot, in watching them, that she lived in a world where breakfasts and dinners were occasions which well-behaved young people were expected to remember.

Several happy days had gone by, when Mrs. Hadley and the children were invited by the Lelands to share in a picnic at the Narrows. They had hired a large sail-boat, and would land somewhere and have lunch. Fred and Harry could tie their boats behind if they wished, and then row about when they reached the picnic ground. The weather was hot, but when once fairly upon the water the breeze that wafted them smoothly along made a delicious coolness in the air. The lake was alive with saucy little steamers, sail and row boats, their gay bunting and the brilliant-colored dresses of their occupants shining in the sun. The mountains in the distance were faintly tinged with purple, while the nearer rocks glowed in blended hues of russet and gold.

The young people were happy. They sang and whistled to the birds, they clapped their hands, hurrahed, and waved their handkerchiefs by way of returning the salutes of the camps they passed.

dodging in and out of all sorts of queer places, sometimes so close to the shore that they could look into pleasant camps and see bits of country roads, where carriages, toiling over the rocks or through the sand, made their own easy sailing-boat seem more delightful, until they reached a spot which seemed to be the very place for their picnic.

The two boys carried the party ashore in their small boats. They brought out the baskets, gathered sticks for their gypsy fire, and then went down to the beach to hunt for periwinkles and to catch crickets for bait.

Harry called them to dinner with a fish-horn. It was the merriest dinner they had ever eaten, and though they had laughed until they were tired, they none the less enjoyed the sail back to the hotel above, where they were to join another party going to French Point.

Every wind that blew was favorable, and almost too soon they swept up to the place where their boat was waiting for them. It was a small steamer, and had been whistling frantically for some minutes. They threw a line on board the Lelands' boat, and away they went across the lake. Sailing was well enough, but being towed was a new experience, and Fred enjoyed it to the utmost; and when they had nearly reached the other shore, he wished to have Harry and Anne sit near him.

As Harry was helping Anne over, he tripped on a rope, and in falling gave her such a pull that they both fell head foremost into the dark water. Their mother's cry of distress hardly quivered on the air



SAILING ON LAKE GEORGE.

The little steamers whistled to them, and everybody appeared to be glad with everybody else.

The sail was so delightful that the young people begged for more, and the boat went on up toward Shelving Rock, creeping between the islands, and

before there was a splash from the steamer. Somebody had gone over after them. Fred jumped into his boat, and some one cast him loose, while the steamer turned slowly about and lay head on, ready to go in any direction. All eyes were turned toward





A ROAD-WAY BY THE LAKE.

the bubbling wake of the "Water Witch" to see the children rise.

Anne appeared first. Fred rowed with might and main to reach her, and the swimmer beat the water with strong arms. Just as poor Harry came up, groping about for her with both hands while he gasped for breath, she sank out of sight again.

Fred forged ahead, and, hooking his feet under a stationary seat, lay far over the side, waiting breathlessly for the child to come in sight. In the meantime the swimmer had reached Harry, and was supporting him until he could take breath, while gasping over and over: "I tried to find her—I tried so hard to find her!"

The poor mother moaned, and wrung her hands, not daring to look on. If she had, she would have seen Fred lean suddenly far out and plunge his head and arms into the water, rising again with Anne's pretty, white face close to his. As he afterward told Harry privately, it was like something done in a dream. He had clutched her dress, and then had grasped both arms.

Fred was able to hold his precious burden until Harry and his preserver came and lifted her into the boat, into which they also climbed, and rowed away with all their might to the hotel at the Point, not far off, while the rest of the party came on behind as fast as possible.

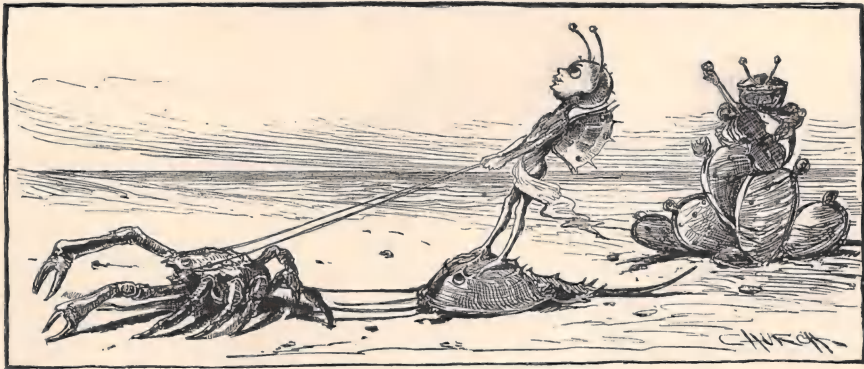
Blankets and hot-water bottles were hurried out, and before very long Anne opened her eyes upon a rather misty scene. Unknown faces peered at her through the mist, and hollow voices sounded in her ears; but presently all faded slowly out of sight and hearing, and she had a little sleep.

As soon as it was possible to take Anne away from Harry, he was sent to his room to change his wet clothes. He would not consent to leave her until he was assured that she was alive and would soon be all right. By the time he had got on some dry clothes, Fred came to the door with his father and Mr. Jones, and Harry discovered that his rescuer was no other than his friend of the fort. They clasped hands with an earnest look into each other's eyes. Fred had a sudden call to the window, and Mr. Leland said smilingly: "Harry, you seem to know this gentleman. I'm glad you have found him out, for I have known him a long time. We knew each other when we were boys, like you and Fred. We went to college together, and almost every summer we meet here at Lake George."

Mamma and sister Marie stepped forward and heartily thanked the stranger for his noble kindness to them, to which he replied with a blush that showed even through his tanned cheek; and then honest, cordial little Anne ran up to him and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming: "Dear John Jones, I think you are just splendid!" at which everybody laughed, especially Mr. Leland, who, as they went out of the door together, patted his friend's shoulder, and said smilingly: "*John Jones*, indeed! Since when has my old chum, Rob Hamilton, become John Jones?"

I should like to tell you more about this pleasant summer trip, but must content myself with saying that all the rest of the days at Lake George were golden days, that made their lives brighter and happier, and the very memory of them filled the winter with sunshine.





A SEA-SIDE TURN-OUT.

## TIT FOR TAT.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.



GRASSHOPPER GOGGLEYES, down in the clover,  
Drearly cries: "Well! I've traveled all over,  
High as the clover-tops, down to the ground;  
Rest for my weary legs never I've found.  
Over field and through meadow, up hill and down  
dale,  
There's a fat little foot coming just at my tail,  
And the shrill little voice of that fat little Joe  
Exclaims: 'Jump, Mr. Grasshopper, don't be so  
slow,

Jump high and low!  
Hop, Mr. Grasshopper—get up and go!"



"Would Joe find it pleasant, I'd just like to know,  
If I suddenly stretched, and, beginning to grow,  
Grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger—just so—  
And then, gently extending my little green toe,  
I gayly cried out: 'Come, get up, little Joe?  
Jump, little fat boy, and don't be so slow,  
Jump high and low!  
Hop, little fat boy—get up and go!"



## HOW JOE BENTLY WON A BOUQUET FROM THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.\*

BY H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.



JOE BENTLY lived on a cattle-farm in the interior of one of the New England States. His rough, wild life had developed in him great physical strength and endurance. At sixteen he grew tired of his surroundings, and having heard in the meantime of the naval apprentice system, made up his mind that the deck of a man-of-war would afford much larger scope for his talents and be vastly more congenial to his tastes. Having obtained his father's consent, at the end of the month he was an apprentice on board the "Minnesota," lying in dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

After a year spent in that great vessel, learning the drills and exercises of a man-of-war, he, with about a hundred others, was found qualified for a cruise at sea. Early in March, he was detailed to make a summer cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship, a fine sloop-of-war, sailed late in the same month for Lisbon.

Never did vessel make a finer voyage. In nineteen days, driven by a moderate westerly gale, she brought the heights of Cintra, on the Portuguese coast, in full view. In the sunlight they stood out like a mountain of gold against the sky.

Nearly all the boys had suffered from sea-sickness, and when they saw land once more they felt somewhat as Columbus did when he knelt and kissed the soil of San Salvador. In the course of the day, the ship stood up the Tagus under full canvas. The beautiful banks seemed to them like a panorama of Paradise. This noble river, with its

emerald banks, crowned with ancient windmills, quaint castles, and glittering palaces, has been for centuries the delight of poets and travelers, and after a passage across the stormy Atlantic it falls upon the eye with an indescribable charm.

The moment a man-of-war comes to anchor in a foreign port, all sorts of people throng about her, all clamorous for patronage. There are washerwomen, bumboatmen, theatrical agents, guides, musicians—each setting forth his particular attractions in a very animated manner. Among the people who came on board was a man who especially interested Joe. He brought a flaming advertisement of a bull-fight, which he undertook to explain in broken English. As nearly as Joe could make out, there was to be, during the following Easter week, a great bull-fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses, from the royal stables were to be in the ring, the queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull-fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull-fight.

The bull-fights of Portugal are different from those of Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is dispatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he can not gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

In the general liberty-list of the ship some of the boys were always included, and Joe was rejoiced to find his name among the fortunate number on the day of the fight. Long before the hour, he went ashore and walked impatiently about the city. At last, with several of his comrades, he started for the bull-ring. Thousands, bedecked in gay colors, thronged the great highway. Carriages, bearing the coats of arms of noble families, rolled along, drawn by horses in richly ornamented harness, fol-

\* See "Letter-box."





SPANISH BULL-FIGHTERS.

lowed by postilions in livery of many hues. Had Joe not known that all this display was over a bull-fight, he would have thought that it was coronation day, or that a king was coming from some foreign capital to visit the country, and the people were going forth to welcome him.

At the ring he had to wait long, with a densely packed, impatient crowd, for admission. Finally the doors were thrown open, and there was a grand rush for seats. Joe succeeded in getting one of the best. Whoever knew an American boy abroad who failed in getting a good seat, if left to his own ingenuity and activity?

Joe's position commanded a full view of every part of the pavilion. He thought that all Lisbon must be there, from the barefooted water-carriers to the royal family. All waited in suspense for the queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared, and was greeted by the audience with repeated cries of applause. She waved her handkerchief, there was a grand burst of music, and an officer of the royal household, followed by a troop of riders dressed in brilliant and fantastic costumes, mounted on horses in rich housings, galloped into the ring. After they had gracefully saluted the court and the public, they dashed with a great flourish of lances to their several stations. A large number of *campinos*, or bull-fighters, similarly dressed, but unmounted, followed them into the ring, each bearing a gaudy flag or mantle.

The public imagination was highly wrought up by this display. Joe now saw a man step forward

and quickly pull open a little door. Standing one side, he shook a red flag violently in the aperture, and in an instant a noble bull bounded into the ring. For a moment he stood regarding the vast audience with astonishment and anger. Joe thought he never before had seen so beautiful an animal. He was as lithe and graceful as a deer, and as he pawed the ground and lashed his sides furiously with his tail, Joe's admiration burst into an enthusiastic shout. The bull's *début* had been so handsomely made that the audience cheered him lustily.

Already the *campinos* had begun their feats of agility and daring. The air was aglow with their waving mantles and flags. Not only did they endeavor to exhibit their own bravery, but also to infuriate the bull for the mounted men, who as yet remained inactive. So violently did the bull charge upon them that in a few minutes nearly every one of them had vaulted over the palings. For an instant, the bull was master of the ring.

Joe's excitement increased. Up to the present moment his sympathy was with the bull. He wished that he were astride one of those magnificent horses, or that he was even afoot in the ring; he would show the audience some sport.

Led by the royal officer, the knight-errant of the occasion, each rider had now put spurs to his horse, and they were all executing a series of quick evolutions preparatory to a direct attack upon the bull. Horses and riders were so admirably trained that even the bull looked as if he were charmed by the exhibition. The riders now began severally to confront the bull and provoke his wrath by sharp thrusts of their lances. Thus insulted and wounded, he sprang at his tormentors with such force that they were barely able to evade his stroke by the utmost dexterity and promptness. One fine horse was at length struck with such violence that, in rearing, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground. Both the horse and his rider lay for a moment stunned, when they were assisted from the ring. This being repeated, the queen gave orders for the horsemen to withdraw, as the royal horses were too valuable to be injured in this manner.

The programme with the first bull was nearly completed. The band struck up a lively air, and several men came in to compete in single combats for the honors of the day. One of them, wrapped in a crimson cape, stationed himself in a chair. The bull immediately tossed the chair many feet into the air, the occupant barely saving himself from a mortifying fall. Another man stood on his hands, shaking a bright cloth with his teeth. He recovered his feet within a few inches of the bull as he rushed madly past.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now



attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by any one else—that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over

temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as wild and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could



JOE JOINS THE BULL-FIGHT.

the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the paling. Everybody was astonished at his

grasp the bull's horn, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man, meanwhile, had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the extreme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *campinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling



scene—the brave sailor boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found it more difficult clinging to the bull's slippery horn than to a yard-arm in a tempest; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life-line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed, and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! He feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disappointed anger began to paw the ground. Joe had longed for this advantage, which, strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his foot high in the air with its little cloud of dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierce animal was thrown off his balance, and fell heavily upon his side.

A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then he was rolled and taken triumphantly from the ring. Joe was almost deafened by the applause. He suddenly found himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outbursts of enthusiasm. He was not allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy.

## HOW FAR YET?

BY CELIA THAXTER.

ARE you so doubtful, poor Nanette?  
So many miles to travel yet!  
Your chin within your little hand,  
Far gazing o'er the darkening land,

Where, like a dream, the village shows  
Against the sunset's golden rose;  
And day is done, and night begun—  
Are you so tired, little one?

And grandmother so weary, too?  
Fast comes the dark—what will you do?  
Already creeps the twilight down  
Above the plain so bare and brown.

Though wide the barren loneliness,  
And fear grows more and hope grows less,

And o'er the roofs and towers so far  
Trembles the timid evening star,

The village from the fallen sun  
Is beckoning, now the day is done,  
With many a cheerful twinkling light,  
Bright sparkling through the gloom of night.

And every sparkle calls to you:  
"Cheer up! Press on through dusk and dew!  
Welcome is waiting you, and rest;  
You shall be comforted and blest."

Poor grandmother and poor Nanette!  
To-morrow morn you shall forget,  
'Mid voices kind and faces dear,  
How sad the long way seemed, and drear.



piazza, where they could see the glory of the western sky.

"Is n't it wonderful?" she went on, as they stood looking over the glowing lake. "See, there's a splendid, big purple cloud with a golden edge for you, Uncle, and those two little ones alongside are for Don and me. Oh!" she laughed, clapping her hands, "they're twins, Don, like ourselves; what a nice time they're having together! Now, they are separating—further and further apart—and yours is breaking up too, Uncle. Well, I *do* declare," she added, suddenly turning to look at her companions, "I never saw such a pair of doleful faces in all my life!"

"In *all* your life?" echoed her uncle, trying to laugh carelessly, and wishing to divert her attention from Donald.

"Yes, in all my life—all *our* life I might say—and it is n't such a very short life either. I've learned ever so many things in it, I'd have you know, and not all of them from school-books, by any means."

"Well, what have you learned, my girl?"

"Why, as if I could tell it all in a minute! It would take volumes, as the story-tellers say. I'll tell you *one* thing, though, that I've found out for certain" (dropping a little courtesy): "I've the nicest, sweetest brother ever a girl had, and the best uncle."

With these words, Dorothy, raising herself on tiptoe, smilingly caught her uncle's face with both hands and kissed him.

"Now, Don," she added, "what say you to a race to the front gate before supper? Watch can try, too, and Uncle shall see which — Why, where is Don? When did he run off?"

"I'll find him," said Uncle George, passing her quickly and reaching his study before Dorry had recovered from her surprise. He had seen Donald hasten into the house, unable to restrain the feelings called up by Dorry's allusion to the clouds, and now Mr. Reed, too, felt that he could bear her unsuspecting playfulness no longer.

Dorry stood a few seconds, half puzzled, half amused at their sudden desertion of her, when sounds of approaching wheels caught her attention. Turning, she saw Josie Manning in a new rockaway, driven by Mr. Michael McSwiver, coming toward the house.

"Oh, Dorothy!" Josie called out, before Michael had brought the fine gray steed to a halt; "can you come and take supper with me? I drove over on purpose, and I've some beautiful lichens to show you. Six of us girls went out moss-hunting before the shower. So sorry you were not with us!"

"Oh, I don't think I can," hesitated Dorry. "Donald and I have been away all day. Can't you stay here with us?"

"*Im*-possible," was Josie's emphatic reply. "Mother will wait for me—Oh, what a noble fellow! So this is Watch? Ed Tyler told me about him."

Here Josie, reaching out her arm, leaned forward to pat the shaggy head of a beautiful Newfoundland, that, with his paws on the edge of the rockaway, was trying to express his approbation of Josie as a friend of the family.

"Yes, this is our new dog. Is n't he handsome? Such a swimmer, too! You ought to see him leap into the lake to bring back sticks. Here, Watch!"

But Watch would not leave the visitor. "Good fellow," said Josie, laughingly, still stroking his large, silky head. "I admire your taste. But I must be off. I do wish you'd come with me, Dot. Go and ask your uncle," she coaxed; "Michael will bring you home early."

Here Mr. McSwiver, without turning his face, touched the rim of his hat gravely.

"Well, I'll see," said Dorothy, as she ran into the house.

To her surprise, Mr. Reed gave a ready consent.

"Shall I really go?" she asked, hardly satisfied. "Where is Donald?"

"He is readying himself for supper, I think, Miss," said Kassie, the housemaid, who happened to pass at that moment. "I saw him going into his room."

"But you look tired, Uncle dear. Suppose I don't go this time."

"Tired? not a bit. Never better, Dot. There, get your hat, my girl, and don't keep Josie waiting any longer."

"Well, good-bye, then. Tell Don, please, I've gone to Josie's—Oh, and Josie and I would like to have him come over after tea. He need n't, though, if he feels very tired, for Josie says Michael can bring me home."

"Very well, my dear. If Donald is not there by half-past nine o'clock, do not expect him. Wait, I'll escort you to the carriage."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### UNCLE GEORGE TELLS DONALD.

"COME in here, Don," said Uncle George, after the quiet supper, slowly leading the way to his study; "we can have no better opportunity than this for our talk. But, first tell me—Who was the 'fellow' you mentioned? Where was he? Did Dorry see him?"

Donald, assuring his uncle that Dorry had not recognized the man, told all the particulars of the interview at Vanboga's, and of Jack's timely appearance and Slade's beating.



Disturbed, even angry, as Mr. Reed was at hearing this unwelcome news, he could not resist Donald's persistent, resolute desire that the present hour should be given to the main question concerning Dorry.

Twilight slowly faded, and the room grew darker as they sat there, until at last they scarcely could see each other's faces. Then they moved nearer to the open window, conversing in a low tone, as star after star came softly into view.

Donald's large, wistful eyes sometimes turned to look toward the front gate, through which Dorry had passed, though he gave close attention to every word Mr. Reed uttered.

It was a strange story; but it need not all be repeated here. Suffice it to say, at last Donald learned his uncle's secret, and understood the many unaccountable moods that heretofore had perplexed Dorry and himself.

What wonder that Mr. George had been troubled, and had sometimes shown signs of irritation! For nearly fifteen years he had suffered from peculiar suspense and annoyance, because, while he believed Dorothy to be his own niece, he could not ascertain the fact to his complete satisfaction. To make matters worse, the young girl unconsciously increased his perplexity by sometimes evincing traits which well might be inherited from his brother Wolcott, and oftener in numberless little ways so reminding him of his adopted sister Kate in her early girlhood, that his doubts would gain new power to torment him.

All he had been able to find out definitely was that, in the autumn of 1859, in accordance with his instructions, Mrs. Wolcott Reed, his brother's widow, with her twin babies, a boy and girl of six weeks, and their nurse, had sailed from Europe, in company with Kate and her husband, George Robertson, who had with them their own little daughter Delia, a baby of about the same age as the twins.

When about seven days out, the steamer had been caught in a fog, and, going too near the treacherous coast of Newfoundland, had in the night suddenly encountered a sunken rock. The violence of the shock aroused every one on board. There was a rush for the pumps, but they were of no use—the vessel had already begun to sink. Then followed a terrible scene. Men and women rushed wildly about, vainly calling for those belonging to them. Parents and their children were separated in the darkness—nearly every one, officers and crew alike, too panic-stricken to act in concert. In the distracting terror of the occasion, there was barely time to lower the steamer's boats.

Several of these were dangerously overloaded;

one, indeed, was so crowded that it was swamped instantly. The remaining boats soon were separated, and in the darkness and tumult their crews were able to pick up but a few of the poor creatures who were struggling with the waves.

Two of the three babies, a boy and a girl, had been rescued, as we already know, by the efforts of one of the crew, Sailor Jack, known to his comrades as Jack Burton. He had just succeeded in getting into one of the boats, when he heard through the tumult a wild cry from the deck above him:

"Save these helpless little ones! Look out! I must throw them!"

"Aye, aye! Let 'em come!" shouted Jack in response, and the next moment the babies, looking like little black bundles, flew over the ship's side one after the other, and were safely caught in Jack's dexterous arms. Just in time, too, for the men behind him at once bent to the oars, in the fear that the boat, getting too near the sinking ship, was in danger of being engulfed by it.

Against Jack's protesting shout of "There's another coming!—a woman!" the boat shot away on the crest of a wave.

Hearing a helpless cry, Jack hastily flung off his coat, thrust the babies into the arms of his comrades, shouting out: "Keep them safe for me, Jack Burton! It may be the mother. Wait for me, mates!" and with a leap he plunged into the sea.

Jack made gallant efforts for a time, but returning alone, worn out with his fruitless exertions, he was taken into the boat. If, after that, in the severe cold, he remembered his jacket, it was only to take real comfort in knowing that the "little kids" were wrapped in it safe and sound. In the darkness and confusion he had not been able to see who had thrown the babies to him, but the noble-hearted sailor resolved to be faithful to his trust, and never to lose sight of them until he could leave them safe with some of their own kindred.

All night, in the bitter cold, the boat that carried the two babies had tossed with the waves, the men using their oars as well as they could, working away from the rocks out to the open sea, and hoping that daylight might reveal some passing vessel. All, excepting the babies, suffered keenly; these, wrapped from head to feet in the sailor's jacket, and tucked in between the shivering women, slept soundly, while their preserver, scorning even in his drenched condition to feel the need of his warm garment, did his best at the oars.

With the first streaks of dawn a speck appeared on the horizon that at last proved to be the "Cumberland," a fishing-vessel bound for New York. Everything now depended upon being able



to attract her attention. One of the women, who had on a large white woolen mantle, snatched it off, begging the men to raise it as a signal of distress. As soon as practicable, they hoisted the garment upon an oar, and, heavy and wet though it was, waved it wildly in the air.

"She 's seen us!" cried Sailor Jack at last. "Hooray! She 's headin' straight for us!"

And so she was.

Once safely on board, Sailor Jack had time to reflect on his somewhat novel position—a jolly tar, as he expressed it, with two helpless little kids to take ashore as salvage. That the babies did not now belong to him never entered his mind; they were his twins, to be cared for and to keep, he insisted, till the "Cumberland" should touch shore; and his to keep and care for ever after, unless somebody with a better right and proof positive should meet him in New York and claim them, or else that some of their relatives should be saved in one of the other boats.

So certain was he of his rights, that when the captain's wife, who happened to be on board, offered to care for the little creatures, he, concealing his helplessness, accepted her kindness with a lordly air and as though it were really a favor on his part. "Them twins is Quality," he would say, "and I can't have 'em meddled with till I find the grand folks they belong to. Wash their leetle orphan faces, you may—feed 'em, you may—and keep 'em warm, you may, but their leetle night-gownds and petticoats an' caps has got to stay just as they are, to indentify 'em; and this ere gimcrack on the leetle miss—gold it is, you may well say" (touching the chain on the baby's neck admiringly)—"this ere gimcrack likely 's got a legal consequence to its folks, which I could n't and would n't undertake to state."

Meantime the sailors would stand around, looking reverently at the babies, until the kind-hearted woman, with Jack's gracious permission, would tenderly soothe the little ones to sleep.

Among the survivors of the wreck, none could give much information concerning the babies. Only two were women, and one of these lay ill in a rough bunk through the remainder of the voyage, raving in her fever of the brother who bent anxiously over her. (In her delirium, she imagined that he had been drowned on that terrible night.) Sailor Jack held the twins before her, but she took no notice of them. Her brother knew nothing about them or of any of the passengers. He had been a fireman on the wrecked vessel, and scarcely had been on deck from the hour of starting until the moment of the wreck. The other rescued woman had seen a tall nurse with two very young infants in her lap, and a pale mother dressed in

black standing near them; and she remembered hearing some one say that there was another mother with a baby on board, and that the two mothers were sisters or relatives of some kind, and that the one with twins had recently become a widow. That was all. Beyond vaguely wondering how any one could think of taking such mites of humanity across the ocean, she had given no more thought to them. Of the men, hardly one had even known of the existence of the three wee passengers, the only babies on board, as they had been very seldom taken on deck. The two mothers were made so ill by the voyage that they rarely left their state-rooms. Mr. Robertson, Kate's husband, was known by sight to all as a tall, handsome man, though very restless and anxious-looking; but, being much devoted to his wife and child, he had spoken to very few persons on board the vessel.

Jack never wearied of making inquiries among the survivors, but this was all he could find out. He was shrewd enough, however, to ask them to write their names and addresses for him personally, so that, if the twins' people (as he called them) ever were found, they could in turn communicate with the survivors, as they naturally would want to inquire about "the other baby and its poor father, and the two mothers, one of which was a widow in mournin'—poor soul! and the nurse-girl, all drowned and gone."

Long weeks afterward, one other boat was heard from—the only other one that was ever found. Its freight of human beings, only seven in all, had passed through great privation and danger, but they finally had been taken aboard a steamer going east. The list of persons saved in this boat had been in due time received by Mr. Reed, who, after careful investigation, at last ascertained to a certainty that they all were adults, and that neither Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, nor Wolcott Reed's widow, were of the number. He communicated in person or by letter with all of them excepting one, and that one was a woman, who was described as a tall, dark-complexioned girl, a genteel servant, who had been several times seen, as three of the men declared, pacing up and down the deck of the ill-fated vessel during the early part of its voyage, carrying a "bundled-up" baby in her arms. She had given her name as Ellen Lee, had accepted assistance from the ship's company, and finally she had been traced by Mr. Reed's clerk, Henry Wakeley, to an obscure boarding-house in Liverpool. Going there to see her, Mr. Wakeley had been told that she was "out," and calling there again, late on the same day, he learned that she had paid her bill and "left for good," four hours before.

After that, all efforts to find her, both on the



part of the clerk and of Mr. Reed, had been unavailing; though to this day, as the latter assured Donald, detectives in Liverpool and London had her name and description as belonging to a person "to be found."

"But do they know your address?" asked Donald.

"Oh, yes, I shall be notified at once if any news is heard of her; but after all these years there is hardly a possibility of that. Ellen Lees are plentiful enough. It is not an uncommon name, I find; but that particular Ellen Lee seems to have vanished from the earth."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### DELIA OR DOROTHY?



Donald listened to his uncle by the study-window, on that starlight evening, part of the strange story was familiar to him; many things that he had heard from Sailor Jack rose in his memory and blended with Mr. Reed's words. He needed only a hint of the shipwreck to have the scene vividly before him. He and Dorry had often heard of it and of their first coming to Nestletown. They knew that Uncle George had established his claim to the babies very easily, as these and the one that was lost were the only babies among the passengers, and that he had brought them and Sailor Jack home with him from New York; that Jack had been induced to give up the sea and to remain with Mr. Reed ever since; and that they, the twins, had grown up together the happiest brother and sister in that part of the country, until the long, lank man had come to mar their happiness, and Uncle had been mysteriously bothered, and had seemed sometimes to be almost afraid of Dorry. But now Donald learned of the doubts that from the first had perplexed Mr. Reed; of the repeated efforts that he had made to ascertain which one of the three babies had been lost; how he had been baffled again and again, until at last he had given himself up to a dull hope that the little girl who had become so dear was really his brother's child, and joint heir to his and his brother's estates; and how Eben Slade actually had come to claim her, threatening to blight the poor child with the discovery that she might perhaps be *his* niece, Delia Robertson, and not Dorothy Reed at all.

Poor Donald! Dorry had been so surely his

sister that until now he had taken his joy in her as a matter of course—as a part of his existence, bright, and necessary as light and air, and never questioned. She was Dorry, not Delia—Delia, the poor little cousin who was lost; certainly not. She was Dorry and he was Donald. If she was not Dorry, then who was he? Who was Uncle George? Who were all the persons they knew, and what did everything in life mean?

No, he would not give her up—he could not. Something within him resented the idea, then scouted it, and finally set him up standing before his uncle, so straight, so proud in his bearing, so joyfully scornful of anything that threatened to take his sister away from him, that Mr. George rose also and waited for him to speak, as though Donald's one word must settle the question forever.

"Well, my boy?"

"Uncle, I am absolutely sure of it. Our Dorry is Dorothy Reed—here with us alive and well, and I mean to prove it!"

"God grant it, Donald!"

"Well, Uncle, I must go now to bring my sister home. Of course, I shall not tell her a word of what has passed between us this evening. That scoundrel! to think of his intending to tell her that she was his sister's child! Poor Dot! think of the shock to her. Just suppose he had convinced her, made her think that it was true, that it was her duty to go with him, care for him, and all that—Why, Uncle, with her spirit and high notions of right, even you and I could n't have stopped her; she'd have gone with him, if it killed her!"

"Donald!" exclaimed Mr. Reed, fiercely, "you're talking nonsense!"

"So I am—sheer nonsense! The man has n't an argument in his favor. But, Uncle, there is a great deal yet to be looked up. After Dot has bidden us good-night and is fast asleep, may I not come down here to the study again? Then you can show me the things you were speaking of—the pictures, the letters, the chain, the little clothes, the hair, and everything—especially that list, you know. We'll go carefully over every point. There *must* be proof somewhere."

Donald was so radiant with a glad confidence that for an instant his uncle looked at him as one inspired. Then sober thoughts returned; objections and arguments crowded into Mr. Reed's mind, but he had no opportunity to utter them. Donald clasped his uncle's hand warmly and was off, bounding down the moon-flecked carriage-way, the new dog leaping after him. Both apparently were intent only on enjoying a brisk walk toward the village, and on bringing Dorry home.

Dorry was very tired. Leaning upon Donald's



arm as they walked homeward—for they had declined Mr. McSwiver's services—she had but little to say, and that little was all about the strange adventure at Vanbogen's.

"Who in the world was that man, Don?" and then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Do you know, after I started for home, I really suspected that he was that horrid person—the long, lank one, you know—come back again. I'm glad it was n't; but he may turn up yet, just as he did before. Why does n't he stay with his own people and not wander about like a lunatic? They ought to take care of him, any way. Ugh! I can't bear to think of that dreadful man. It gives me cold shivers!"

"Then why *do* you think of him?" suggested Donald, with forced cheerfulness. "Let us talk of something else."

"Very well. Let's talk—let's talk of—of—oh, Don, I'm so tired and sleepy! Suppose we don't talk at all!"

"All right," he assented. And so in cordial silence they stepped lightly along in the listening night, to the great surprise of Watch, who at first whined and capered by way of starting a conversation, and finally contented himself with exploring every shadowed recess along the moonlit road, running through every opening that offered, waking sleeping dogs in their kennels, and in fact taking upon himself an astonishing amount of business for a new-comer into the neighborhood, who naturally would be excused from assuming entire charge of things.

Mr. Reed met Don and Dorry on the piazza. Greetings and good-nights were soon over; and before long, Dorry, in her sweet, sound sleep, forgot alike the pleasures and adventures of the day.

Meantime, Mr. Reed and Donald were busily engaged in examining old family ambrotypes, papers, and various articles that, carefully hidden in the uncle's secretary, had been saved all these years in the hope that they might furnish a clew to Dorry's parentage, or perhaps prove that she was, as Mr. Reed trusted, the daughter of his brother Wolcott. To Donald each article was full of interest and hopeful possibilities, but his uncle looked at them wearily and sadly, because their very familiarity made them disappointing to him. There were the little caps and baby-garments, yellow, rumpled, and weather-stained, just as they had been taken off and carefully labeled on that day nearly fifteen years ago. (Donald noticed that one parcel of these was marked, "The boy, Donald," and the other simply "The girl.") There were the photographs of the two babies, which had been taken a week after their landing, labeled in the same way—poor, pinched, expres-

sionless-looking little creatures, both of them—for, as Uncle George explained to the slightly crest-fallen Donald, the babies were really ill at first from exposure and unsuitable feeding. Then there were the two tiny papers containing hair, and these also were marked, one, "The boy, Donald," and the other simply "The girl." Donald's had only a few pale brown hairs, short ones, but "the girl's" paper, when opened, disclosed a soft, yellow little curl.

"She had more than you had," remarked Uncle George, as he carefully closed the paper again; "you'll see that, also, by the descriptive list that I wrote at the time. Here it is."

Donald glanced over the paper, as if intending to read it later, and then took up the chain with a square clasp, the same that Uncle George held in his hand when we saw him in the study on the day of the shooting-match. Three delicate strands of gold chain came together at the clasp, which was still closed. It was prettily embossed on its upper surface, while its under side was smooth.

"Was this on Dor—— on *her* neck or on mine, Uncle?" he asked.

"On the little girl's," said Mr. Reed. "In fact, she wore it until she was a year old, and then her dear little throat grew to be so chubby, Lydia fancied that the chain was too tight. The catch of the clasp seemed to have rusted inside, and it would not open. So, rather than break it, we severed the three chains here across the middle. I've since ——"

Donald, who was holding the clasp toward the light, cut short his uncle's remark with the joyful exclamation:

"Why, see here! The under side has letters on it. D. R.—D for Dorothy."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Reed, impatiently, "but D stands for Delia, too."

"But the R," insisted Donald; "D. R., Dorothy Reed—it's plain as day. Oh!" he added quickly, in a changed tone, "that does n't help us, after all; for R would stand for Robertson as well as for Reed. But then, in some way or other such a chain as this ought to help us. It's by no means a common chain. I never saw one like it before."

"Nor I," said Mr. Reed.

By this time, Donald had taken up "the girl's" little garments again. Comparing them with "Donald's" as well as he could, considering his uncle's extreme care that the two sets should not get mixed, he said, with a boy's helplessness in such matters: "They're about alike. I do not see any difference between them, except in length. Hoho! these little flannel sacques are of a different color—mine is blue and hers is pink."

"I know that," his uncle returned, despondingly.



"For a long time I hoped that this difference would lead to some discovery, but nothing came of it. Take care! don't lay it down; give it to me" (holding out his hand for the pink sacque, and very carefully folding it up with "the girl's" things).

"How strange! And you wrote at once, you say, and sent somebody right over to Europe to find out everything?"

"Not only sent my confidential clerk, Henry Wakeley, over at once," replied Mr. Reed, "but, when he returned without being able to give any satisfaction, I went myself. I was over there two months—as long as I could just then be away from my affairs and from you two babies. Lydia was faithfulness itself and needed no oversight, even had a rough bachelor like me been capable of giving it; but I—I felt better to be at home, where I could see how you were getting along. As Liddy and Jack and everybody else always spoke of you as 'the twins,' my hope that you were indeed brother and sister became a sort of habit that often served to beguile me into actual belief."

"Humph! well it might," said Donald, rather indignantly. "Of course we 're brother and sister."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Reed, with pathetic heartiness, "no doubt of it; and yet I would give, I can not say how much, to be—well, absolutely certain."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### DON RESOLVES TO SETTLE MATTERS.



FOR a time, an outsider looking on would have seen no great change at Lakewood, as the Reed homestead was called. There were the same studies, the same sports; the same every-day life with its in-comings, its out-goings, its breakfasts, dinners, and pleasant home-scenes; there were drives, out-door games, and sails and rambles and visits; Uncle George always willing to take part when he could leave his books and papers; and Lydia, busy attending to household matters, often finding time to teach her young lady some of the mysteries of the kitchen.

"It's high time Miss Dorry learned these things, even if she is to be a grand lady, for she'll be the mistress of this house in time; and if anything should happen to me, I don't know where things would go to. Besides, as Mr. G. truly says, every lady should understand housekeeping. So,

Miss Dorry, dear, if you please to do so, we'll bake bread and cake on Saturday, and I'll show you at to-morrow's ironin' how we get Mr. G.'s shirt-bosoms so lovely and smooth; and, if you please, you can iron one for him, all with your own pretty hands, Miss."

As a consequence of such remarks, Mr. G. sometimes found himself eating, with immense relish, cake that had only "just a least little heavy streak in the middle," or wearing linen that, if any one but Dorry had ironed it, would have been cast aside as not fit to put on.

But what matter! Dorry's voice was sweet and merry as ever, her step as light and her heart even more glad; for Uncle was always his dear, good self now, and had no mysterious moods and startling surprises of manner for his little girl. In fact, he was wonderfully relieved by having shared his secret with Donald. The boy's stout-hearted, manly way of seeing the bright side of things and scouting all possible suspicions that Dorry was not Dorry, gave Mr. Reed strength and a peace that he had not known for years. Dorry, prettier, brighter, and sweeter every day, was the delight of the household—her very faults to their partial eyes added to her charm; for, according to Lydia, "they were uncommon innocent and funny, Miss Dorry's ways were." In fact, the young lady, who had a certain willfulness of her own, would have been spoiled to a certainty but for her scorn of affectation, her love of truth, and genuine faithfulness to whatever she believed to be right.

Donald, on his part, was too boyish to be utterly cast down by the secret that stood between him and Dorry; but his mind dwelt upon it despite his efforts to dismiss every useless doubt.

Fortunately, Eben Slade had not again made his appearance in the neighborhood. He had left Vanbogen's immediately after Jack had paid his rough compliments to him, and he had not been seen there since. But, at any moment, he might re-appear at Lakewood and carry out his threat of obtaining an interview with Dorry. This Donald dreaded of all things, and he resolved that it should not come to pass. How to prevent it was the question. He and his uncle agreed that she must be spared not only all knowledge of the secret, but all anxiety or suspicion concerning her history; and they and Jack kept a constant lookout for the disagreeable intruder.

Day by day, when alone, Donald pondered over the case, resolved upon establishing his sister's identity, recalling again and again all that his uncle had told him, and secretly devising plans that grew more and more settled in his mind as time went on. Jack, who had been in Mr. Reed's confidence from the first, was now taken



fully into Donald's. He was proud of the boy's fervor, but had little hope. Fourteen, nearly fifteen, years was a long time, and if Ellen Lee had hidden herself successfully in 1859 and since, why could she not do so still? Donald had his own opinion. Evidently she had some reason for hiding, or fancied she had; but she must be found, and if so, why should not he, Donald Reed, find her? Yes, there was no other way. His mind was made up. Donald was studying logic at the time, and had committed pages of it to memory in the most dutiful manner. To be sure, while these vital plans were forming in his brain, he did not happen to recall any page of the logic that exactly fitted the case, but in some way he flattered himself that he had become rather expert in the art of thinking and of balancing ideas.

"A fellow can't do more than use his wits, after all," he said to himself, "and this getting fitted for college and expecting to go to Columbia College next year, as Uncle says I may, will do well enough *afterward*; but at present we've something else to attend to."

And, to make a long story not too long and tedious, the end of it was that one bright day, months

after that memorable afternoon at Vanbogen's, Donald, after many earnest interviews in the interim, obtained his uncle's unwilling consent that he should sail alone for England in the next steamer.

Poor Dorry—glad if Don was glad, but totally ignorant of his errand—was too amazed at the bare announcement of the voyage to take in the idea at all.

Lydia, horrified, was morally sure that the boy never would come back alive.

Sailor Jack, on his sea-legs in an instant, gave his unqualified approbation of the scheme.

Uncle George, unconvinced but yielding, answered Donald's questions, agreed that Dorry should be told simply that his uncle was sending him on important business, allowed him to make copies of letters, lists, and documents, even trusted some of the long-guarded and precious relics to his keeping; furnished money, and, in fact, helped him all he could; then resolved the boy should not go after all; and finally, holding Dorry's cold hand as they stood a few days later on the crowded city wharf, bade him good-bye and God bless him!

(To be continued.)



OFF FOR EUROPE.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now is the time to put your thermometers in ice-water, my friends. They can not be kept too cool,—for my birds tell me that, in August, the moment an English or American thermometer feels the heat, it straightway lets the fact be known; and the moment the fact *is* known, the weather gets the blame of it.

Now, that 's too bad!

It's surprising how much a willing-minded Jack-in-the-Pulpit may get from his birds. The keen little observers, you see, not knowing any better, peep from vines and tree-tops into people's windows, and in that way really learn a good deal about human nature.

Sometimes I fancy that is what makes them sing so joyfully, for human nature at its best is quite enough to make every bird in creation happy. Don't you say so, my hearers?

#### A LITTLE EXERCISE.

YES, here 's a little exercise for you, my dears, but—your Jack's word for it, in advance—not too severe for even this warm vacation month. All you have to do is to turn the pages of a Webster's or a Worcester's Unabridged, and I 've reliable information that—if you know how—you can do that in such a way as to fan yourselves with the breeze from the leaves while you 're searching for your word.

This exercise comes from the Little School-ma'am's friend, Cornelia Lesser, who sent it to her, and now she, in turn, sends it to your Jack. "It is quite easy and simple, dear Jack," writes the learned little lady, "as it is merely a story in verse containing a number of words that are not now in general use. Please tell your young friends from me that, no matter how queer and foreign the verses may look at first sight, if they will turn to

the dictionary for each of these strange words, as they come to it, and then pencil the definition above the word itself, they will find a complete and quite simple story in the verses when they come to re-read them with the Dictionary meanings substituted for the queer-looking words."

#### A DICKER OF DOWLES.

ONCE a culver roiled a corby,  
Chiding his furacious prowls;  
And the corby from the culver  
Tozed in wrath a dicker of dowles.

"Give me back my dowles, O Corby!  
Tozed from me with cruel force."  
"When you bring a cogue of cullis,  
Fribble Culver, we will scorse!"

Through the dorp beyond the hill-top,  
To appease the knaggy rook,  
Flew the culver; spied some cullis  
Left to cool, and to the cook:

"Let me have a cogue of cullis,  
Daff me not with angry scowls,  
I will take it to the corby  
And get back my dicker of dowles."

"Fetch me first a trug of cobbles,"  
Said the cook; and, undismayed,  
To the collier sped the culver,  
And a trug of cobbles prayed.

"Collier, give a trug of cobbles  
For the cook, who 'll give to me  
Cullis for the edacious corby,  
Then I 'll once more heppen be."

"Fetch me first a knitch of chatwood,  
Culver," said the collier grim.  
Culver sought a frim woodmonger  
And the chatwood begged of him.

"Give to me a knitch of chatwood,  
From the collier that will buy  
For the cook a trug of cobbles,  
Then with cullis I will fly

To the roiled, dicacious corby,  
And he 'll give me back once more  
All my pretty dowles, the dicker  
That he tozed from me before."

"You shall have the knitch of chatwood  
If you 'll through the hortyard pass,  
And this rory croceous pansy  
Give to yonder sonsy lass."

Through the hortyard twired the culver,  
With the rory croceous paunce;  
Hattle, cocket, vafrous, pawky,  
Hoiting, chirring, did advance.

There, beside a muxy dosser,  
With a spaddle in her hand  
Cruddled close the sonsy lassie  
Whin excerpting from her land.

Down he dropped the paunce so rory,  
Digging her with dew-drops sweet;  
Back he flew to the woodmonger,  
Claiming chatwood for the feat.

Next he this, the knitch of chatwood,  
Quickly to the collier took;  
Collier gave the trug of cobbles  
Which won cullis from the cook.

Back, then, with the cogue of cullis—  
Cullis made from fubby fowls—  
Flew the culver, and the corby  
Gave to him his dicker of dowles.

Now for it! Who will be the first to send me word of having successfully read this queer specimen of English verse?



## A YOUNG GARDENER.

HERE is a letter from Lynn S. Abbott, Esq., a young gentleman who evidently is not afraid of work, and has no objection to stating the fact. He wrote it to ST. NICHOLAS when the editors printed some little black pictures and asked for stories about them for the Very Little Folk, and Deacon Green, taking a fancy to the little man, obtained permission to show the letter to us—that is, to you and your Jack.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have chosen the picture of the little gardener as the subject for my story. I know considerable about gardening. My garden was planted to vegetables. I raised cantaloupes, water-melons, sweet potatoes, and pop-corn. I spent many days hoeing and weeding them, and they were hot summer days. I thought of the harvest, when I could have them at my pleasure; though the cantaloupes were a failure, the pop-corn yielded very well. When I came to gather my crops, I saw it paid me well for my trouble, and we have had pop-corn all winter. I would like to take care of flowers also, and see them blossom, and smell their sweet odor. But I had no ground to grow flowers, so I grew only vegetables. Besides, I have had no experience in growing flowers. I wish that every little boy and girl could have a vegetable garden, for it affords so much pleasure. I suppose that every one would like a garden of either kind. And this is my story.

LYNN S. ABBOTT (aged nine).

## A TWO-LEGGED STEED.

AN artist with a lively fancy sends me a picture of his favorite steed, so to speak, and says I may show it to you, my chicks—so here it is.

It strikes me that this mode of riding is no more peculiar or out of the way than bicycling, and certainly the gentleman in the picture seems to be having an easier time of it than some of the boy-

bicyclers who dash past my meadow these hot days. And I'm informed by birds well acquainted with this two-legged steed that he would give a trained bicycler a close contest in the matter of speed. Ostriches, they say, are remarkably fast travelers, for birds that can't fly, and it's a good horse that can overtake one in a fair race.

## THAT "CLOUDY SATURDAY" QUESTION.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., May 28, 1882.

DEAR JACK: In ST. NICHOLAS for May the statement was made by "L. B. G." that "there is only one Saturday in the year when the sun does not shine some part of the day." This is a mistake, for, since that number of ST. NICHOLAS came out, there have been *two* Saturdays when the sun has not shone at all—May 13th and 20th being the days.

ALFRED C. P.

Alfred's answer seems to be complete and satisfactory, and, in your Jack's humble opinion, settles the question concerning the sun's dealings with the Saturdays. There's nothing like *facts* in such matters, I find.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WATERLOO, N. Y., May 8, 1882.

DEAR JACK: I think I have found the correct answer asked by F. in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1878: "When did the ancients leave off and the moderns begin?" I think the "ancients left off" at the fall of Rome, 476 A. D., and the "moderns began" at the close of the Middle Ages, in the fifteenth century. Will you please tell me whether I am right or not?

Yours truly, L. K.

Thank you, my little girl. Jack will show your letter to the other girls and boys, and if you do not hear from them to the contrary right away, you will know that your answer is right.



A TWO-LEGGED STEED.





"NOW, SUSIE, YOU CAN REST WHILE I FINISH IT. I'M GOING TO MAKE IT THE BIGGEST HILL IN THE WORLD."

## LITTLE-FOLK STORIES.

[DEAR LITTLE FOLKS: We think you will like these stories that three kind friends of about eleven years of age have written for you, to explain the pretty black pictures that were printed in ST. NICHOLAS for April, page 497. As some of you may not have that number of ST. NICHOLAS to look at, we give you the same pictures made small. You will see that Mildred and Violet each tell about one picture, but Willie mentions them all.—THE EDITOR.]

### NEDDIE AND LILLIE MELVILLE.

BY MILDRED E. T.

"COME, Neddie," said Lillie, "put down your toy horse that the kind lady gave you, and let us wind this worsted for Mother. You know, ever since Father was lost at sea, she has to knit stockings at night and sell them to buy us bread. Let us wind the worsted so she will not have so much trouble."

So Neddie put down his toy horse, and gladly ran to hold the skein for his sister.

After a while Mrs. Melville came home, but she stopped on the doorstep and stood still—for she thought how a merciful God had blessed



her. She said: "Look in there at the children!" But who was it that she was talking to? Mr. Melville! It was all a mistake about his being drowned, and he had come home to his wife and children.

### HERBIE'S GARDENING.

BY VIOLET.

HERBIE was a little boy seven years old. His real name was Herbert, but they called him Herbie for short. This little Herbie was very fond of flowers, and he loved to watch his sisters, Clara and Bertha, with their plants.

One spring, when they were planting some seeds and raking their beds, and asked him to help them about some of the work, he thought: "Now, I'd like to know why I can't have a garden just as well as the girls;" and he went and asked his mother for a bed,—"'cause, you see," he said, "the girls have 'em, and I'd like to know why I can't."

"You can, my boy, if you will be faithful and attend to your plants, water them, and weed them, even though you want to do something else. Will you?"

"I'll try, Mamma," said Herbie; and his mother knew that his "I'll try" meant that he *would* try.

The next day he was given a little bed and some seeds, and Mamma, Clara, and Bertha showed Herbie how to make his bed, rake it, plant it, and water it. It soon grew to be a pleasant task to Herbie, and he got so he dearly loved to tend his flowers. But when the warm weather came, and school was out, he was very much tempted to go and play with the boys; but Mamma's cheery words of help, and above all his "I'll try," and even the twitter of the birds that seemed to say, "Keep on, keep on," helped him, and he did "keep on."

Every day he would water his plants, and when his garden was in bloom he felt fully repaid for all his care.

There were geraniums, petunias, roses, mignonettes, pansies, and many other lovely and sweet flowers. Those are long, hard names, are n't they? Get some one to say them for you.





Herbie, when he had all his flowers grown, could make beautiful bouquets to put in the parlor or give to his friends, which the other boys could not do; and he considered this, his first attempt at gardening, a great success, and thought he would surely try it again; and Mamma softly whispered:

"I am glad I have a little boy who can say 'I'll try' and *mean* it."

### FANNIE AND JOHNNY.

BY WILLIE D. O.

THESE little children's names are Fannie and Johnny. They are brother and sister, and love each other dearly. Johnny is the youngest of the two, and is always very glad to help Fannie in any way that he can. So in the first picture we see him holding some worsted on his hands for her to wind. They are both very good children, and help their mamma and papa a great deal. If a cup of coffee is wanted, Fannie does not wait to be told to get it, but jumps up and says, "Let me get you some coffee, Mamma." She has a pet kitten, and it never goes hungry, for she is very careful that her pussy shall have all it wants.

Johnny tries to help, too, and sometimes brings things to his papa. In the next picture we see Johnny playing horse with a chair. We see, too, that he has a cannon planted in front of him, and that on his head he has a cap, which looks very much as if he was a captain in the army, but he is rather too young to be that, don't you think so? Now we see Fannie coming home from the store, where she has been on an errand for her mamma, and in her hand she has a bandbox, which, I guess, has a new hat in it. What do we see now? Why! Master Johnny has turned gardener, and is watering the flower-bed. By his side lies his rake, and behind him there are some birds which are trying to see what that little boy is doing. The next time we see Johnny he is painting, and the last time we shall look at our little friend he is making a bridge out of blocks.

Nearly three hundred stories were written and sent in by older brothers and sisters in response to the invitation on page 497 of the April number of this magazine, and ST. NICHOLAS thanks one and all most heartily for the kind attention. Many of the stories are excellent in some respects, but not suited to very little readers; and others, that have the great merit of simplicity, are not quite up to the desired standard. Therefore, we print, just as they were sent, the above three as being the best, considering the required conditions and the ages of the writers. The competition has been so close that it is very difficult to make the selection. Indeed, if space permitted, we would give many others and a long roll of honor, containing the names of those children whose work deserves praise. As it is, we must confine ourselves to three stories, and specially mention only "Alice and Marion," ten and eleven years old, who sent in a little story written in three languages (French, German, and English), and little Oliver E. and Emily M., two eight-year-olds, whose stories are too good to be passed by in silence.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

For the interesting illustrations, in this number, of the interior of the home of Sir Walter Scott, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. George W. Wilson & Co., of Aberdeen, Scotland, who kindly allowed us to copy these pictures from a series of very beautiful photographs of Abbotsford, issued by their house.

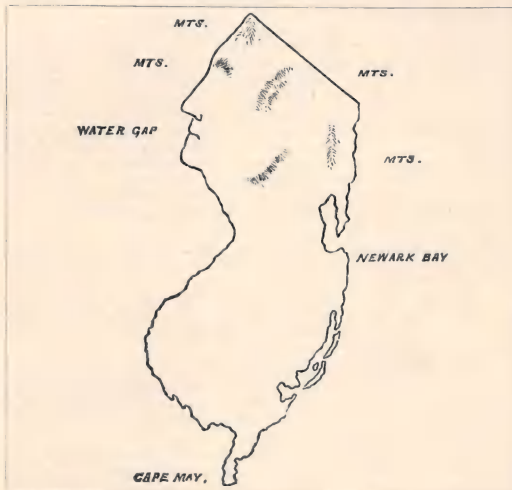
READERS of the exciting story of "How Joe Bently won a Bouquet from the Queen of Portugal" may be interested to know that the narrative is founded on fact. The author's letter concerning it says: "The account is essentially true, and based upon an actual occurrence. A young man belonging to the United States man-of-war Trenton once saved the life of a bull-fighter, in the ring at Lisbon, by throwing the animal in the manner described in this story." Nevertheless, ST. NICHOLAS would caution the average American boy against making a daily practice of similar performances.

DELIA M. L. SHERRILL: You will find an explanation of the "little white things" covering a "large green worm found on the woodbine" in Mrs. Ballard's "Insect Lives," under the title of "A Hundred to One."

READER: The first and second volumes of ST. NICHOLAS are out of print.

ALTA: A competent authority to whom we have referred your question says that the coins mentioned are of no great value, and would not be likely to find a purchaser.

A CORRESPONDENT sent us last month, as a Fourth of July item, this interesting sketch, showing that, by a slight exaggeration of outline, the map of the State of New Jersey may be made to form a respectable portrait of George Washington:



## THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—SEVENTEENTH REPORT.

## AGASSIZ'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Lenox Chapter celebrated the birthday of Professor Agassiz by an excursion and picnic by the side of Stockbridge Bowl. An essay on the life of the great naturalist was read, also a history of the A. A. Many interesting specimens were found, and the pleasure of the day was many times multiplied by the thought that so many of the rest of you were uniting with us in honoring a grand and good man. Doubtless many others observed the day, but we have heard from the following only: Warren, Me., Brooklyn, N. Y. (B), Easton, Pa. (C), Davenport, Iowa, Depere, Wis., Hyde Park, Mass., Philadelphia, Pa. (C), Hoosac, N. Y., Lansing, Mich., Independence, Kan.

Longfellow's poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday is especially appropriate for reading or recitation on the 28th of May.

The highest number on our register is now 3,395, and new Chapters are forming like pop-corn over fresh coals. So much of our space is necessarily devoted to the list of Chapters that we can give only the most concise epitome of the hundreds of interesting reports which have cheered us during the month, many of which richly deserve to appear in full.

Chapter 292 dwells on "a prairie covered with flowers which we are trying to analyze." The London, Eng., Chapter has a new idea. "Once a month we take turns in giving a lecture to our friends. Several ladies and gentlemen attend, and do all they can to help us."

## A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

You will be pleased, I am sure, to hear that we have formed a Chapter of the "Agassiz Association" in Dublin. We meet once a fortnight and are growing rapidly, having nearly thirty members already. We have chosen a bright crimson ribbon for our badge. It is to have shamrock-leaves and the initials A. A. worked on it with silver thread. Great enthusiasm is manifested in collecting specimens.

ELLEN J. WOODWARD, Sec.,

5 Carlton Terrace, Upper Rathmines, Dublin.

[Letters reporting the organization of this Chapter in Dublin, and the London Chapter, reached us by the same mail. Rose and Shamrock are heartily welcome. May we not have a Thistle?]

## WILKESBARRE, PA., CHAPTER 77.

Since our last letter, our Chapter has grown from five to eighteen members, and the meetings are well attended. Our principal study has been conchology. We have studied, too, about minerals, and after we know a little chemistry we are going to learn more. We are pretty familiar with quartz in its crystallized and amorphous forms, and recognize micas and some feldspar. Our collection is all arranged, labeled, and catalogued, and we have duplicate minerals and shells for exchange. A silver medal was awarded by our Chapter to Arthur Hillman, for best solution of ST. NICHOLAS questions for January, 1882, and to Helen Reynolds, for best solution of same for March. We have a balance in the treasury and want to buy a picture of Professor Agassiz. Can you tell us where one can be had, and the price?

HELEN REYNOLDS.

BUFFALO, May 13, 1882.

We now number twenty-two active members, with the names of several more candidates for admission before the committee. Last Friday evening we celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of our Chapter. Just a year ago, four of us, enthusiastic over the plan suggested in the ST. NICHOLAS, met for the first time to try to form a branch of the A. A. in Buffalo. Now, as the result of our efforts, we have a delightful company of interested workers, all alive to the beauties of Nature, and eager to study her wonders. The entire club is busy preparing for an entertainment, the object of which is to buy a microscope. We have \$11.50 in the bank already, but \$50 remains to be gained, as we wish to procure a good instrument.

CORA FREEMAN, Cor. Sec. B. C. A. A.

Linville H. Wardwell, Secretary of Chapter 127, Beverly, Mass., writes that they are raising a large number of butterflies and moths from the larva state, and will take notes upon their transformation. Entomological correspondence desired.

Andrew Allen, of Newburyport, Mass., reports his Chapter so enthusiastic that it required seven meetings in April to satisfy the members. A live alligator is their pride.

Chapter C, Washington, D. C., through its secretary, Emily K. Newcomb, sends a well-written, business-like report. The regulation badge has been adopted.

William Carter, Chapter 123 A, Waterbury, Conn., says: "We have now about one hundred and ten different kinds of minerals on our shelves, and have introduced debates at each meeting."

Harry E. Sawyer, Secretary of Chapter 112 A, South Boston, Mass., says: "We have about one hundred and twenty-five differ-



ent kinds of minerals, thirty shells, etc., thirty kinds of eggs, and a few insects, almost all collected in less than ten months, and we expect to greatly enlarge our collection this spring and summer.

Luther Moffitt's Chapter of nine-year-olds is especially welcome.

Nashua A is among the wise. It has started a library. We hope that many valuable public libraries may be started by the A. A.

Hugh Stone and his sister have found a flying-squirrel's nest. It contained three young squirrels rolled up in a ball of grass. They squeaked just like a new shoe, until their mother sailed down from a tree, took them by the back of the neck, as a cat takes her kittens, and carried them away.

Ashtabula, Ohio, wants to know why striking the ice on a pond will kill fish beneath; whether snails can leave their shells; whether the shells of oysters, etc., grow with the animal, and whether *Agnum vitæ* grows in the United States. They have had four meetings, and every member has been present each time—"so slight hinderances as rain and mud—in some cases two miles of it—making no difference." (The Secretary told me confidentially a little incident, which I will just whisper to you, because it pleased me so much: "I went the other day to one of our neighbors to buy something needed for use. She filled my pail and said: 'I take noting for it. You gif dose children such goot dimes. It ees shust all the goot dimes dey haf in dis cuntry. Dey shust cand wait for Sadurday night.'")

Harrie Hancock asks information about a curious stone of India, which will bend a little, and which, when set on end, "will swing to and fro while the base remains firm."

St. Helena, Cal., is studying mosses. "The most noticeable is a pale sage-green variety, hanging straight down on trees. It is from one to three feet long, and like beautiful lace. I have counted sixteen varieties on one small branch."

A. B. G. has discovered that "every single little branch of a common bur is provided with a hook at the end, and a very strong one. If a hair be stretched between two pins and then hooked with a piece of a bur, the force that must be employed before the tiny thing will break is really surprising."

A. D. Ristun writes: "The other day I tried to determine the rate of vibration of a fly's wing. I imprisoned it in a box, where it buzzed in a lively manner; and I found, on producing the same tone on my violin, that the insect emitted the 'A' below fundamental 'C.' From this I computed that the fly beat its wings two hundred and thirteen times per second."

Boston B, "to a man," "are keeping aquaria and watching mosquito larvæ and dragon-fly larvæ preparing to leave the water; also, tadpoles whose legs are visible beneath the skin." The same chapter has a library and a life-size bust of Professor Agassiz. An excursion was recently made to Cambridge, where Agassiz's museum was visited and thoroughly enjoyed.

Providence, R. I., A, is going to hold field-meetings. "My brother and I," writes the Secretary, "knew Professor Agassiz at Penikese Island."

Willie Sheraton (not quite eleven) speaks from Toronto, Canada, to say that he thinks, "when tadpoles turn into frogs, their tails are tucked up underneath." [Some of our Boston (B) aquaria will solve this problem for us.]

BURLINGTON, KAN., June 6th.

One of our members introduced something quite nice. Each member receives a topic from the President, to which he reads an answer at the following meeting. For the past week curious birds have been seen near our city. They resemble the black-headed gull; measure twenty-four inches from tip to tip of wing; have very small bodies, jet black head and bill, and their wings very much longer than their tail. Can any one tell me what they are?

P. M. FLOYD, Sec.

#### EXCHANGES DESIRED.

Pressed flowers correctly named. Correspondence, West and South.—G. C. Baker, Comstock, N. Y.

Pyrites, fossils, ferns, for gold, silver, or copper ore.—Geo. Rowell, Box 208, St. Clair, Pa.

Fossils, for nests and eggs.—Walter M. Patterson, Chapter G, 1010 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ills.

Other minerals, for sapphire, cairngorm, and butterflies.—E. S. Foster, 18 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

Iron ore, insects, plants.—Geo. C. McKee, State College, Pa.

Copper carbonate, silver, fossils, and insects, all labeled neatly, for labeled minerals and insects.—Fred. M. Pease, Sec. Chapter 276, 114 W. Sixth St., Kansas City, Mo.

Three-ounce specimens from St. Johns River, for others as heavy.—F. C. Sawyer, Beauclerc, Fla.

Manganese ore, for tin or zinc ore.—F. E. Coombs, 634 Q St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Iron ore, for bugs.—J. C. Winne, Sec. Chapter 209, Brownsville, N. Y.

Rare fossils, minerals, and marine specimens, for rare fossils.—H. U. Williams (Chapter B), 163 Delaware St., Buffalo, N. Y. Our Chapter will also offer the following prize: A good specimen of *Euripterus*, seven inches long, for the best *Trilobite* sent within two months after this notice appears.

Iron ore, fossils of Lower Silurian, coal, and pressed flowers.—Fred. Clearwaters, Brazil, Ind.

One variety *Pectea* and several species of *Unio*, and fresh-water snails. Also correspondence on entomology.—John P. Gavit, Sec. Chapter A, 3 Lafayette St., Albany, N. Y.

Eggs, for eggs, and lead ore, for other minerals.—Alvin S. Wheeler, Sec. Chapter 285, Dubuque, Iowa.

Birds' eggs or minerals, for eggs. Write before sending specimens.—Reginald I. Brasher, 107 Sands street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Viola cucullata, for geodes.—Marie Stewart, South Easton, Pa.

Correspondence.—Wm. R. Nichols, Sec. Chapter 288, 10 Hawk street, Albany, N. Y.

Kansas fossils.—P. M. Floyd, Chapter A, Burlington, Kans.

Cecrofia, polyphemus, and promestrea, for other lepidoptera or coleoptera.—C. C. Beale, Sec. Chapter 297, Box 131, Faulkner, Mass.

Petrified wood from California and shells from Sandwich Islands.—Samuel Engs, Newport, R. I.

Petrified moss.—Wm. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Fortification agates.—John J. O'Connell, Fort Stockton, Texas.

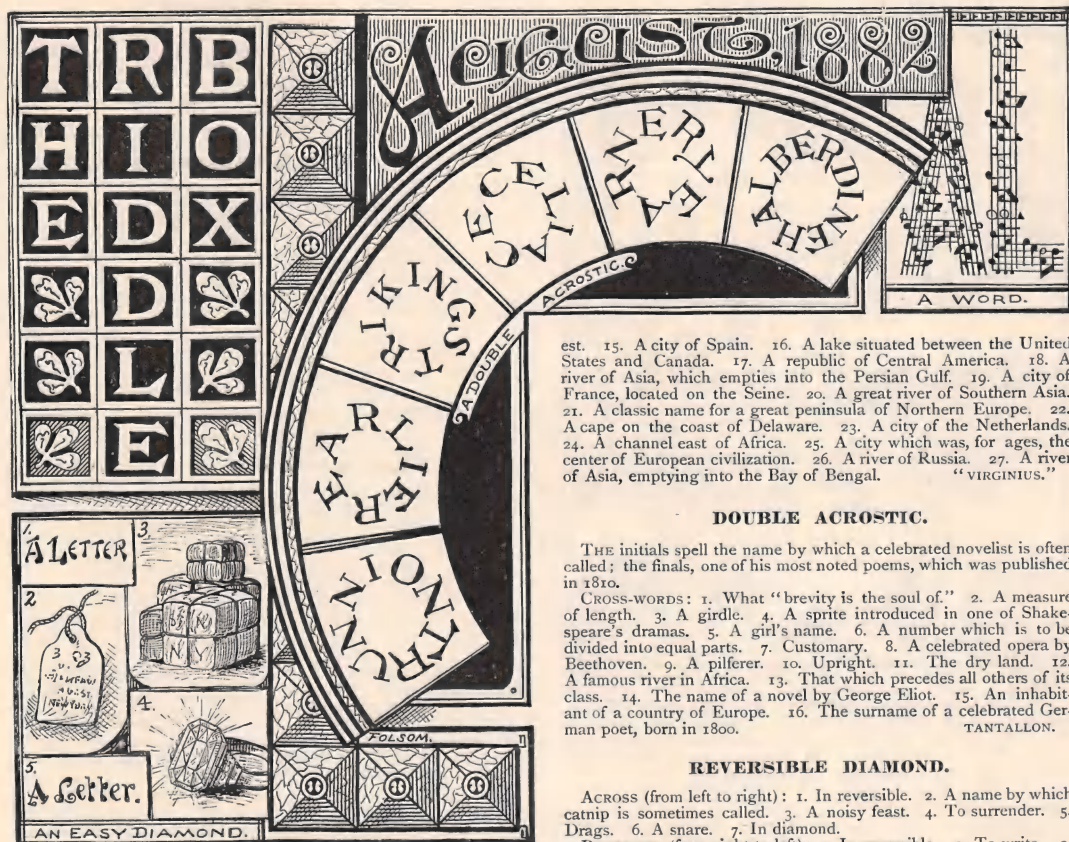
The name of Greenwood Lake, Ky., has been changed, by order of the P. O. D., to Erlanger. Those wishing to exchange with the former "Greenwood Lake" Chapter, for crinoid stones and fossils, please notice.—Lillie M. Bedinger.

Eggs of red-head duck, fish-hawk, willet, and black skimmer, for other rare eggs.—Ch. E. Doe, 28 Wood street, Providence, R. I.

#### LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
250.	Tiffin, O.	.....	Please send it to us.
251.	Saratoga, N. Y. (A)	4.	H. A. Chandler, Box 15.
252.	Nauet, N. Y. (A)	4.	C. D. Wells.
253.	Poynette, Wis. (A)	6.	Harry Russell.
254.	Fulton, N. Y. (A)	7.	H. C. Howe.
255.	Chester, Pa. (A)	5.	Frank R. Gilbert.
256.	Newton Upper Falls, Mass.	6.	Josie M. Hopkins.
257.	Plantville, Conn. (B)	4.	L. Jennie Smith.
258.	Reading, Pa.	11.	W. W. Mills,
			205 South Fifth St.
259.	Dixon, Ill. (A)	7.	Eddie Shepherd.
260.	Mercer, Pa. (A)	4.	Mrs. H. M. Magoffin.
261.	East Boston, Mass.	11.	Edith M. Buffum,
			284 Meridian St.
262.	Denver, Col. (B)	4.	Ernest M. Roberts.
			Address, please?
263.	Gardiner, Me. (A)	14.	A. C. Brown.
264.	Gainesville, Fla. (A)	8.	Paul E. Rollins.
265.	Indianapolis, Ind. (B)	7.	Cornelia McKay, 156 Ash St.
266.	St. Clair, Pa. (A)	10.	Geo. Powell.
267.	Chicago, Ill. (G)	6.	W. M. Patterson,
			1010 Van Buren St.
268.	Thompsonville, Ct. (A)	30.	Alice Briscoe.
269.	Wareham, Mass. (A)	10.	H. M. Humphrey.
270.	Severance, Kan.	7.	Chas. Plank.
271.	Newburyport, Mass. (B)	6.	R. E. Curtis.
272.	Westtown, N. Y. (A)	4.	W. Evans.
273.	Pittsburgh, Pa. (B)	12.	F. K. Gearing,
			20th and Sidney Sts.
274.	Hartford, Ct. (D)	5.	Clive Day, 655 Asylum Av.
275.	Washington, D. C. (E)	12.	Ch. Beardsley, Jr.,
			214 4th, S. E.
276.	Kansas City, Mo. (A)	6.	F. M. Pease, 114 W. 6th.
277.	Altoona, Pa. (A)	6.	Geo. Piper.
278.	E. Pittsburgh, Pa. (C)	4.	J. F. McCune.
			Address, please?
279.	Easton, Pa. (A)	6.	Augustus Tyler,
			1313 Ferry St.
280.	Little Rock, Ark. (A)	4.	Victor C. Lewis.
281.	Webster, Mass.	4.	R. G. Leavitt.
282.	Zellwood, Fla.	7.	Allie D. Williamson.
283.	Greenfield, Mass. (A)	6.	C. H. K. Sanderson.
284.	Swanzy, N. H. (A)	4.	Lucy A. Whitcomb,
			Marlboro Depot.
285.	Dubuque, Iowa (A)	8.	Alvin S. Wheeler.
286.	Stockport, N. Y. (A)	18.	W. J. Fisher.
287.	Ottawa, Ill. (A)	5.	Edgar Eldredge.
288.	Albany, N. Y. (B)	7.	Wm. R. Nichols,
			10 Hawk St.
289.	Cambria Station, Pa.	6.	E. P. Oberholtzer.
290.	Dublin, Ireland (A)	30.	Ellen J. Woodward, 5 Carlton Terrace, Upper Rathmines.
291.	Providence, R. I. (A)	6.	Mattie W. Packard,
			115 Angell St.
292.	Independence, Kan.	18.	Willie H. Plank.
293.	Syracuse, N. Y. (A)	10.	Clara White,
			90 W. Onondaga St.
294.	Garden City, L. I. (A)	4.	Wm. R. Kitchen.
295.	Boonville, N. Y. (A)	6.	Franklin C. Johnson.
296.	San Francisco (D)	8.	Bertha L. Rowell,
			416 Sacramento St.
297.	Malden, Mass. (A)	7.	C. C. Beale,
			Box 131, Faulkner, Mass.





### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

I. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC: Divide each of the six letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. The six words, when rightly placed, will make a double acrostic; the initials will name an agricultural implement, and the finals a word meaning to gather for preservation.

II. AN EASY DIAMOND: From the names of the objects here pictured, form a five-letter diamond.

III. A WORD: What adjective is here represented? G. F.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

EACH of the following lines describes one word; when the six words are rightly selected and placed one below another, in the order here given, they will form a word-square:

- 1 A sultry month of scorching sun;  
2 Of muses nine a "heavenly" one;  
3 Part of a house much used for store;  
4 Our state when griefs are pondered o'er;  
5 A nap from which, refreshed, one rises;  
6 In India, frames for cooling houses. J. P. B.

### A LATIN-GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

*For Older Puzzlers.*

EACH of the following geographical questions may be answered by one word, and the initial letters of these words, placed in the order here given, will spell a Latin phrase used by Suetonius in writing of the Emperor Titus.

- the Emperor Hittite.
1. A group of islands belonging to Portugal. 2. An island in the Mediterranean. 3. A river of South America. 4. A city of the Netherlands. 5. An inland sea in Asiatic Russia. 6. A commercial city of China. 7. A kingdom of Western Europe. 8. A country in the western part of South America. 9. An important manufacturing city of France. 10. The lake in which the Mississippi River rises. 11. The principal city of British India. 12. One of the United States, noted for its silver mines. 13. A country of Eastern Africa. 14. A country of Africa, famous for its historical interest.

est. 15. A city of Spain. 16. A lake situated between the United States and Canada. 17. A republic of Central America. 18. A river of Asia, which empties into the Persian Gulf. 19. A city of France, located on the Seine. 20. A great river of Southern Asia. 21. A classic name for a great peninsula of Northern Europe. 22. A cape on the coast of Delaware. 23. A city of the Netherlands. 24. A channel east of Africa. 25. A city which was, for ages, the center of European civilization. 26. A river of Russia. 27. A river of Asia, emptying into the Bay of Bengal. "VIRGINIUS."

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials spell the name by which a celebrated novelist is often called; the finals, one of his most noted poems, which was published in 1810.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. What "brevity is the soul of." 2. A measure of length. 3. A girdle. 4. A sprite introduced in one of Shakespeare's dramas. 5. A girl's name. 6. A number which is to be divided into equal parts. 7. Customary. 8. A celebrated opera by Beethoven. 9. A pilferer. 10. Upright. 11. The dry land. 12. A famous river in Africa. 13. That which precedes all others of its class. 14. The name of a novel by George Eliot. 15. An inhabitant of a country of Europe. 16. The surname of a celebrated German poet, born in 1800.

TANTALLON.

## REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS (from left to right): 1. In reversible. 2. A name by which catnip is sometimes called. 3. A noisy feast. 4. To surrender. 5. Drags. 6. A snare. 7. In diamond.

REVERSED (from right to left): 1. In reversible. 2. To write. 3. A mechanical power. 4. Reproached. 5. A scriptural word, frequently occurring in the Psalms, supposed to signify silence. 6. A number. 7. In diamond.

HOSMER CLARK.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-seven letters, and am a quotation from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

My 6-10-25-1-11-27 is to mock. My 26-3-14-2-4-13-7 is to issue. My 24-12-15 is to adapt. My 20-18-21-17-23 is to worry. My 19-5-8 is an inhabitant of a country of Northern Europe. My 0-16-22-26 are troublesome rodents.

D. D. T.

**GREEK CROSS.**

A 10x10 grid of dots on a light blue background. The dots are arranged in a pattern that resembles a stylized letter 'A' or a similar geometric shape. The dots are small and dark, and the grid is composed of 10 rows and 10 columns.

- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Obscurity. 2. A mark of respect. 3. A British officer who was hung in 1780 as a spy. 4. Pertaining to an order of Grecian architecture. 5. Upright.
- II. Left-hand Square: 1. To strike. 2. Inferior. 3. Empty.
4. A medicine that gives vigor to the system. 5. Upright.
- III. Central Square: 1. Upright. 2. A boy's name. 3. The joint of the arm. 4. End. 5. A high building.
- IV. Right-hand Square: 1. A high building. 2. The emblem of peace. 3. To extend. 4. Occurrence. 5. Leases.
- V. Lower Square: 1. A high building. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. Formed into a fabric. 4. A Latin epic poem, written by Virgil. 5. Tears asunder.
- "ALCIBIADES,"



## PICTORIAL CHARADE.



THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a charade consisting of five lines, each line of pictures representing a line of the stanza. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The compound word which is the answer to the charade is hinted at in the illustration.

G. F.

## FOUR EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In supposing. 2. A body of water. 3. A fruit. 4. A unit. 5. In chasing. II. 1. A common article. 2. To imitate. 3. A common fruit. 4. A sprite. 5. In foreign. III. 1. In appealing. 2. Encountered. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A measure. 5. In promenading. IV. 1. In abruptly. 2. A marsh. 3. A kind of tea. 4. A jewel. 5. In inclination.

"FRANCIS CO.," AND C. D. H.

## SYNCOPIATION AND TRANSPOSITION.

My whole 's a name for anything—  
A comprehensive word,  
And yet 't is sometimes *definite*,  
Unless I 've greatly erred.

Remove one letter, then transpose,  
And you can spell a wine—  
Perhaps too common on the board  
Where gentlemen may dine.

Subtract another letter now,  
Rightly transpose the rest,  
And you at once will get the clew  
By which some things are guessed.

Remove one more, transpose again,  
And the result, you 'll say,  
Is very useful in New York  
Upon the first of May.

Repeat the process once again,  
And you may now unfold  
A certain little tiresome thing  
E'en in the best household.

Remove its head (would that you might,  
Of every living one!)  
And leave "near to, in, by, on, with,"  
"And now my tale is done."

AUNT SUE.

## SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell a word meaning majestic.

1. Syncopate a garment and leave a humble dwelling. 2. Syncopate a spy and leave an inhabitant of Great Britain. 3. Syncopate humorists and leave a verb. 4. Syncopate was able and leave chilly. 5. Syncopate a kind of pipe and leave a gardening instrument. 6. Syncopate part of a barrel and leave to succor.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE. Roman candle.

Did the first go to bed by the second's light,  
Or shoot off the whole on a gala night?

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Left to right, Pompey; right to left, Taurus. Cross-words: 1. PackeT. 2. COevAl. 3. SaMUel. 4. TuRPIn. 5. SuRREy. 6. ShabbY.

CENTRAL SYNCOPIATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Pocahontas. 1. Co-P-al. 2. Al-O-es. 3. Fa-C-ts. 4. Lo-A-ch. 5. Sc-H-io. 6. Mo-O-re. 7. Ca-N-to. 8. Mi-T-re. 9. Co-A-st. 10. Ca-S-ts.

CROSS PUZZLE. 1 to 2, keel; 5 to 2, reel; 3 to 2, pool; 4 to 2, evil. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Excalibur.

PI. Events are only winged shuttles which fly from one side of the loom of life to the other, bearing the many colored threads out of which the fabric of our character is made.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Calhoun; finals, Webster. Cross-words: 1. CaW. 2. ArchiVe. 3. LimB. 4. HarasS. 5. Oce-loT. 6. UtilizE. 7. NavigatoR.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—Ecclesiastes, xii, 12.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. A few easels (few (w)easels).

ANAGRAMS. 1. Home, Sweet Home, by John Howard Payne. 2. The Star Spangled Banner, by Francis Scott Key. 3. Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe. 4. The Old Oaken Bucket, by Samuel Woodworth. 5. Woodman, Spare that Tree, by George P. Morris.—CHARADE. Manage.

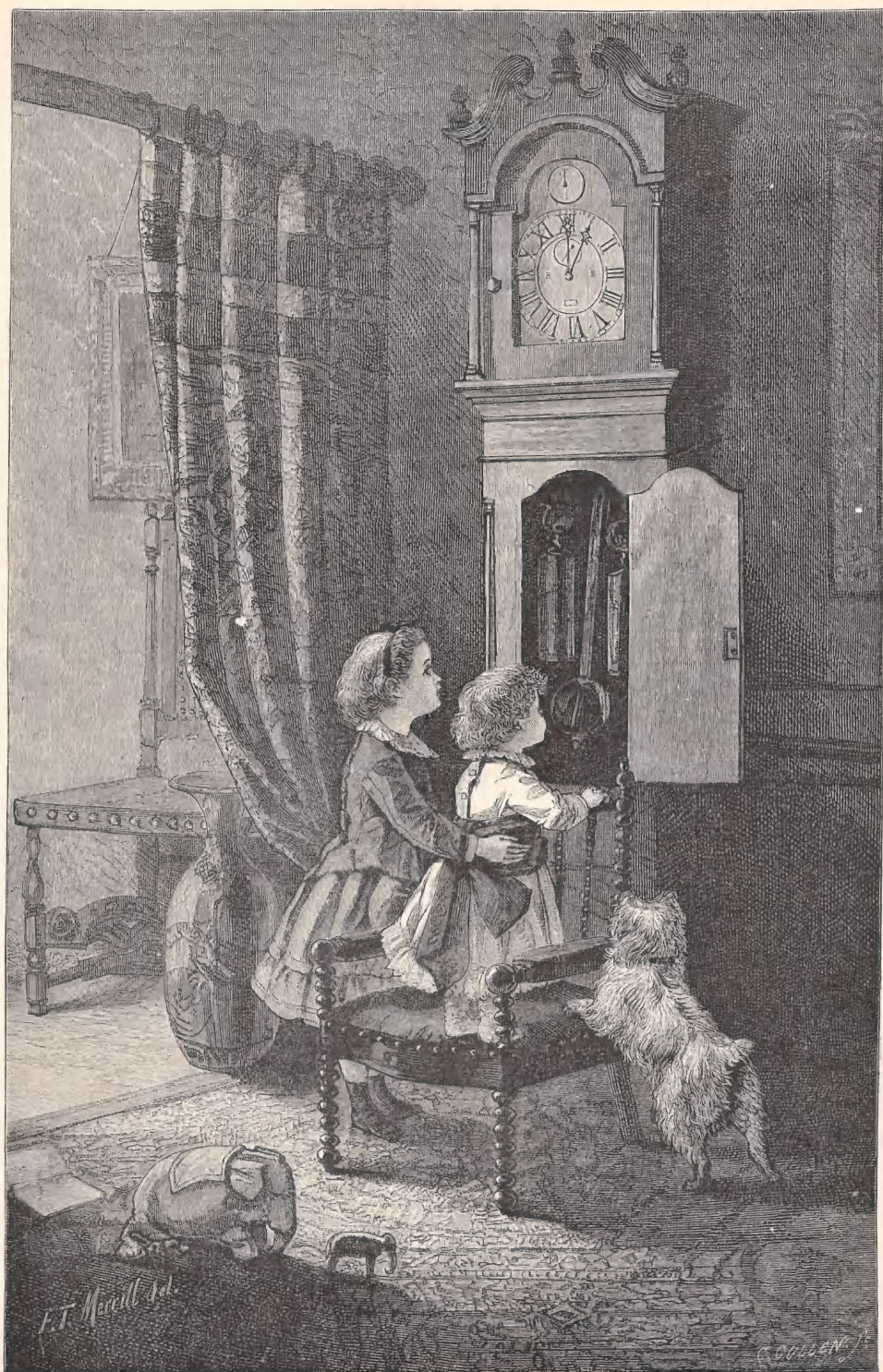
NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July.

OCTAGON. ACROSS: 1. Pan. 2. Cares. 3. Parcels. 4. Arcadia. 5. Needing. 6. Slink. 7. Sag.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Marna and Bae and Helen E. Mahan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Paul, Frank, and John, 1—Arthur A. Moon, 2—Helen M. Dunning, 3—"A Solver," 6—Daisy, 2—A. Hawthorne, 2—Annetta W. Peck, 1—Lightner Witmer, 5—Charlie Wright, 3—B. H., 1—Natie P. Cutler, 1—G. C. Southard, 1—May Fuller, 1—Lannie Daniels, 3—Julia P. Ballard, 11—Maidie R. Lang, 2—F. Pearl Holden, 1—E. A. W. and J. C. N., 1—Willie Witherle, 2—Sara M. and Edith Gallaudet, 7—Bessie Ammerman, 2—S. R. T., 11—Omer T. Trash, 1—B. F. E., 3—Edward Dana Sabine, 3—"Wilmington," 6—Aggie Rhodes, 8—Frankie Crawford, 7—Thomas H. Miller, 3—Alice S. Rhoads, 9—Frank Benedict, 1—Charlie S., 2—Emeline Tanagerich and Clara Small, 7—F. Edith Case, 7—Daisy F. and Ethel B. Barry, 7—Eva M. Headley, 1—Anna K. Thompson, 2—Frederica and Andrew Davis, 11—"Leather Stocking," 1—Etta U. Taylor, 3—Willie H. Bawden, 5—"Voule," 5—"Alciabiades," 11—George Leonard, Jr., 1—Harvey F. Phipard, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—E. L. Jones, 2—C. O. B., 3—Leslie Douglass, 8—Asenath B. Hosmer, 1—Ruth and Samuel Camp, 5—A. M. and M. W., 8—Ethel M. Eager, 7—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 6—Maud T. Badlam, 2—Mabel Thompson, 5—Polywog and Tadpole, 5—Anna Buell Ely, 1—A. F. and B. L., 7—Pau Z., 10—Ralph and Josephine, 10—Annie, Mabel, and Florence Knight, 10—Bessie P. McCollin, 10—Virginia M. Giffin, 1—May Beadle, 7—Mary Burnam, 6—Charles P. Shoemaker, 2—No Name, 7—Minnie B. Murray, 11—Grace P. Ford, 1—Howard Smith, 1—Violette, 1—James R. Moore, 3—"The Houghton Family," 11—Jim Hutchinson, 8—From Canada, 5—Lottie Foggan, 4—Mollie Weiss, 4—Anna Clarke, 3—Anna R. Warner, 8—Vin and Alex, 9—May, Bess, and Verna, 8—Rory O'More, 6—"Joe B.," 5—Florence G. Lane, 4—Winnie, 2—Clara, Luzia, and Elsie, 9—S. W. McCleary, 2—Wiley P. Boddie, 1—Mamie Baker, 1—"Professor and Co.," 10—D. S. Crosby and H. W. Chandler, Jr., 11—James Herbert Jordan, 2—Alice Maude Kyte, 9—Florence E. Provost, 5—Paul England and Co., 2—A. P. Redington, 3—Nellie Caldwell, 7—J. S. Tennant, 11—Fred. Thwaites, 11—Eliza L. McCook, 7—Maud and Sadie, 3—Georgia Harlan, 5—Charles H. Parmly, 7—Kate Flemming, 5—Nathalie and Mary, 8—Sadie L. Rhodes, 3—Mother and I, 4—Ruhtra and Oeht, 5—Daisy Vail, 5—Allen H. C., 8—Anne Lovitt, 9—W. Manchester, 11—Clara and her Aunt, 10—Clara J. Child, 11—M. S. G., 6—Wilde, 2—Madge Tolderlund, 8—Sallie Viles, 11—Three Robins, 7—Lyde McKinney, 5—Sid and I, 8—Geo. J. Fiske, 7—Appleton H., 10—Edith McKeever and Amy Elliott, 10—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—Harry Johnston, 7. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.





"WHAT MAKES IT GO?"



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE DOLL THAT COULD N'T SPELL HER NAME.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

TOM was really at the bottom of it. It very often turned out that Tom *was* at the bottom of things.

In the Belknap household, when the pot of jam tumbled off the top shelf of the pantry, when the cream was all drunk up, when the Sevres china cups were broken, they never suggested that it was the cat; they merely groaned, "Tom!"

Sometimes there was mischief done for which Tom was not accountable, but, being proven guilty of so much, of course he was blamed for all.

Bess had Tom for a brother. She had no sister and no other brother, so, of course, she had to make the best of Tom. And sometimes he was really quite nice; he had once taken her out into the park, and let her fly his kite—a beauty, with Japanese pictures all over it, and yards and yards of tail; once in a while he would draw her on his sled—though I am sorry to say he generally did n't want to be bothered with girls; and now and then, though not often, he had more caramels than he wanted.

He put on as many airs with Bess as if he were the Great Mogul, and, if he had been, Bess could not have had greater faith in him, or obeyed him more implicitly. When you are a boy thirteen years old and study Latin, it is easy to be the Great Mogul to a little body not quite eight, who is only a girl, any way, never went to school in her life, and can't go out when it rains, because she is delicate.

Bess was sure that a boy who studied Latin and could ride on a bicycle, as Tom could, must know

everything. So when Tom told her that, if her doll was going to give a kettledrum, she (the doll) ought to write the invitations herself, she did not think of questioning it. She could n't quite see how it was to be done, but it must be the proper way, if Tom said so.

"It's the fashion now for ladies to write their own invitations," said Tom. "Have n't you noticed that Mamma writes all her cards? Never has them engraved, as she used to. It would n't be at all stylish, or even proper, for your doll to have a kettledrum, unless she wrote the invitations herself."

"But Lady Marion can't write," said Bess, mournfully. "I was going to ask Mamma to write them."

"Oh, you have only to put the pen in her hand, and guide it slowly, and she will write them well enough. I will tell you what to have her write. And she must draw a kettle at the top of the sheet and a drum at the bottom, like those that Miss Percy sent to Mamma, you know."

"It would be beautiful, Tom, but Lady Marion never could do it in the world!" said Bess.

"Oh, pooh! I'll show you just how, and you can help her. It will be just the same as if she did it all herself. There! that is the way to draw a kettle, and that's a drum," and Tom drew, with just a few strokes of his pencil, a kettle that was just like a kettle, and a drum that you would have known anywhere, while Bess looked on in breathless admiration, and thought Tom was almost a magician.



"And this is what you're to write—to make the doll write, I mean." And he repeated a formula several times, until Bess had learned it by heart.

"Oh, Tom, it will be perfectly splendid! How good you are to me!" said Bess, gratefully. "You shall have my new Roman sash for a tail to your kite!"

"Mamma would n't like that, and she would be sure to find it out; but I'll tell you how you can pay me: you can lend me your two dollars and fifteen cents. I am awfully short, and I must have a new base-ball bat."

Bess's face fell at this suggestion. She had been hoarding that two dollars and fifteen cents for a long time, to buy Lady Marion a new traveling trunk, her old one being very shabby, and having no bonnet-box in it, so that her bonnets got frightfully jammed whenever she went on a journey; and Nurse advised her never to lend money to Tom, because his pay-day was so long in coming; and when he got to owing too much he often went into bankruptcy, and paid but very little on a dollar.

But when one has been very kind, and shows you how to get up beautiful invitations, it is not at all easy to refuse to lend him your money. And, besides, if Bess should refuse, Tom would be very likely to tear up the beautiful kettle and drum that he had drawn, and, without a pattern to copy, Lady Marion could never draw them.

So Bess produced her purse, and poured its contents into Tom's hand.

"I'll be sure to pay you, Bess, the very first money I get," said Tom, as he always said.

"I hope you will, Tom," said Bess, with a sigh, "because Lady Marion is suffering for a new trunk. She'll have to stay at home from Saratoga if she does n't get it."

"Oh, you'll get the money long before summer. And, I say, Bess, I shall expect you to save me some of the goodies from that kettledrum—though I don't suppose you can save much, girls are such greedy things!"

"I will, Tom," said Bess, earnestly. "I will save lots of meringues and caramels, because those are what you like. And I'm very much obliged to you."

"Well, you ought to be! I don't know how you'd get along without me." And Tom went off, singing, at the top of his voice, about the "ruler of the queen's navee."

Left alone, Bess went to work diligently. Lady Marion's kettledrum was to come off next week; it was high time that the invitations were out.

Lady Marion had been invited out a great deal, but she had never yet given a party. She was well fitted to be a leader of fashion, but hitherto

her mamma's health had prevented her from assuming that position. Nature had been very bountiful to her, giving her cheeks just the color of strawberry ice-cream, eyes like blueberries, and truly hair the color of molasses candy that has been worked a long, long time. She was born in Paris, and had that distinguished air which is to be found only in dolls who have that advantage. She had, it is true, been out for a good many seasons, and looked rather older than several of her doll associates; her cheeks had lost the faintest tinge of their strawberry ice-cream bloom, and her beautiful hair had been so tortured by the fashionable style of hair-dressing—bangs and crimps and frizzes and Montagues and water-waves and puffs—that it had grown very thin in front, and she was compelled to wear either a Saratoga wave or a Marguerite front to cover it. The Saratoga wave was not a perfect match for her hair, so she wore that only by gas-light. She had also been in delicate health, the result of an accident which strewed the nursery floor with saw-dust, and made poor Bess fear that her beloved Lady Marion would be an invalid for life. The accident happened at the time when Tom had decided to be a surgeon, and had bought three new knives and a lancet to practice with, and the dreadful cut in Lady Marion's side looked, Bess thought, very much as if it had been done with a knife.

Tom, however, affirmed that it was caused by late hours and too much gayety, and Bess did not take Lady Marion to a party again for more than two months. The accident destroyed her beautiful plumpness, but Mamma thought that slenderness added to her distinguished appearance, so Bess was comforted. This kettledrum was intended to celebrate Lady Marion's return to society, and Bess was anxious that it should be a very elegant affair. It was to be held in the drawing-room, and Bess had permission to order just what she liked for refreshments. There was to be more than tea and cake at that kettledrum.

And the invitations must be in the very latest style. Bess felt as if she could not be grateful enough to Tom for telling her just what was the latest style.

She aroused Lady Marion from her afternoon nap and forced a pen into her unwilling fingers—being such a fashionable doll Lady Marion had neither time nor taste for literary pursuits, and I doubt whether she had ever so much as tried to write her name before. But at last the pen was coaxed to stay between her thumb and forefinger, and Bess guided her hand. After much patient effort and many failures, a tolerably legible one was written, and Bess thought it was a great success for a doll's first effort, although the kettle and



drum were not by any means perfect like Tom's, and, indeed, she felt obliged to write their names under them, lest they should not be understood.



"BESS GUIDED HER HAND."

They did not all look quite so well as the first. After one has written twenty-five or thirty invitations, one's hand grows tired, and one is apt to get a little careless; but, on the whole, Bess thought they did Lady Marion great credit. Not one was sent that had a blot on it, and Bess was satisfied that the spelling was all quite correct. Before six o'clock they were all written and sent, and Bess had a great weight off her mind. But she was very tired, and Lady Marion was so exhausted that she did n't feel equal to having her hair dressed, and was not at home to visitors.

Before she slept, however, Bess made out a list of the refreshments she wanted for the kettledrum, and she gave especial orders that there should be plenty of meringues and caramels, that Tom need not come short—he was so fond of them, and he would make such unpleasant remarks about the girls if they were all eaten.

And having settled all this, Bess felt that there was nothing more to do but to wait for that slow coach of a Tuesday to come around; party days always are such slow coaches, while the day on which you are to have the dentist pull your tooth comes like the chain-lightning express! There was nothing more that she could do, but there was one little thing that did n't quite suit her: she wanted to invite the nice little girl who lived around the corner of Pine street, and when she had asked leave, Mamma had said:

"Oh, hush, dear! No, no! you must n't ask her. You must n't speak of her! Papa would be very angry!"

Bess thought that was very strange. She was a very nice little girl. Bess had made her acquaintance in the park; they had rolled hoops together, and exchanged a great many confidences. Bess had told her about her parrot that could say "Mary had a little lamb," and about the funny little mice that Tom had tamed, and described

Lady Marion's new dresses that Aunt Kate had sent her from Paris; and the strange little girl told her that her name was Amy Belknap,—Belknap, just like Bess's name, which Bess thought was very strange,—and that she had three brand-new kittens, as soft and furry as balls of down, with noses and toes just like pink satin, with dear little peaked tails, and the most fascinating manners imaginable; and she had invited Bess to come and see them. But her mamma would not let her go, and told that if she ever talked to the little girl again her papa would be angry. And Mamma looked very sad about it; there were tears in her eyes. It was all very strange. Bess did not know what to think about it, but Papa was very stern when he was angry, so she did not say anything more about Amy, although she met her two or three times at parties. But she did so want to have Lady Marion invite her doll to the kettledrum that she could not help asking; but it was of no use, and Mamma said "Hush! hush!" as if it were something frightful that she had proposed. And last night she had heard Nurse talking with Norah, the parlor maid, when they thought she was asleep, and Nurse had said that Amy Belknap's father was Papa's own brother, but they had quarreled years before about a will, and were so angry still that they would not speak to each other. And Amy's mother was Mamma's cousin, and had been brought up with her, so that they were just like sisters, and Mamma felt very unhappy about the quarrel.

It did not seem possible to Bess that her papa would quarrel, when he always told Tom and her that it was so wicked, and when he got down on his knees and said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," just as if he meant it!

Just what a will was, Bess did not know, but she had a vague idea that it had something to do with money. Surely her father would not quarrel about money! She had heard him say that it was very wrong to think too much of it.

There must be a mistake somewhere, Bess thought, and she wished very much that it might be set right, so that Amy and she might be friends.

Tuesday came at last, and long before four o'clock Bess and Lady Marion had their toilets completed, and were perched up on the window-seat to watch for the coming of their guests. It was not very dignified, certainly—Mamma never did so when she expected guests; but then Lady Marion was of a nervous temperament, and could not bear to sit still.

Lady Marion had on a lovely "tea-gown" of Japanese foulard over blue satin, trimmed with



beautiful lace, and carried a new Japanese fan, with pearl sticks and lace, and her hair was arranged in a new style that was extremely becoming.

The refreshments and flowers had all come: there was nothing wanting to make the kettle-drum a complete success—nothing but the guests. Strangely enough, they did not appear! Four o'clock came, and half-past four, and not one of the dolls that Lady Marion had invited came, but all the time a stream of carriages had been going around the corner of Pine street, and stopping at

and some locks of golden hair. And Amy declared that she never would have another doll that looked in the least like Flora; it would break her heart. But she had another doll, who, strange as it may seem to you when I tell you how she looked, was very popular in society. She was a colored doll, and her name was Mary Ann. A very black doll indeed she was, with the kinkiest wool that ever was seen, eyes that would roll up so that you could see only the whites, and very big, red lips, that were always smiling and showing her white teeth. She looked so jolly that



"SHE RAN OUT, NOT WAITING FOR HAT OR CLOAK."

Amy Belknap's door; and Bess could see gayly dressed little girls tripping up the steps, every one with her doll in her arms!

Had Amy Belknap sent out invitations for this afternoon, and did all the girls prefer to go to her party? It was very strange. And a doll's party, too, apparently! Amy's best doll, Flora McFlimsey, had been left carelessly on the mantel-piece when a very hot fire was burning in the grate, and there was nothing left of her when Amy found her but a pool of wax, a pair of lovely blue glass eyes,

it made one laugh just to see her. She could turn her head from side to side and give you a friendly little nod, and if you pulled a string she could walk and dance. It was not a dance suited to polite society that she danced—it was a real negro break-down; indeed, I do not think that Nature had intended Mary Ann for polite society, but for all that she was very popular in it. No doll's party was thought to be complete without her, and her mamma paid as much attention to her toilet as to the lamented Flora McFlimsey's. Was Mary Ann



having a party this afternoon? A suspicion darted into Bess's mind. The names were a good deal alike—Marion and Mary Ann. Could they have made a mistake?

She rushed up to the nursery, and found one of the invitations which had been discarded by reason of many blots. It seemed to her that the *o* was plain enough, but, oh, dear! Mamma had told her once that Marion was spelled with an *i* and not with a *y*.

"It was Lady Marion's fault! If I had been writing by myself I should have thought. It does look like Mary Ann, and Amy's Mary Ann had so many parties, and goes so much, they thought it must be her kettledrum, and they have all gone there!"

Bess wrung her hands, and hid her face on Lady Marion's sympathizing bosom. Only for one moment; in that moment she decided that she could not bear it. She rushed to the table, in a little ante-room, where the refreshments were spread, and taking up her over-skirt, apron fashion, she filled it full of goodies, tossing them all in helter-skelter, never minding that the candied fruit was sticky and the grapes juicy. Then she seized Lady Marion upside down, actually with her head downward and her feet sticking up in the air, so that she was in imminent danger of apoplexy—not to mention her feelings, which were terribly wounded by such an indignity—and ran out of the street door, not waiting for hat or cloak!

Mamma was away, and would not be home until night, but if Nurse saw her she probably would not allow her to go, so she closed the door very softly behind her. In her eagerness she quite forgot that there was a mysterious reason why she should not go to Amy Belknap's house; she only realized that Lady Marion's kettledrum had gone astray, and she was fully determined not to lose it entirely.

The servant who opened the door had been surprised at the appearance of so many little girls and dolls, when none had been invited, but she was still more surprised when she opened the door to a little girl without hat or cloak, with her over-skirt full of bon-bons, and her doll's legs waving wildly in the air!

Amy had thought it a surprise party, and there had been no explanations until Bess and Lady Marion appeared. The girls were all very much surprised at the mistake, and said they did not understand why "Lady" was prefixed to Mary Ann's name, and some of them thought they ought to go at once to Lady Marion's house, since the invitations had really come from her; but Bess was quite willing to stay where she was, and Lady Marion made no objection.

The only difference was that there were two hostesses instead of one, Lady Marion and Mary Ann being seated side by side in state. Lady Marion was very elegant and polite, and was greatly admired; and as for Mary Ann, she fairly outdid herself, setting everybody into roars of laughter with her dancing; and the refreshments were not so *very* much mixed up.

Bess and Lady Marion staid after the others were gone. Bess wanted to see the kittens and the other pretty things that Amy promised to show her; and, besides, she had begun to realize by this time that she had done wrong in coming, and she did n't want to go home and tell how naughty she had been.

If it were wrong merely to mention Amy's name, how dreadfully wrong it must be to have run away, without asking leave of anybody, and stay so long in Amy's house! She must be as bad as Tom was when he got acquainted with the circus clown, and went home with him and staid all night. Tom was kept shut up in his room all day, on bread and water, and Papa said he would "rather have no boy at all than a boy he could n't trust." Would he wish that he had no girl at all? That was a dreadful thought.

But why should n't she visit Amy, who was the very nicest little girl she knew, and never got cross and said she would n't play if you did n't do just as she wanted to, as some of the girls did?

Bess turned it over and over in her small mind, and decided that it was very unjust. But she was very tired, and while she was puzzling over it her thoughts got queerly mixed up, and, before she knew what she was going to do, she had "taken the boat for Noddle's Island." They were sitting on the warm, fluffy rug, before the fire, in the nursery. Amy's nurse had given them some bread and milk, and then she had hinted, very strongly, that it was growing late, and Bess had better go home.

Bess did n't choose to pay any attention to the hints. She dreaded going home, and it was very pleasant where she was. They had the three kittens, who were twice as furry, frolicsome, and fascinating as Amy had said; a toy mouse, with a spring that, when wound up, would make him run and spring so like a "truly" mouse that it made one's blood run cold, and nearly drove the kittens frantic; a music-box that played the loveliest tunes, and a Jack-in-the-box that fired off a tiny pistol when he popped out; all these delightful things they had on the hearth-rug, besides Lady Marion and Mary Ann, who were a little neglected, I am afraid, but so tired and sleepy that they did n't mind.

After such an exciting day as Bess had spent, one can't keep awake long, even when there is so



much fun to be had, especially when it is past one's bed-time.

Nothing but politeness had kept Amy's eyes

They had discovered her absence two or three hours before, and had been seeking her far and near, in the keenest anxiety and distress. They



"LADY MARION AND MARY ANN SEATED SIDE BY SIDE IN STATE."

open so long, and when she saw that Bess was asleep she gave a great sigh of relief, and she, too, got into Noddle's boat. The three kittens, finding it very tame to play with a mouse that would n't go for the want of winding up, curled up together in a little furry, purring heap, and went fast asleep, and the Jack-in-the-box, losing all hope of getting another chance to pop out, did the same. Lady Marion had long ago been lulled to sleep by the soft strains of the music-box, and, last of all, Mary Ann, who ached in every joint from so much dancing, and whose eyes were strained and smarting from continual rolling up, but who never left the post of duty while there was anybody to be entertained, stretched herself comfortably out on the soft rug and, like the others, forgot her weariness in slumber.

The nurse stole out to have a chat with a crony. Amy's mother was out, and there was no one to notice that it was very quiet in the nursery, or think that it was time for the strange little girl to go home. But in the strange little girl's own house they were thinking that it was time for her to *come* home!

had visited every house where they thought she would be at all likely to go; they had given notice of her loss at several police stations, and secured the aid of two or three police officers in the search. Last of all, having heard that Amy Belknap had had a party that afternoon, they came there: Papa and Mamma almost beside themselves; Nurse never ceasing to weep and wring her hands; Tom outwardly stolid, and with his hands in his pockets, but inwardly wishing heartily that he had been a great deal better to Bess, and resolving that, if they ever found her, he would pay her that two dollars and fifteen cents right away.

"I am sure she is n't here," said Bess's mamma, as they rang the door-bell. "Bess never does what she knows I would not wish her to."

But when the door was opened the servant said she thought she was up in the nursery. And upstairs rushed Bess's father and mother immediately, scarcely remembering whose house they were in, but thinking only of their lost little girl who might be found.

It happened that they opened one door into the nursery just as Amy's papa opened another. And



when Bess opened her eyes, almost smothered with her mother's hugs and kisses, there stood her papa and Amy's papa, looking at each other, as Tom, afterward, rather disrespectfully remarked, "just as his big Newfoundland Rover and Bobby Sparks's big Cæsar looked at each other, when they had n't made up their minds whether to fight each other, or go together and lick Dick Jefferd's wicked Nero!"

Bess discovered that she was not going to be scolded, but was the heroine of the hour; even Tom, who hated "making a fuss," was actually crying and kissing her; and Bess began to feel very important and thought she might set things to rights. She tugged at her father's coat-tails to gain his entire attention.

"Papa," she began, "don't you know 'Birds in their little nests agree,' and 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite'? I'll get Nurse to say them to you, if you don't. It is n't right for you to quarrel just because you're big! And he's your brother, too—just like Tom and me. And he's Amy's father, and Amy's my pertikler friend. You kiss him, now, and say you're sorry, and—and I'll buy you something nice!"

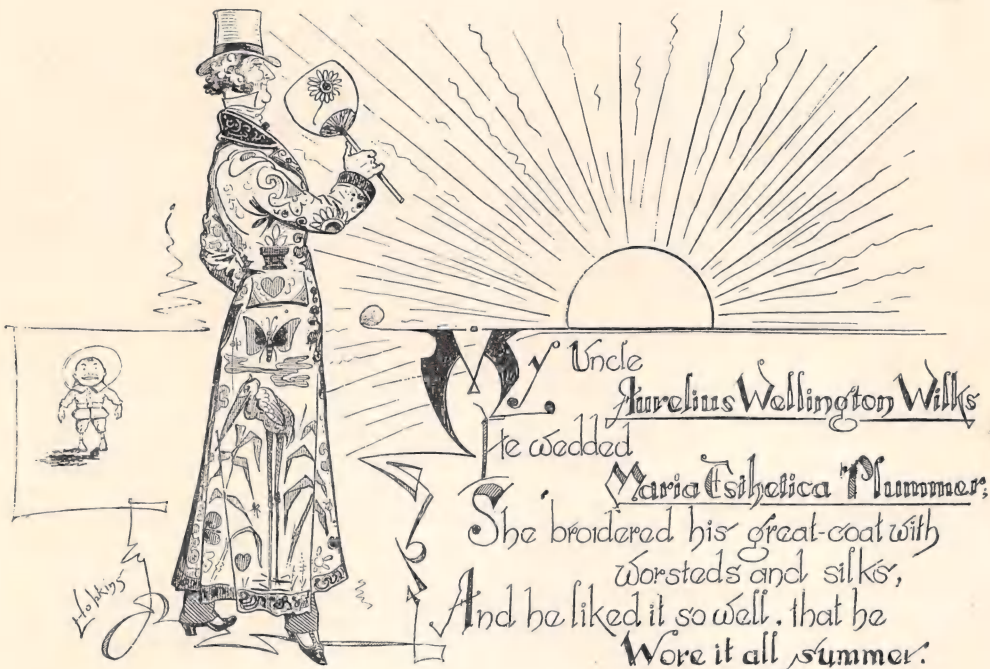
In her eagerness, Bess had fallen into Nurse's style of bribery.

There was one very good thing about it—it made everybody laugh; and sometimes a laugh will swallow up more bitterness than tears can drown. They did not kiss each other, to Bess's great disappointment; but the very next day Amy came to see her, and Amy's mamma too, and she and Bess's mamma kissed and cried over each other, just as if they were school-girls; and they called Bess "a blessed little peace-maker;" so Bess is quite sure that it is all coming out right, and that she shall always have her cousin Amy for her "pertikler friend."

When Bess's mamma heard that it all came about because Lady Marion could n't spell her own name, she praised Lady Marion, and said her ignorance was better than all the accomplishments that she ever knew a doll to have!

But as for Tom, who was really at the bottom of it, nobody thought of praising him.

But Bess had saved a great many meringues and caramels for him—more than anybody but a boy could eat—so he did n't mind.





## THE COCKATOOS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



EMPTY the throne-chair stood;  
mayhap  
The king was taking his royal  
nap,  
For early it was in the afternoon  
Of a drowsy day in the month  
of June.

And the palace-doors were  
open wide  
To the soft and dreamful airs  
outside,  
And the blue sky burned  
with the summer glow,  
And the trees cool masses  
of shade did throw.

The throne-chair stood in  
a splendid room.

There were velvets in ruby and purple bloom,  
Curtains magnificent to see,  
And a table draped most sumptuously.

And on the table a cushion lay  
Colored like clouds at the close of day,  
And a crown, rich-sparkling with myriad rays,  
Shone on the top in a living blaze.

And nobody spoke and nobody stirred  
Except a bird that sat by a bird—  
Two cockatoos on a lofty perch,  
Sober and grave as monks in a church.

Gay with the glory of painted plume  
Their bright hues suited the brilliant room;  
Green and yellow, and rose and blue,  
Scarlet and orange and jet black, too.

Said one to the other, eyeing askance  
The beautiful *fleur-de-lis* of France  
On the cushion's lustrous edge, set round  
In gleaming gold on a violet ground—

Said one to the other, "Rocco, my dear,  
If any thief were to enter here,  
He might take crown and cushion away,  
And who would be any the wiser, pray?"

Said Rocco, "How stupid, my dear Coquette!  
A guard is at every threshold set;  
No thief could enter, much less get out,  
Without the sentinel's warning shout."

She tossed her head, did the bright Coquette.  
"Rocco, my dear, now what will you bet  
That the guards are not sleeping this moment  
as sound  
As the king himself, all the palace round?"

" 'T is very strange, so it seems to me,  
That they leave things open so carelessly;  
Really, I think it 's a little absurd  
All this should be left to the care of a bird!"

" And what is that creaking so light and queer?  
Listen a moment. There! Don't you hear?  
And what is that moving the curtain behind?  
Rocco, dear, are you deaf and blind?"

The heavy curtain was pushed away  
And a shaggy head, unkempt and gray,  
From the costly folds looked doubtful out,  
And eagerly everywhere peered about.

And the dull eyes lighted upon the blaze  
Of the gorgeous crown with a startled gaze,  
And out of the shadow the figure stepped  
And softly over the carpet crept.

And nobody spoke and nobody stirred,  
And the one bird sat by the other bird;  
Both overpowered by their surprise,  
They really could n't believe their eyes!

Swiftly the madman, in fear's despite,  
Darted straight to that hill of light;  
The frightened birds saw the foolish wretch  
His hand to the wondrous thing outstretch.

Then both at once such an uproar raised  
That the king himself rushed in, amazed,  
Half awake, in his dressing-gown,  
And there on the floor lay the sacred crown!

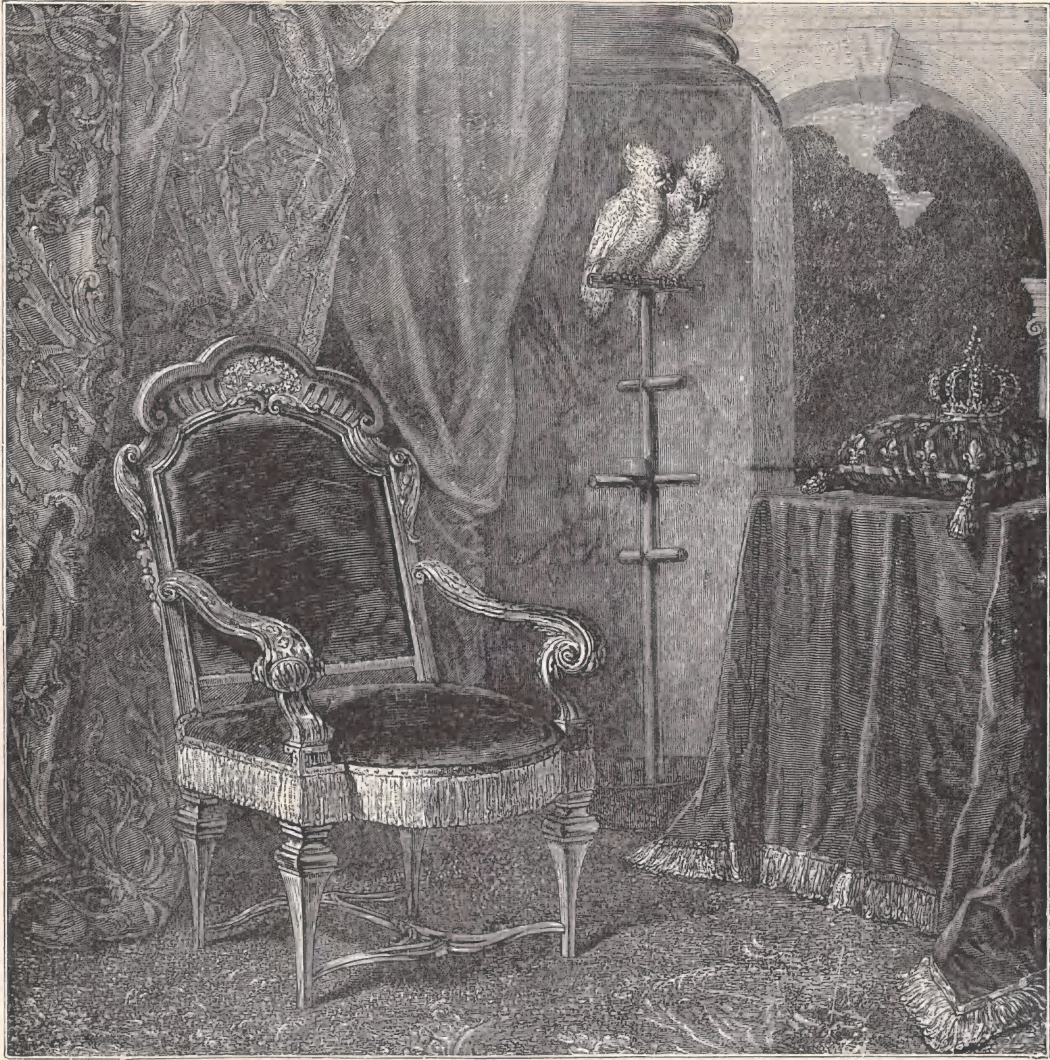
And he caught a glimpse through the portal  
wide  
Of a pair of flying heels outside,  
And he shouted in royal wrath, "What ho!  
Where are my people, I'd like to know!"

They ran to the rescue in terror great.  
"Is this the way that you guard my state?  
Had it not been for my cockatoos  
My very crown I had chanced to lose!"



They sought in the shrubbery to and fro,  
Wherever they thought the thief might go;  
They looked through the garden, but all in vain,  
They searched the forest, they scoured the plain.

They'd a special servant on them to wait,  
To do their pleasure early and late:  
They grew so haughty and proud and grand,  
Their fame was spread over all the land.



They gave it up, for they could not choose.  
But oh, the pride of those cockatoos!  
If they were admired and petted before,  
*Now* they were utterly spoiled, be sure!

And when they died it made such a stir!  
And their skins were stuffed with spice and myrrh,  
And from their perch they still look down,  
As on the day when they saved the crown.



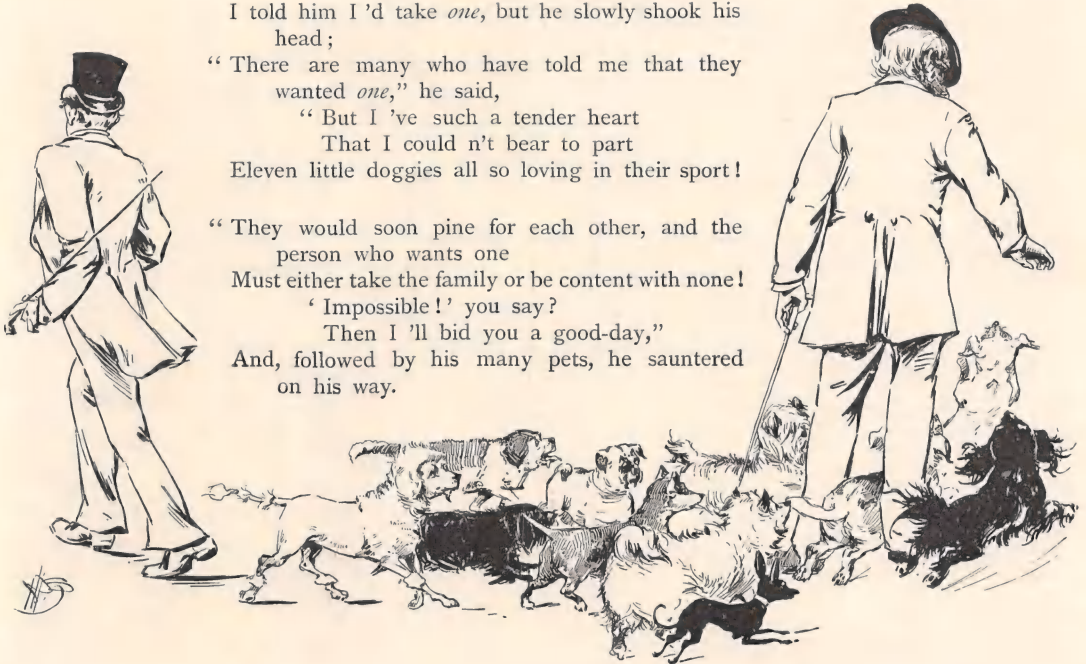
## ELEVEN OR NONE.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A KINDLY looking gentleman one day accosted me :  
 "Do you know any one who wants eleven dogs?" asked he.  
 "They 're so gentle and so good  
 That I 'd keep them if I could,  
 But I really can't gratify their appetite for food."

I told him I 'd take *one*, but he slowly shook his  
 head ;  
 "There are many who have told me that they  
 wanted *one*," he said,  
 "But I 've such a tender heart  
 That I could n't bear to part  
 Eleven little doggies all so loving in their sport !

"They would soon pine for each other, and the  
 person who wants one  
 Must either take the family or be content with none !  
 'Impossible !' you say ?  
 Then I 'll bid you a good-day,"  
 And, followed by his many pets, he sauntered  
 on his way.



## OUR LARGEST FRIENDS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

FEW persons will deny that an elephant is as large a friend as any of us can expect to have. There is but one other living creature that is larger than an elephant, and that is a whale; but, on account of the peculiarity of his residence, it would be difficult for any one to keep company with a live whale long enough to form a lasting friendship. Even Jonah and his whale staid together only three days, and, after that, it is quite certain that they never met again.

But strong friendships have been formed between elephants and men, and it is on this account

that I call these great beasts our largest friends. And who could chide a person on good terms with an elephant for boasting that he had an extensive acquaintance?

At the present time of writing there is no animal, not domestic, which occupies so prominent a position before the public as the elephant; and the great interest which is now taken in these animals is probably due to the fact that we have some extraordinary specimens of them among us. One of the most remarkable of these is the baby elephant recently born in this country. This



little animal, not higher than a table, is certainly the most amusing and interesting creature of its kind that I ever saw. He is very frisky and playful, and trots about on his stumpy little legs in a way that is very surprising to those who have always considered elephants among the steadiest and most solemn creatures in the world. The fact that, with the exception of being ever so much smaller, he is exactly like a full-grown elephant, makes him all the more interesting and peculiar. In color and proportions he resembles a full-sized elephant looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. If he should never grow any larger than he is now, he would be the most valuable elephant in the world.

Another very noticeable elephant is the great beast Jumbo, recently brought from England to this country. This is one of the very largest animals of his kind; and although he has been a long time in captivity, he is occasionally very difficult to manage, and, until recently, there was only one man who was able to control him. Most of us know what an undertaking it was to bring him to this country. It was necessary to put him into a great box, as strong as iron and wood could make it, which was hoisted on board of a ship, and in this way Jumbo was brought across the ocean.

It is very unusual to have such trouble in transporting elephants from place to place; for, although I have classed them among the animals that are not domestic, it is generally quite easy to train and tame them. I suppose, in some countries where they are extensively used as beasts of burden and for other purposes, they may be said to be domesticated. But, after all, an elephant, however kind and gentle he may be, is not the sort of animal we would like to have about our houses, like a cat or dog.

Most of us are so familiar with elephants, which we frequently see in menageries and circuses, and which are generally so gentle and docile, obeying the slightest word or sign of their keepers, that we are accustomed to look upon them as the most peaceable and quiet, as well as the slowest and most awkward animals on the face of the earth. It is therefore difficult sometimes to imagine what an active and often terrible fellow an elephant is in his native wilds. He can run very rapidly, and when his temper is aroused there is no more savage creature to be found. Sometimes two of these ponderous beasts, who have imagined themselves insulted or injured in some way, or, from their natural viciousness, feel inclined to vent their bad temper upon any animal they may meet, join themselves together, and range forest and plain in search of a victim. It would be a terrible thing indeed, to meet a pair of such elephants on murderous

thoughts intent, for it would be almost impossible for any man to defend himself against two such assailants. With one of the heavy rifles used in elephant-hunting, a steady eye, and an unflinching soul, it might be possible to stop the onward progress of one such mass of savage fury. But if two creatures of the kind should be met, there would be no safety but in a very high tree with a very thick trunk.

Apart from man, there is no animal that can successfully combat with a full-grown elephant. The largest tiger can be crushed beneath his feet or knees. His great tusks can be driven even into the body of a rhinoceros; and, although a savage enemy may spring upon his back, and keep out of the way of his elastic and powerful trunk, it is not easy for even the fiercest tiger to make much of an impression upon his thick hide and enormous body.

Sometimes, indeed, when attacked by two animals at once, such as a lion and a lioness, who surprise him at his favorite drinking-place, an elephant may be thrown into a state of considerable agitation. In such a case, he would feel very much as a boy would who should be attacked by two hornets, for the teeth and claws of the lion and lioness would inflict painful wounds; but, if he were not able to throw off his antagonists, so as to pierce them with his tusks or trample them with his feet, he would soon feel as the boy would if a hornet had got down his back, and his impulse would doubtless be to rush into deep water, where he could breathe with nothing but his trunk in the air, but where his enemies would have to swim ashore, or be drowned; and they might be obliged to swim away with much alacrity, for it would doubtless please the elephant as much to seize a swimming lion with his trunk and hold his head under water, as it would please the boy to clap his hat over a half-drowned hornet and help him to sink.

In warm countries the borders of rivers are favorite places for hunters, whether they be men or animals, to wait and watch for their game or prey; and when a herd of elephants approaches one of these drinking-places it is customary for the leader to go on ahead, and if, when he reaches the edge of the water, he perceives or suspects the presence of enemies, he throws up his trunk and loudly trumpets an alarm. His companions then halt, and the whole band retreats, unless it is thought better to stand and make a fight. If the latter plan is determined upon, it is quite certain that the affair will be well managed and carried on with spirit, for the elephant is endowed with good sense as well as courage.

But if the enemies lying in wait happen to be hunters, armed with murderous rifles, it is probable





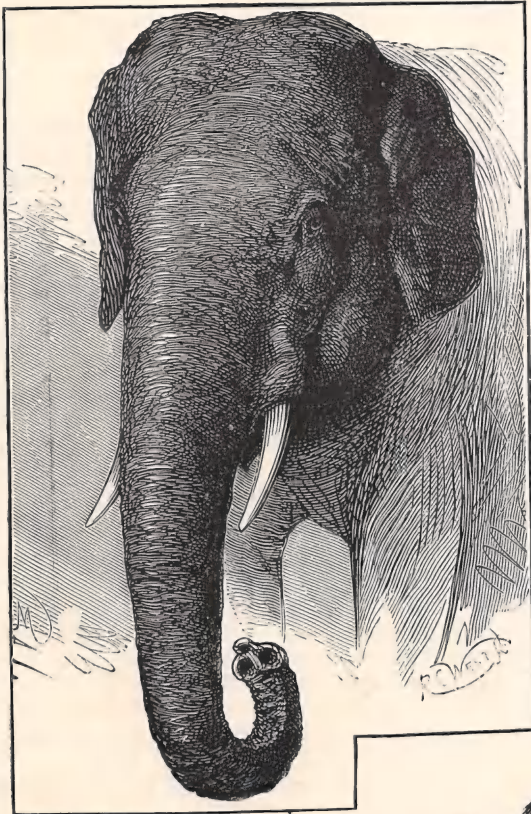
SOUNDING THE ALARM.

that several of the huge animals will soon lie lifeless on the sands, and that their tusks will be carried away to make billiard-balls and piano-keys.

Considering the elephant as a fighting animal, we should not forget to include his trunk among his weapons of offense and defense. With his powerful and sinuous trunk, which the elephant

uses for so many and such different purposes, he can seize almost any animal and hurl it to the ground. But wily and savage creatures, such as tigers, almost always attack an elephant in the rear, and spring upon some part of him which he cannot reach with his trunk. It is not likely, however, that lions and tigers often attack elephants,





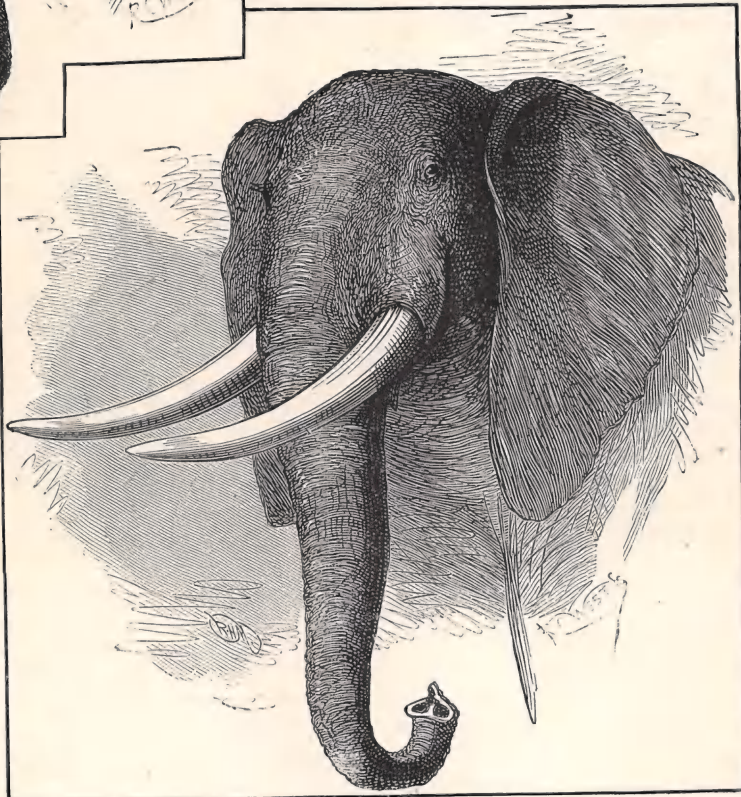
HEAD OF INDIAN ELEPHANT.

present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or wagons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for

them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulty they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another.

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice, and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."



HEAD OF AFRICAN ELEPHANT.



The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied:

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, would n't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Our women and children could never climb up to your back while you are standing, and we could not reach high enough to place loads upon it unless you should lie down."

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes," said the man, rather ruefully. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a bronze gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the bronze gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep, she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or

leaning against the trees, and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift themselves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all shoulders.



## NONSENSE SONG.

BY A. R. WELLS.

The

Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie,  
They climbed up into the banyan tree.

They climbed to the top,  
But they had to stop,

For no more foot-hold could they see.

The Jack and the Jolick and the Jamborie  
To climb still farther did all agree,

So the Jack stood up on the topmost limb,  
And then the Jolick climbed over him.

Over the two went the Jamborie,—  
He climbed up quickly the world to see,—

And then the Jack from the topmost limb,  
With grin and chuckle, climbed after him.

To the top climbed he,  
The world to see,

And there in the air swung all the three:

The Jolick gleefully followed the Jack,  
And quickly reached the topmost back.

And then again went the Jamborie  
Up to the top, the world to see.

On they are going, and on and on ;  
They 'll reach the stars before they are done !



## LITTLE BROWN BETTY.

BY ADA NEYL.

LITTLE brown Betty looks out in the morning,  
And sees the great dew-drops the bushes adorn-  
ing,

The sky all aglow, and the clouds in a flurry,  
Where the sun has jumped out of his bed in a  
hurry.

She hears in the distance the low of the cattle,  
The shout of the herd-boy, the bark of old  
Rover,

And nearer the tinkle of baby's tin rattle,  
And the hum of the bees o'er the dainty white  
clover.

Little brown Betty fills deftly her bowl,  
And splashes and gurgles and laughs as the  
water

Goes trickling and tickling from forehead to sole ;  
Then she brushes her curls as her mother has  
taught her.



Then neatly puts on all her clothes in a twinkle,  
With her little brown hands patting out every  
wrinkle;  
Then softly she kneels at her bedside, and prays  
That God will watch over her words and her  
ways.

Now little brown Betty is helping her mother.  
And merrily flitting from cupboard to table;  
Now stooping a moment to fondle her brother,  
Now giving a pat to the black kitten Sable.

She sets up the chairs, and she goes for the  
water,  
And sings as she comes with her pail running  
over,  
Then she watches for Father,—the dear little  
daughter!—  
And picks him a posy of daisies and clover.

Little brown Betty, when breakfast is ended,  
Trips into the garden, by Rover attended,  
And waters her pansies, and ties up her roses,  
While Rover lies under the lilacs and dozes.

Then back to the house, with her dusky cheeks  
glowing,  
Goes little brown Betty, and takes out her sew-  
ing,  
And in her small rocker she patiently matches  
On apron and stocking the wearisome patches.

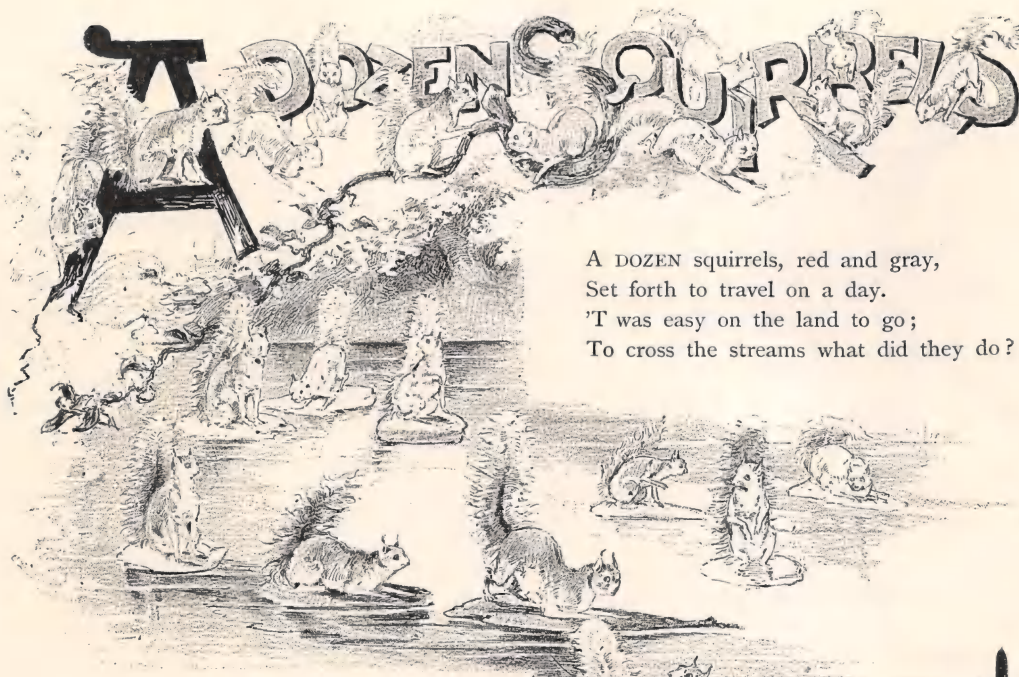
Now little brown Betty, knee-deep in the clover,  
Stands watching the mower's harmonious motion,  
While the tender cloud-shadows go hurrying  
over  
The meadows like ships on an emerald ocean.

The bobolink sings o'er his nest in the meadow,  
The breezes blow cool from the distant blue  
river,  
The grasshopper sleepily whirs in the shadow,  
And Betty's head droops and her soft eyelids  
quiver.

And now on a bed of the newly mown hay  
Sleeps little brown Betty as sweet as the clover,  
And here we must leave her, half hidden away,  
While her father is searching the meadow all over.







A DOZEN squirrels, red and gray,  
Set forth to travel on a day.  
'T was easy on the land to go;  
To cross the streams what did they do?

Pieces of bark and woodmen's chips  
Furnished them all with ready ships.  
What did they use for oars or sails?  
They curled aloft their bushy tails,  
And every chip that squirrel bore  
Was safely blown from shore to shore.

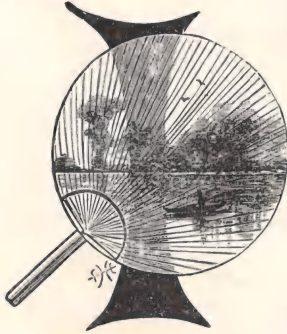


Four days they traveled, then they found  
A grove where beech-nuts did abound;  
And there they staid, devoid of fear,  
And happy lived for many a year.



## JIRO—A JAPANESE BOY.

BY C. A. W.



ONCE knew a little boy who was not at all like the little boys whom you are accustomed to see every day. He did not have blue eyes and curly brown hair, nor did he wear gray trousers and short jackets.

No; his eyes and hair were jet black,

and he was troubled with no other clothing than a loose, wrapper-like garment, which he bound about his waist with a long sash, using its wide sleeves for pockets. Perhaps, from the description of his dress, you will think that he looked like a girl; but he was a real boy, and would have felt indignant if you had taken him for anything else.

In fact, Jiro—for that was the young gentleman's name—was an inhabitant of that country somewhere down under our feet known as Japan, and sometimes called the "Children's Paradise." Now, Jiro was very proud of his country, and believed, as did all his countrymen, that the inhabitants had descended from the gods. Although he was only eight years old, because his father was one of those terrible fellows called *samurai*, or retainers (who would lop your head off in a minute and think nothing of it), little Jiro was allowed to carry in his belt a real sword. He was not ignorant of its use, either, as he took lessons in fencing twice a week.

Jiro's elder sister, Miss Koto, was learning to handle the lance and spear—an accomplishment of Japanese ladies of position, which is considered as necessary as learning to sew, or read, or paint; and Jiro longed for the time to come when his own hands would be strong enough to lift these heavier weapons. One day, as our little friend was returning from fencing-school, he thought that, instead of making his way homeward through the crowded streets, he would take a shorter cut he knew of, across the fields, where he would be able to find some tall lotus-flowers for his sister's deft fingers to arrange in the parlor flower-vases.

On reaching the pond where the lotus grew, he found that several children were already there, some busily engaged in collecting the sweet lotus-

roots for eating, and others, who were more fond of play than of work, strutting about, holding up the great lotus-leaves for parasols, or wearing them as jaunty sun-hats. Jiro did not care for the roots (as his mother frequently bought them of the vegetable-man), and, as he felt too busy to play, he set manfully to work and cut down some of the most beautiful buds growing high above his head. When he had cut enough he started for home, sturdily trudging along with his arms full of the rosy flowers and their great, wide leaves.

He had not gone very far, however, before one of those long snakes which, in Japan, inhabit trees or low shrubs, lifted up its ugly head right in Jiro's path, and made him drop his fragrant bundle and grasp the hilt of his little sword. The serpent looked very ugly, seeming to say, "No! no! Master Jiro, you can't pass here until I have a bite of you!" and I rather suspect that Jiro's first impulse was to run away. But, remembering that his father was the retainer of a great prince, and that some day he would be a retainer too, Jiro felt braver, and as the snake continued to rear its head right in his path, Jiro cut at it with his sharp little sword and lopped its head right off; giving it another cut to make quite sure it was dead, the lad picked up his flowers and went on, feeling very proud of his triumph.

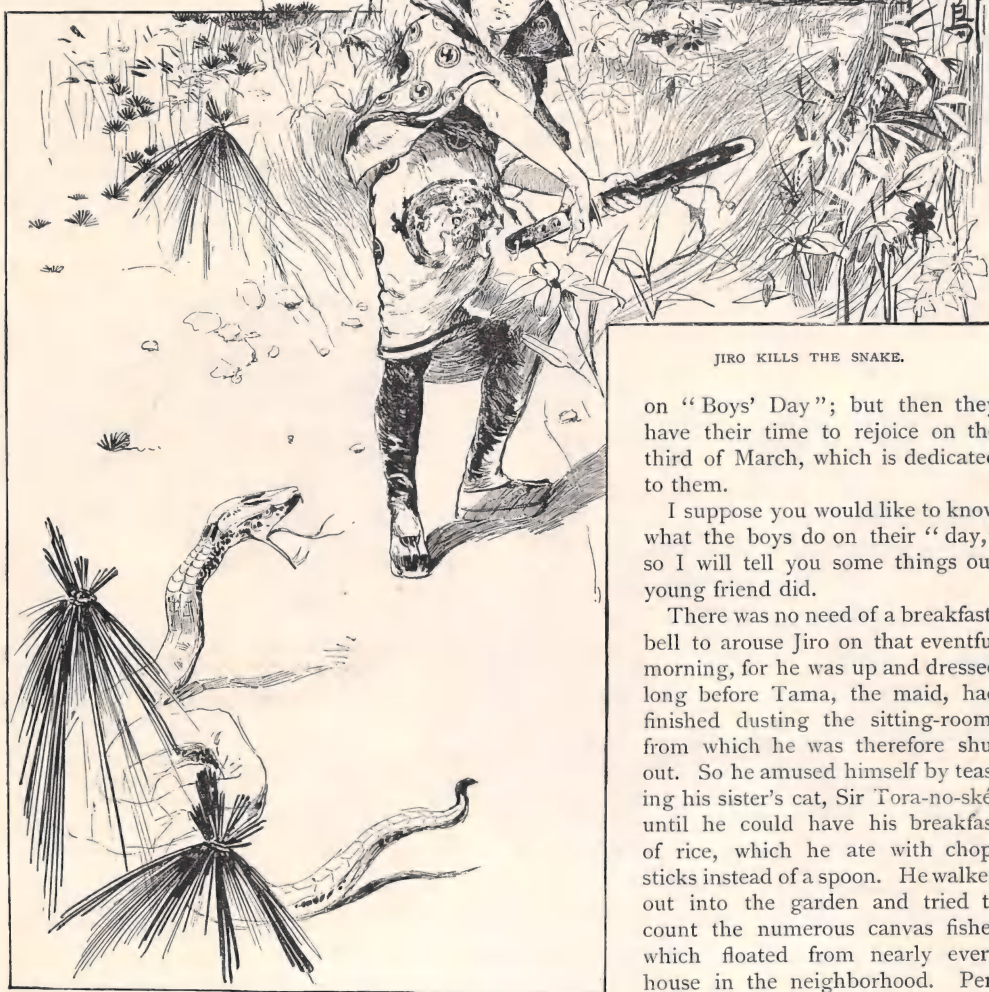
Jiro went to school like other boys, and sat on the floor, as every one does in Japan. The school-room was full of children, who studied their lessons aloud, without disturbing each other in the least. He had plenty of holidays, so you need not be afraid that he hurt himself by studying too hard.

Perhaps you will think it strange that, among all Jiro's holidays, he had never counted a birthday. Birthdays are so important over here, that I fancy the boys would be inclined to object if they were told that such days were not to be celebrated any more. Jiro, however, did not even know the day of the month when he was born, but, like all good Japanese, counted his age from the first New Year's day of his life. So you will understand how much the people over there love New Year's, which comes, like ours, on the first of January. But I think that our friend Jiro, together with the other boys of Japan, was most pleased when old Father Time brought around the fifth of May, which is called "Boys' Day," because especially devoted to the boys of Japan. Oh, they do have good times





then! And I have no doubt that the little, olive-tinted, almond-eyed fellows look forward with as much pleasure to that day as our boys do to the fourth of July. The little girls feel very much cast in the shade



JIRO KILLS THE SNAKE.

on "Boys' Day"; but then they have their time to rejoice on the third of March, which is dedicated to them.

I suppose you would like to know what the boys do on their "day," so I will tell you some things our young friend did.

There was no need of a breakfast-bell to arouse Jiro on that eventful morning, for he was up and dressed long before Tama, the maid, had finished dusting the sitting-room, from which he was therefore shut out. So he amused himself by teasing his sister's cat, Sir Tora-no-ské, until he could have his breakfast of rice, which he ate with chopsticks instead of a spoon. He walked out into the garden and tried to count the numerous canvas fishes which floated from nearly every house in the neighborhood. Per-

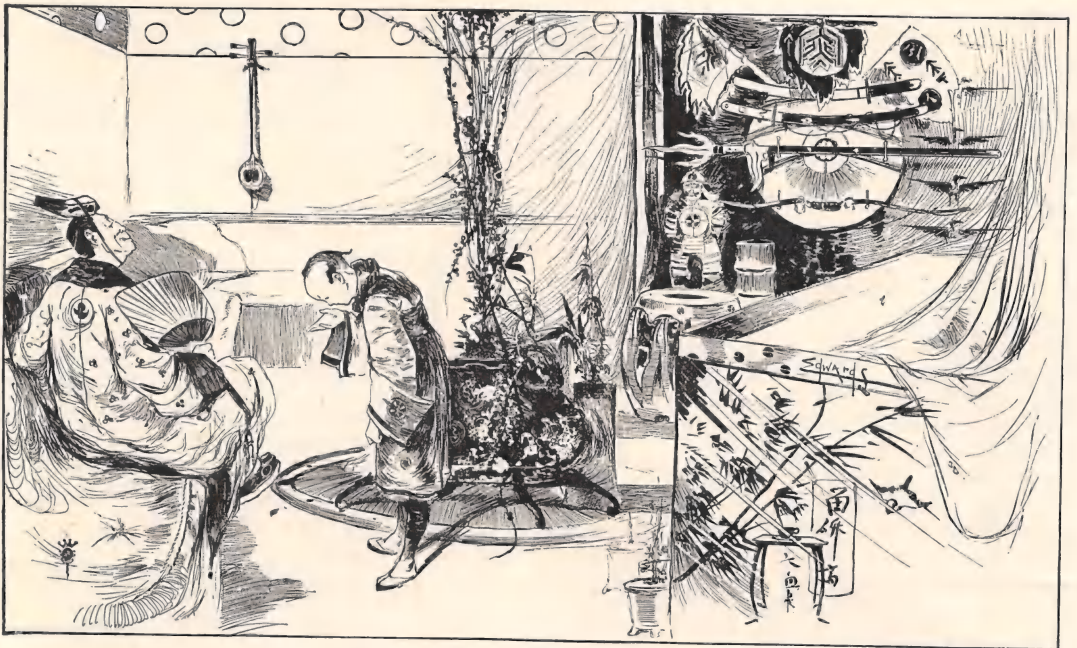


haps you would like to know the meaning of the curious fishes which, on the fifth of May, float from every house where a boy lives. You are probably familiar with the round, red sun-flag of Japan, which suggests the "Rising Sun Land," as the Japanese call their country, and if you lived there you would soon learn to distinguish the flags of the different provinces and their peculiar designs. Well, then, the fish is the boys' flag, and I will tell you why. Did you ever see a shoal of fish swimming one by one down a water-fall? Salmon and trout do this, but there are few fishes which can *ascend* a cataract, as well as leap down it. There is one kind, however, which can do this, and the Japanese call it *roi*, but we know it as the carp. As is readily apparent, to be able to swim up the rapids as well as to descend them requires both strength and courage; so the fanciful Japanese decided that the carp would be a good emblem for their boys, and in presenting the image of this fish express a wish that they may be as strong and as brave as the carp in overcoming the difficulties of life. I do not suppose that little Jiro quite understood the meaning of the boys' flag, but he felt very proud as he looked at the swelling monster floating from his father's roof in his especial honor.

Jiro was presently told to go into the parlor, where he found that the loving hands of friends

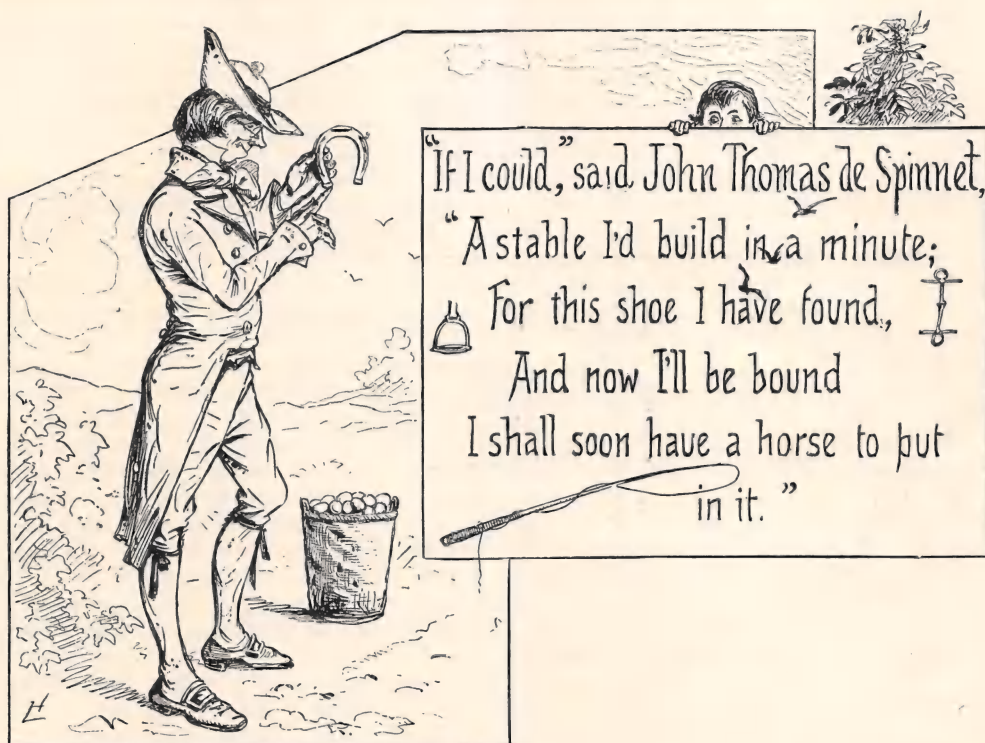
had prepared a surprise for him. The deep niche which usually contained his sister's flower-vases and his father's favorite pictures had been robbed of these ornaments, and was now filled by a complete set of miniature weapons. A large picture of a battle scene hung against the wall, and below it was a rack filled with crested standards, lances, spear-heads, and shields, surmounted by a plumed helmet. In front of these, but a little lower, were arranged some pretty bows and a quiver full of arrows. To crown all were two figures of fully equipped warriors, each bearing in his hand a small but exact copy of the provincial flag under which his father once fought.

You ought to have seen how Jiro's eyes sparkled when he beheld all these wonders! The first thing he did was to make a low bow to his parents (for Jiro was a well-taught boy), and thank them very politely for the pleasure they had given him. All day long the presents of kind friends were left at Jiro's door—among them numerous representations of the favorite carp, and plenty of highly colored story-books about great generals and famous soldiers. That night, when it was time to go to bed, I do not believe there was a happier boy in Japan than little Jiro as he laid down to dream of famous warriors of ancient times and their thrilling deeds of bravery.



JIRO'S SALUTATION OF THANKS TO HIS FATHER.





## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—NINTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

## BRUNELLESCHI.

IN reading about art we often find something concerning a certain time which is called the Renaissance, and the art of that period bears the same name—the art of the Renaissance. This is a word meaning a new birth or a re-awakening, and in art it denotes the time when the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages was passing away, and men were arousing themselves and endeavoring to restore literature and art to the high places they had once occupied. The artists who took the lead in this movement were a remarkable class of men, and merit remembrance and gratitude from all those of later times who have profited by their example.

Some authors call Filippo Brunelleschi, or Brunellesco, the “Father of the Art of the Renaissance.” He was born in Florence in 1377, and died in 1446. His mother was of a noble family, and on

his father's side he had learned notaries and physicians for his ancestors. Filippo's father desired that his son should be a physician, and directed his education with that end in view; but the boy had such a love of art, and was so fond of the study of mechanics, that his father at length allowed him to learn the trade of a goldsmith, which trade was, in that day, more closely connected with what we call the fine arts than it is now.

Filippo made rapid progress, now that he was doing something that pleased him, and soon learned to excel in the setting of precious stones, and this, too, in exquisite designs drawn by himself. He also made some beautiful figures in niello. This art was so interesting that I must describe it to you, especially because to it we owe the origin of engraving.

The niello-worker drew a design upon gold or silver, and cut it out with a sharp tool called a burin. He then melted together some copper, sil-



ver, lead, and sulphur, and when the composition was cool ground it to a powder. He covered his drawing with this, and over it sprinkled some borax; he then placed it over a charcoal fire, and the powder and borax melted together and ran into the lines of the drawing. When this was cool, the metal on which the drawing had been made was scraped and burnished, and the niello then had the effect of a drawing in black upon gold or silver. Niello-work was known to the ancients, and there are very rare old specimens of it in some museums. The discovery of the art of taking impressions on paper from these drawings on metal is ascribed to Maso Finiguerra, who flourished about the time when Brunelleschi died.

After Filippo had perfected himself as a goldsmith and niello-worker he studied sculpture and executed some designs in bass-relief, but he was always deeply interested in such mathematical and mechanical pursuits as fitted him to be the great architect which he finally became.

He went to Rome with his friend Donatello, and there Filippo was untiring in his study of architecture, and made innumerable drawings from the beautiful objects of ancient art which he saw. One day, when these two artists were digging among the ruins in the hope of finding some beautiful sculpture, they came upon a vase full of ancient coins, and from that time they were called "the treasure-seekers." They lived very poorly, and made the most of their small means, but even then they suffered many privations. Donatello returned to Florence, but Filippo Brunelleschi studied and struggled on, and there grew up in his heart a great desire to accomplish two things in his native city—to revive there a pure style of architecture, and to raise the dome upon the then unfinished cathedral. He lived to see the realization of both these ambitious hopes.

The Cathedral of Florence is also called the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, which means St. Mary of the Flower; this may also be rendered St. Mary of the Lily, and is better so, since the lily is the emblem of the Virgin Mary, the chief patron saint of Florence. St. Reparata is another favorite Florentine saint, who, in pictures, holds in her hand a banner, on which is a lily. The same device was on the red shield of the republic; indeed, the very name of Florence is popularly believed to have had its origin in the abundance of its flowers, especially the lily known as the *Iris Florentina*, which grows wild in the fields and in the clefts of the old walls in various parts of the city.

In 1407 Brunelleschi returned to Florence, and

soon after the superintendents of the works upon the cathedral listened to the plans of various architects for raising the dome. Filippo proposed his views, but they were considered far too bold. He made models in secret and convinced himself that he could accomplish the great work. After a time he wearied of the waiting and returned to Rome, always thinking and planning about the dome, the erection of which had now become the one passionate wish of his heart. The struggle was long, and he suffered from the ignorance and indecision of the officials of Florence; at length, in 1420, a call was made for the architects of all countries to come with their plans, and, after many meetings and debates, the commission was finally given to Brunelleschi, thirteen wearisome years having passed since he had first asked for it.

At this meeting of architects, Filippo refused to show his models, and when he was criticised for this it is said that he proposed that, if any one present could make an egg stand upright on a smooth marble, he should be the builder of the dome. The eggs were brought, and the others all tried in vain to make one stand. At last Filippo took his egg, and, striking it a little blow upon the marble, left it standing there. Then the others exclaimed that they could have done the same. To this Filippo replied: "Yes, and you might also build a dome if you had seen my design!"\*

The story of the building of the dome is very interesting, but it is too long to be given here. There were endless difficulties placed in Filippo's way, but he overcame them all and lived to see his work almost completed; only the outer coating was wanting at the time of his death. It is the largest dome in the world. The cross on the top of St. Peter's at Rome is farther from the ground than is that above Santa Maria del Fiore, but the dome of the latter is larger than the dome of St. Peter's. It was also the first dome that was raised upon a drum, as the upright part of a dome or cupola is called, and this fact alone entitles Filippo Brunelleschi to the great fame which has been his for more than four centuries.

He designed many other fine architectural works in and about Florence, among which are the church of San Lorenzo, that of Santo Spirito, some beautiful chapels for Santa Croce and other churches, the Hospital of the Innocents, and the Badia at Fiesole. That he had also a genius for secular architecture is proved by his having designed the famous Pitti Palace.

Its builder, Luca Pitti, was a very rich rival of the great Medici and Strozzi families, and he

\* This story of the egg is also told of Columbus, but it doubtless originated as given above, as many Italian writers thus tell it, and, if true of Brunelleschi, the incident must have happened some fourteen years before Columbus was born. The astronomer Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, and there is little doubt of his having told this story to Columbus.



determined to erect a palace which should excel theirs in grandeur and magnificence. This palace stands in the midst of the Boboli gardens, and was for a long time the residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany and Italy, but was given up by Victor Emmanuel when he removed to Rome and made that city the capital in 1870.

The visitor to the Pitti Palace has his interest and attention divided between the beauty of its surroundings, the splendor of the palace itself, and the magnificent treasures of art preserved there, the collection being now best known as the Pitti Gallery.

Filippo's enthusiasm for art made him willing to endure any amount of fatigue for the sake of see-

Donatello was angry, and replied: "It is easier to criticise than to execute; do you take a piece of wood and make a better crucifix."

Brunelleschi did this, and when he had completed his work invited Donatello to dine with him. He left the crucifix in a conspicuous place in his house while the two went to the market to buy the dinner. He gave the parcels to Donatello and asked him to precede him, saying that he would soon be at home. When Donatello entered and saw the crucifix, he was so overcome with admiration that he dropped eggs, cheese, and all on the floor, and stood before the carving as motionless as if made of wood himself. When Brunelleschi came in he said, "What are we to do now? You

have spoiled all the dinner!" "I have had dinner enough for to-day," replied Donatello. "You, perhaps, may dine with better appetite. To you, I confess, belongs the power to carve the figure of Christ; to me that of representing day-laborers." This crucifix is now in the chapel of the Gondi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, while that of Donatello is in the chapel of Saints Ludovico and Bartolommeo, in the Church of Santa Croce.

On the south side of the square which surrounds the cathedral, called the Piazza del Duomo, there is a modern

statue of Brunelleschi. He is represented as sitting with a plan of the great dome spread upon his knee, while his head is raised and he looks at the realization of his design as it rises above the cathedral. He was buried beneath the dome. His monument is the first in the southern aisle, where he was interred at the expense of the city. A tablet in the wall bears his epitaph, and above it is his bust, made by his pupil Buggiani.

#### GHIBERTI.

LORENZO Ghiberti also belonged to the early days of the Renaissance, and took a leader's place in the sculpture of bass-reliefs, as Brunelleschi did in architecture. He was born at Florence in 1378 and died in 1455. He was both a goldsmith and a sculptor, and all his works show that delicate finish



VIEW OF FLORENCE, SHOWING BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME.

ing beautiful things. One day he heard Donatello describe an ancient marble vase which he had seen in Cortona. As Filippo listened he was possessed with the desire to see it, and quietly walked away, saying nothing of his intentions. He went on foot to Cortona, a distance of seventy-two miles, saw the vase and made accurate drawings from it, and was again in Florence before he was really missed by his friends, who supposed him to be busy with his inventions in his own room.

A very interesting story concerning himself and Donatello is that the latter received an order for a crucifix, carved from wood, for the church of Santa Croce, and when it was finished asked Brunelleschi's opinion of it. Relying on their long friendship, Filippo frankly said that the figure of Christ was like that of a day-laborer, whereas that of the Saviour should represent the greatest possible beauty.



and exquisite attention to detail which is so important when working in precious metals. When the plague broke out in Florence in 1398, Ghiberti fled to Rimini, and while there painted some pictures; but his fame is so closely linked with one great work that his name usually recalls that alone. I mean the bronze gates to the Baptistery of Florence, and these are so grand an achievement that it is fame enough for any man to be remembered as their maker.

Andrea Pisano had made the gates to the south side of the Baptistery, which is octagonal in form, many years before Ghiberti was born. When the plague again visited Florence in 1400, the people believed that the wrath of Heaven should be appeased and a thank-offering made, so that they might be free from a return of this dreadful scourge. The Guild of Wool-merchants then decided to add these gates to their beloved Church of St. John the Baptist.

They threw the work open to competition, and many artists sent in models of a bass-relief representing the sacrifice of Isaac. Finally all were rejected but those of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, and for a time there was a doubt as to which of these artists would be preferred. It had happened that, while Brunelleschi had been struggling for the commission for the building of his dome, Ghiberti had annoyed him very much, and, indeed, after the work was begun, he did not cease his interference. For this reason it could scarcely have been expected that Brunelleschi should favor Ghiberti; but the true nobility of his character declared itself, and he publicly acknowledged that Ghiberti's model was finer than his, and retired from the contest.

The gates on the north were first executed; they were begun in 1403 and finished twenty-one years later. They contain twenty scenes from the life of Christ, with the figures of the Evangelists and the four Fathers of the Church, in a very beautiful frame-work of foliage, animals, and other ornaments, which divides and incloses the larger compositions. These gates are in a style nearer to that of Pisano and other artists than are his later works; however, from the first Ghiberti showed original talent, for even his model of the Sacrifice of Isaac, which is preserved in the Museum of the Bargello together with that of Brunelleschi, proves that he had a new habit of thought.

Beautiful as these gates are, those on the east are finer and far more famous; it is of these that Michael Angelo declared, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise!" Here he represented stories from the Old Testament in ten compartments: 1. Creation of Adam and Eve. 2. History of Cain and Abel. 3. Noah. 4. Abraham

and Isaac. 5. Jacob and Esau. 6. History of Joseph. 7. Moses on Mount Sinai. 8. Joshua before Jericho. 9. David and Goliath. 10. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Ghiberti showed great skill in composition, and told these stories with wonderful distinctness; but I fancy that every one who sees them for the first time must have a feeling of disappointment on account of the confusion which comes from the multitude of figures. But when they are studied attentively this first effect passes away, and the wonderful skill of their maker is revealed. They must ever remain one of the great monuments of this most interesting age of the Renaissance.

Ghiberti also made the Sarcophagus of Saint Zenobius, which is in the Cathedral of Florence, and is his greatest work after the gates. Other sculptures of his are in the churches of Florence and Sienna.

#### DONATELLO.

THE real name of this sculptor was Donato di Betto Bardi. He was born in 1386 and died in 1468. He was a realist; that is to say, he followed nature with great exactness, and this was not productive of beauty in his works; indeed, many of his sculptures were painfully ugly. Donatello is important in the history of art, because he lived at a time when every advance was an event, and he made the first equestrian statue of any importance in modern art. This is at Padua, in the square before the Church of San Antonio; it represents Francisco Gatta-Melata, and is full of life and power.

He made some beautiful marble groups of dancing children for the front of the organ in the Cathedral of Florence, which have since been removed to the Uffizi Gallery. One of these groups is shown in the illustration on page 858. Several of his statues of single figures are in Florence, Sienna, and Padua. He considered his "David," which is in the Uffizi, as his masterpiece. It is familiarly known as "*Lo Zuccone*," which means the bald-head; he was so fond of this statue that he had the habit of affirming his statements by saying, "By the faith I place in my Zuccone!" In spite of Donatello's opinion, however, it is generally thought that his statue of "St. George" (shown on page 856) is far more admirable than the "David."

The German art-writer Grimm says of this statue: "What a man is the St. George in the niche of the Church of Or San Michele! He stands there in complete armor, sturdily, with his legs somewhat striding apart, resting on both with equal weight, as if he meant to stand so that no power could move him from his post. Straight before





THE GIBERTI GATES.—THE EAST DOOR OF THE BAPTISTERY AT FLORENCE.



him he holds up his high shield; both hands touch its edge, partly for the sake of holding it, partly in order to rest on it; the eyes and brow are full of expectant boldness. \* \* \* We approach this St. George, and the mere artistic interest is transformed suddenly into a more lively sympathy with the person of the master. \* \* \* Who is it, we ask, who has placed such a man there, so ready for battle?"

The story we have told of Donatello, in connection with Brunelleschi, shows that he was impetuous and generous by nature. Another anecdote relates that a rich Genoese merchant gave him a commission to make a portrait bust of himself in bronze. When it was finished, Cosimo de' Medici, the friend and patron of Donatello, admired it so much that he placed it on a balcony of his palace, so that all Florentines who passed by might see it.

When the merchant heard the artist's price for his work he objected to it; it was referred to Cosimo, who argued the case with the merchant. In this conversation the Genoese said that the bust could be made in a month, and he was willing to give the artist such a price that he would receive a dollar a day for his time and labor. When Donatello heard this he exclaimed, "I know how to *destroy* the result of the study and labor of years in the twinkling of an eye!" and he threw the bust into the street below, where it was shivered into fragments.

Then the merchant was ashamed, and offered Donatello double the price he asked if he would repeat his work; but, though the sculptor was poor, he refused to do this, and remained firm in his decision, though Cosimo himself tried to persuade him to change his determination.

When Donatello was old, Cosimo gave him a sum of money sufficient to support himself and four workmen. In spite of this generous provision the sculptor paid little attention to his own appearance,



DONATELLO'S STATUE OF ST. GEORGE.



and was so poorly dressed that Cosimo sent him a gift of a red surcoat, mantle, and hood, but Donatello returned these with thanks, saying that they were far too fine for his use.

His patron and friend died before him, and during the last of his life the sculptor was a bedridden paralytic. Piero de' Medici, the son of Cosimo, was careful to supply all Donatello's wants, and when he died his funeral was conducted with great pomp. He was interred in the Church of San Lorenzo, near to the tomb of his friend Cosimo. The artist had purchased the right to be thus buried—"to the end," he said, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had ever been near him when alive." Several of Donatello's sculptures are in this church, and are a more suitable monument to his memory than anything could be that was made by others after his death.

#### BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THIS sculptor had an eventful life, and the story of it, written by himself, is one of the most interesting books of its class in existence. He was born in Florence in 1500, and died in 1571. He gives a very interesting though improbable account of the origin of his family, which is that "Julius Cæsar had a chief and valorous captain named Fiorino da Cellino, from a castle situated four miles from Monte Fiascone. This Fiorino having pitched his camp below Fiesole, where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, for the convenience of the army, the soldiers and other persons, when they had occasion to visit him, said to each other, 'Let us go to Fiorenza,' which name they gave to the place where they were encamped, partly from their captain's name of Fiorino, and partly from the abundance of flowers which grew there; wherefore Cæsar, thinking it a beautiful name, and considering flowers to be of good augury, and also wishing to honor his captain, whom he had raised from an humble station, and to whom he was greatly attached, gave it to the city which he founded on that spot."

When the child was born, his father, who was quite old, named him Benvenuto, which means welcome, and, as he was passionately fond of music, he wished to make a musician of this son. But the boy was determined to be an artist, and his time was divided between the two pursuits until he was fifteen years old, when he went as an apprentice to a celebrated goldsmith. We must not forget that to be a goldsmith in the days of the Renaissance meant in reality to be a designer, a sculptor—in short, an artist. They made altars, reliquaries, crucifixes, caskets, and many sacred articles for the churches, as well as the splendid services for the

tables of rich and royal patrons; they made weapons, shields, helmets, buttons, sword-hilts, coins, and many kindred objects, besides the tiaras of popes, the crowns, scepters, and diadems of sovereigns, and the collars, clasps, girdles, bracelets, rings, and numerous jeweled ornaments then worn by both men and woman. So exquisite were the designs and the works of these men that they are now treasured in the museums of the world, and belong to the realm of art as truly as do pictures and statues.

Benvenuto was of so fiery a temper that he was early involved in a serious quarrel and fled to Sienna, and then to Bologna. When he dared he returned to Florence and resumed his work, but soon again became angry because his best clothes were given to his brother, and walked off to Pisa, where he remained a year. Meantime he had become skillful in the making of various articles, and not only his execution but his designs were so fine that in some respects he has never been excelled.

When Cellini was eighteen years old, the sculptor Torregiano—who had given Michael Angelo a blow upon the nose which disfigured the great sculptor for life—returned to Florence to engage workmen to go with him to England to execute a commission which he had received. He desired to have Cellini among the number, but the youth was so outraged by Torregiano's boasting of his disgraceful deed that he refused to go, in spite of the natural desire of his age for travel and variety. Doubtless this predisposed Michael Angelo in his favor, and led to the friendship which he afterward showed to Cellini.

During the next twenty-two years he lived principally in Rome, and was largely in the service of Pope Clement VII., the cardinals, and Roman nobles. The Pope had a magnificent diamond,—for which Pope Julius II. had paid thirty-six thousand ducats,—and he wished to have it set in a cope button. Many artists made designs for it, but the Pope chose that of Cellini. He used the great diamond as a throne upon which sat a figure representing God; the hand was raised to bless, and many angels fluttered about the folds of the drapery, while various jewels surrounded the whole. The other artists shook their heads at the boldness of Cellini and anticipated a failure, but he achieved a great success.

Cellini, according to his own account, bore an active part in the siege of Rome, May 5, 1527. He claims that he slew the Constable di Bourbon, the leader of the besieging army, and that he also wounded the Prince of Orange, who was chosen leader in place of Bourbon. These feats, however, rest upon his own authority. Cellini entered the castle of St. Angelo, whither the Pope retired for



safety, and he rendered such services to the cause of the Church that the Holy Father pardoned him for all the "homicides he had committed, or might commit, in the service of the Apostolic Church."

But, in spite of all his boasted bravery on this

In 1534, Cellini committed another crime in killing a fellow goldsmith, Pompeo. Paul III. was now the pope, and because he needed the services of Cellini he pardoned him, but the artist felt that he was not regarded with favor. He therefore



GROUP OF DANCING CHILDREN, BY DONATELLO.

occasion, Cellini acted a cowardly part a few years later, when he was called upon for the defense of his own city: he put his property in the care of a friend and stole away to Rome.

went to France, but returned at the end of about a year, to find that he had been accused of having stolen certain jewels, the settings of which Clement VII. had commanded him to melt down, in order



to pay his ransom when he was kept a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo. Cellini's guilt was never proved, but he was held a prisoner for nearly two years.

In 1540, his friend Cardinal Ippolito d'Este obtained his release on the plea that Francis I., king of France, had need of his services. He remained five years in France, and received many gifts and honors. He was made a lord and was presented with the Hôtel de Petit Nesle, which was on the site of the present Hôtel de la Monnaie. The story of his life in France is interesting, but we have not space to give it here, and he never made the success there which he merited as an artist, because Madame d'Étampes and other persons who had influence with the King were the enemies of Cellini. Francis I. really admired the sculptor, and on one occasion expressed his fear of losing him, when Madame d'Étampes replied that "the surest way of keeping him would be to hang him on a gibbet." A bronze nymph which he made for the Palace of Fontainebleau is now in the Renaissance Museum at the Louvre, and a golden salt-cellar, made for King Francis, is in the "Cabinet of Antiques" in Vienna; these are all the objects of importance that remain of his five years' work in France.

At length, in 1545, Cellini returned to Florence, never again to leave it for any considerable time. He was favorably received by Duke Cosimo, and received a commission to make a statue of Perseus to be placed in the Loggia dei Lanzi. When Cellini heard this, his ambition was much excited by the thought that a work of his should be placed beside those of Michael Angelo and Donatello. The Duke gave him a house in which to work, and a salary sufficient for his support. Nine years passed before this statue was in place and uncovered. Meantime the sculptor had suffered much from the hatred of his enemies, and especially from that of Baccio Bandinelli. In one way and another the Duke had been influenced to withhold the money that was necessary to carry on the work; but at last the time came for the casting; everything was prepared, and just at the important moment, when great care and watchfulness were needed, Cellini was seized with so severe an illness that he was forced to go to bed and believed that he should soon die.

As he lay tossing in agony, some one ran in and exclaimed, "Oh, Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy!" Ill as he was he rushed to the furnace, and found that the fire was not sufficient and the metal had cooled and ceased to flow

into the mold. By superhuman efforts he remedied the disaster, and again the bronze was liquid; he prayed earnestly, and when he saw that his mold was filled, to use his own words, "I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants, and it being then two hours before dawn, went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life."

When the statue was at last unveiled it was as Cellini had predicted: "It pleased all the world excepting Bandinelli and his friends," and it still stands as the most important work of his life. Perseus is represented at the moment when he has cut off the head of Medusa, who was one of the Gorgons and changed every one who looked at her into stone. The whole story of what he afterward did with this dreadful head before he gave it to Minerva to put in her breast-plate you will find one of the most interesting in your mythology.

After the completion of the Perseus, Cellini visited Rome and made a bust of Bindo Altoviti, concerning which Michael Angelo wrote: "My Benvenuto, I have long known you as the best goldsmith in the world, and I now know you as an equally good sculptor, through the bust of Messer Bindo Altoviti." This was praise indeed. He did no more great work, though he was always busy as long as he lived. A marble crucifix which he made for his own grave he afterward gave to the Duchess Eleanora; later it was sent to Philip II. of Spain, and is now in the Escorial.

We have spoken of his autobiography, which was honored by being made an authority in the Accademia della Crusca on account of its expressive diction and rich use of the Florentine manner of speech; he also wrote a valuable treatise upon the goldsmith's art, and another upon sculpture and bronze-casting. He takes up all the departments of these arts, and his writings are of great value. He also wrote poems and verses of various kinds. But his association with popes, kings, cardinals, artists, men of letters, and people of all classes, makes the story of his life by far the most interesting of all his literary works.

His life was by no means a good one, but he had a kindly spot in his heart after all, for he took his widowed sister with six children to his home, and treated them with such kindness that their dependence upon him was not made bitter to them.

When he died, every honor was paid to his memory and he was buried in the Church of the Annunziata, beneath the chapel of the Company of St. Luke.



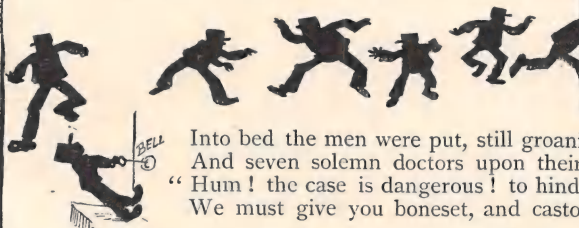
## SEVEN IDLE LITTLE MEN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

SEVEN idle little men were sitting on a tree,  
 Discussing all that 's happened and all that 's sure to be.  
 Seven giant bumble-bees, from off a bush of posies,  
 Stung the seven little men upon their seven noses.



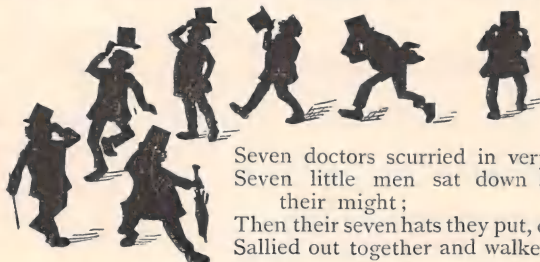
Seven shrieks arose at once and seven wives did run;  
 All the seven noses were bandaged, one by one;  
 Seven messengers were sent, in seven separate  
 flurries,  
 To bring back seven doctors in seven awful hurries.



Into bed the men were put, still groaning loud and dazed,  
 And seven solemn doctors upon their patients gazed;  
 "Hum! the case is dangerous! to hinder further ills,  
 We must give you boneset, and castor-oil, and squills!"



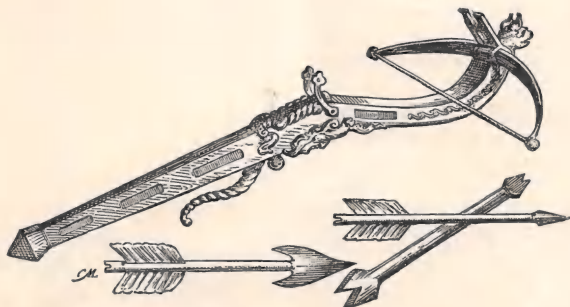
Seven little backs arose without the least delay;  
 Seven fearful somersaults were turned, right away;  
 All the clothes were scattered on all the seven beds;—  
*Slap* went all the medicines at all the doctors' heads!



Seven doctors scurried in very serious fright;  
 Seven little men sat down and laughed with all  
 their might;  
 Then their seven hats they put, each, on his curly pate—  
 Sallied out together and walked abroad in state.

Hopkins





## THE STORY OF THE ARBALIST.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

HAVE you ever seen one of those old-time Southern kitchens? Think of a room twenty-four feet long and twenty feet wide, with a huge fireplace and a heavy, rudely carved mantel. Overhead are great beams of hewed pine, smoked until they look like ebony, upon which rest the broad planks of the ceiling. In one corner is a cupboard, of triangular form, in which may be seen pottery plates and dishes of curious shapes and brilliant colors. Several four-post chairs are scattered around, and the tall, black andirons spread out their crooked legs and seem to gaze at you from beneath the charred wooden crane. The walls are smoked and dingy, but the floor is clean and white. In such a kitchen I saw my first cross-bow. It was a heavy piece of finely smoked oak, with a steel lathe or bow. It was hung obliquely across a raw-hide shield, or buckler, just above the mantel. Two or three arrows, called quarrels, stood beside it, and the head of an ancient spear projected from a rude stone jar just beyond. In this kitchen, two brown-haired boys heard their father tell all about cross-bows. It was a windy night and a cold rain was falling. The blackness and dreariness out-doors made the flaring pine-knot fire on the wide hearth seem doubly bright and comforting. The mother of the boys, a sweet-faced woman, was sewing near a round cherry table whose feet had claws like those of a lion. On this table stood a brass candlestick in which burned a tallow candle, and beside the candlestick lay a big Bible bound in undressed calf-skin, with the hairy side out. The father sat in front of the fire. The boys sat one on either side of him. The pine-knots flamed and sputtered, and black, fleecy-looking smoke rolled heavily up the yawning chimney.

"I will now tell you about the cross-bow," said

the father, settling himself deeper into the wide-armed chair.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the older boy.

"Oh, good, good!" cried the younger, clapping his hands and laughing happily.

The mother looked up from her sewing and smiled at the joyful faces of her children. The rain swashed and throbbed on the roof, the wind shook the house.

"That cross-bow was sent to me from England. It is said to be of Spanish make, and to date back to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It may have been used in the terrible battle of Cressy, for all any one knows. The cross-bow was the most deadly of all the missile weapons before the perfecting of fire-arms. The Spaniards brought it to the greatest degree of efficiency, but the French and English also made very fine cross-bows. You see how simply it is constructed. The stock is of black oak, carved to suit the taste of the maker, whilst the lathe, or bow, is of spring steel. The stocks of some cross-bows are straight, others are crooked, somewhat after the shape of the stock of a gun. A great many of these weapons had wooden bows in the place of steel lathes; these were made of yew-wood. The arrows of the cross-bow were called quarrels, or bolts. They were shorter, thicker, and heavier than the arrows of the English long-bow. The place in the cross-bow where the string is fastened when it is pulled back, ready to shoot, is called the nut. From the nut to the fore end of the stock the wood is hollowed out, so that, when a quarrel is placed in position for firing, it does not touch the stock, except at the tip of its notch and the point where it lies on the fore end. The trigger, as you see, works on a pivot, causing the nut to free the string, whereupon the bow discharges the quarrel.



"The history of the cross-bow is very interesting. You will find that Richard the Lion-hearted was a great cross-bowman. He used to carry a very strong arbalist (the old name for cross-bow) with him wherever he went. Even on his long expedition to Palestine against the Saracens his favorite weapon (possibly it may have been that one hanging over the mantel there) was his constant companion."

"Oh, Papa!" cried the younger boy, in an excited voice, "do you really think that can be King Richard's bow?"

"I have no means of telling whose bow it may once have been," replied his father. "But I was going to tell you that Richard Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Ascalon, is said to have aimed his quarrels so skillfully that many an armed warrior on the high walls was pierced through and through."

"The steel bolts fired from the strongest cross-bows would crash through any but the very finest armor. There are breast-plates and helmets of steel, preserved among British antiquities, which have been pierced by quarrels. I have read in old books, written in French and Spanish, all about how these terrible weapons were made and used."

"Tell us more about Richard the Lion-hearted," urged the younger boy, who delighted in stories of battle.

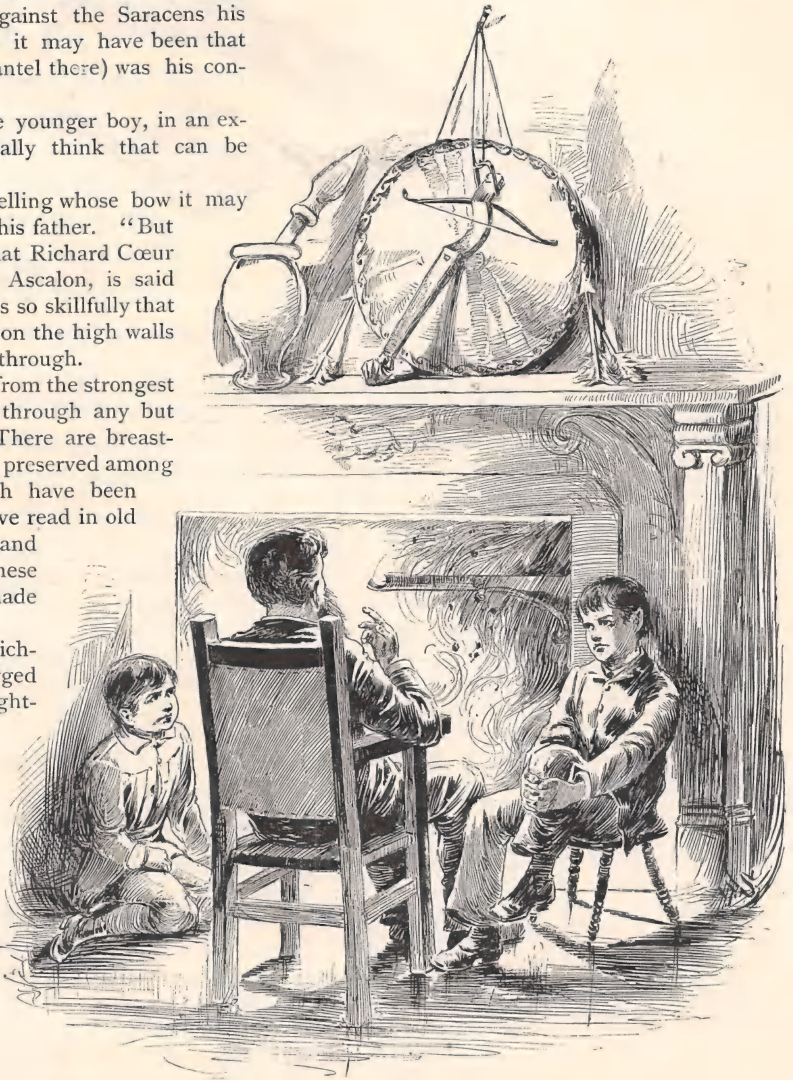
"Richard was killed by a quarrel from a French cross-bow," replied the father.

"Oh, dear!" cried the boys.

"Yes, I will tell you the story as I have gathered it from the old accounts: A plowman in the province of Compiègne unearthed a gold statuette of Minerva, a most valuable thing. This he divided, send-

ing one half to Richard, and keeping the other half himself. But, you know, in those days a king wanted everything. Richard's lion heart could not brook to divide a treasure with one of his vassals. So he peremptorily demanded the other half of the treasure, which being refused, he called together a small army and went to lay siege to the strong castle of Chalus, in Normandy, wherein the treasure was said to be hidden. But

it was a dear expedition for the bold king. A famous cross-bowman by the name of Bertram de Jourdan, standing on the tall turret of the castle, saw Richard riding around in the plain below and



LISTENING TO THE STORY OF THE ARBALIST.

took steady aim at him. This Bertram de Jourdan had cause to hate the king, for Richard had killed his two brothers with his own hand. So when he pressed the trigger of his powerful cross-bow he sent a hiss of revenge along with the steel-headed quarrel. Richard heard the keen twang of the bow-string and bent low over the bow of his saddle, but the arrow struck him in the shoulder and he died of the wound. So, you see, he would have



done better to leave that gold alone. However, his men stormed the castle and brought Bertram de Jourdan before him while he lay dying. Richard was too noble to mistreat a prisoner, so he gave the cross-bowman a magnificent present and ordered him to be set at liberty. But one Marcadee, an infamous brute, who was next in command to Richard, as soon as the king was dead ordered De Jourdan to be flayed alive and hung up for the vultures to eat."

"Oh, how mean and cowardly!" exclaimed the younger boy, indignantly. "If I'd been there and had a cross-bow, I'd have shot that miserable Marcadee!"

"Yes," said the older boy, "and then his soldiers would have hacked you to pieces in a minute."

"It may be," said their father, reflectively, "that our cross-bow up there is the very one with which Bertram de Jourdan killed the lion-hearted king."

"If it is, let's burn it up!" said the younger boy. "I would n't have a cross-bow about that would do so mean a thing."

"On the 2d of August, in the year 1100," continued the father, "William II., surnamed Rufus, a famous king of England, and a son of the conqueror, was killed by a cross-bow bolt in the forest at Charningham, accidentally, it is said, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, his bow-bearer. A nephew of King Rufus had been killed in May of the same year by a like mishap. But the deeds done with the cross-bow were not all so bloody and terrible. From a very early date in the history of France companies of cross-bowmen have existed, among which those at Lisle, Roulaix, Lennoy, Comines, Le Guesnoy, and Valenciennes may be mentioned as prominent. That at Roulaix was instituted by Pierre de Roulaix in 1491, a year before America was discovered by Columbus. The members of these societies shot at targets and marks of various kinds, and their meetings were often the occasion for great pomp and splendor. Many of these companies have been suppressed by law in comparatively recent times.

"The sportsmen of Spain and France used the cross-bow as their principal hunting weapon up to the time when the flint-lock fire-arm had reached a degree of power and accuracy at short range second only to the perfected weapon of the nineteenth century. In England, as far back as the reign of William Rufus, laws were passed forbidding the use of the arbalist, excepting by persons having especial royal permit. This was because the cross-bow, particularly the kind with a windlass attachment to draw the string, was so destructive to the king's deer. You will at once see the great advantage the arbalist gave to huntsmen who

used it instead of the long-bow; for he could shoot from any tangled thicket where a long-bowman could not use his weapon at all. Then, too, it required years of patient practice before a man could shoot well enough with a long-bow to hit a deer, while any one, with but a day or two's experience, could successfully aim a cross-bow.

"The mediæval arbalister, as the cross-bowman was called, is represented in old drawings and



THE MODERN BOY WITH HIS CROSS-BOW.

engravings as a strong, heavy-limbed man, wearing a helmet and a coat of chain mail, or of quilted silk and thongs of raw-hide, and a loose, shirt-like garment over all, belted at the waist. He stands in the attitude of aiming, with his feet planted firmly on the ground, his bow-stock resting in the hollow of his left hand, whilst his right forefinger presses the trigger. He takes sight over the point of his quarrel. His attitude is very much like that of a rifleman aiming a rifle.

"I have told you that the Spaniards were probably the most skillful arbalist-makers in the world,



but I forgot to relate how I once came near becoming the owner of a genuine old Spanish weapon. I was at St. Augustine, that strange old town on the coast of Florida, and was having a man dig up a plant which grew close beside the crumbling wall that flanks the famous gate, when his hoe struck something hard, and he dragged out of the loose sand a rusty bow of iron set in a piece of rotten oak-wood."

"That was luck!" exclaimed the older boy.

"But it belonged to the man who dug it up," interposed the younger.

"Not when Papa had hired him," replied the elder.

"As I was proceeding to tell you," continued their father, "it proved to be ——"

"Oh, how came it there?" cried the younger boy, excitedly. "Tell us the story!"

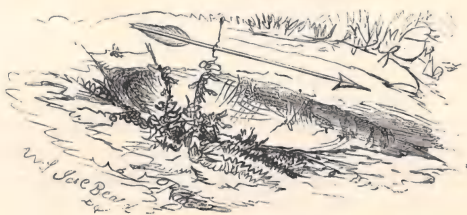
"Well, he was telling it, and you went and stopped him," said the elder.

"Now Claude," said the younger, whose name was Jesse, "you know I did n't mean it!"

"You know," said their father, "that when that celebrated captain, the blood-thirsty Menendez, was fighting everybody, white or Indian, that he could find in Florida, his cross-bowmen used to prowl all through the woods where St. Augustine now stands, and they no doubt had many a deadly trial of skill with the cunning Indian archers.



WHAT HE AIMED AT,



AND WHAT HE HIT. [SEE PAGE 866.]

This, of course, might be one of Menendez's arbalists, or even one of De Soto's. To be sure, it was a mere fragment, which the teeth of time had left for me; but would n't the merest rotten splinter and rusty remnant of those knightly days be worth a good deal?"

"I should think so," said Claude.

"Tell us about fighting the Indians and the wild game and all," said Jesse.

"Oh, for that matter," said the father, "those Spanish soldiers were great murderers. Once when De Soto and his men were pursuing some flying savages, a warrior suddenly turned his face toward the Spaniards and halted. He was armed with a long-bow and arrows, and was just across a narrow river from his foes. He made signs that he challenged any one of the Spanish cross-bowmen to fight a duel with him. The challenge was accepted by one Juan de Salinas, a most expert arbalister, who stepped forth and faced the Indian. The comrades of Salinas offered to cover him with their shields, but the brave soldier scorned to take advantage of a naked savage. So he refused the cover, and placing a quarrel on the nut of his drawn bow made ready to shoot. The Indian also was ready by this time, and both discharged their arrows at the same moment. But Salinas was cooler under such stress of danger than the Indian was, and so took truer aim. His quarrel pierced the savage warrior's heart, and he fell dead. The bows of the savages were puny things when matched against the steel arbalists of the trained Spanish soldiers. The Indian's slender reed arrow passed through the nape of Juan de Salinas' neck, but without seriously hurting him. A quilted shirt of doubled silk was sufficient protection against most of the Indian missiles, and a man in steel armor was proof against all."

"But did the man let you have the old cross-bow he dug up?" asked Claude, as his father stopped speaking.

"I picked it up," said his father, "and found it to be a rotten barrel-stave with an arc of old rusted hoop fastened to it."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Jesse. "You were badly sold, were n't you?"

"But to go back to hunting with the cross-bow," said his father. "I have seen a picture of Queen Elizabeth of England, representing her in the act of shooting at a deer with an arbalist."

"Oh, Papa! May be our cross-bow was the one she used!" said Claude, breathlessly.

"Why, Claude," exclaimed Jesse, in a tone of voice that indicated surprise, "you know very well that a woman never could have handled *that* bow!"

"But Queen Elizabeth had a strong man for her bow-bearer," said his father, "and all she had to do was to take aim and pull the trigger after the bow-bearer had made the arbalist all ready for shooting. Nevertheless, I think she would not have chosen so heavy a weapon. Its recoil might have hurt her."



"The manner of hunting deer in those days was to stand in a spot whence you could see in all directions through the forest, while a number of expert woodsmen drove the game near to you as you held your arbalist ready to shoot. If you shot at a running deer you would have to aim far ahead of it in order to hit it.

"Hare or rabbit shooting was great sport for the cross-bowmen. For this purpose lighter arbalists were used. The hunter kept carefully trained dogs, somewhat like our pointers and setters, whose business it was to find the game. Twenty-five yards was about the usual distance for shooting at rabbits. They were rarely shot while running.

"A cross-bow for throwing pebbles, called a stone-bow, was used in small bird shooting. This weapon was also called a rodd. At short distances it shot with great force and precision. The rodd differed very little from the ordinary arbalist. Its string was armed with a sort of loop or pouch at the middle for holding the pebble or small stone. Some men became very expert in the use of the stone-bow. There are old pictures which seem to convey the idea that birds were shot on the wing; but I doubt if that could be done with so clumsy an instrument as the rodd."

"Papa, I think my rubber gun must be somewhat like a rodd," said Jesse. "You know it has an attachment for shooting bullets."

"Yes," replied his father; "it is the same principle. But your rubber gun shoots by the elasticity of its string, while the rodd was a real cross-bow, or arbalist, many of them having powerful lathes of steel.

"The long-bowmen of England cordially hated the arbalisters, especially when it came to shooting game in the green woods. The good yeomen who had spent years of unremitting practice to become proficient with the famous Norman long-bow, could not bear to see lazy fellows, who had never given a

month to practice, coming into the best hunting-grounds armed with those murderous steel cross-bows. A great deal of quarreling and bloodshed was the result. So, as I have said, the Government



OLD-TIME CROSS-BOWMAN WITH HIS ARBALIST.

of England passed stringent laws against the arbalist, and the weapon became somewhat dishonored. But in France and Spain it held the supremacy over all the weapons of the chase. Even to this day in Spain a hunter is called *ballastero*, which means cross-bowman or arbalister.

"De Espinar, a Spanish writer of the seventeenth century, in a curious and most delightful book on hunting and field sports, gives minute details of the grand royal hunting matches in the time of Philip IV. of Spain; but I think the arbalist fell into comparative disuse at about the end of the first half of the seventeenth century.

"The strongest and most deadly arbalists were



those constructed with monlinet pulleys and movable handles or cranks, which gave a man power to spring a bow of enormous strength. These were clumsy instruments and rather uncouth in appearance."

"But, Papa," exclaimed Jesse, "why don't you sometimes take the old cross-bow and go hunting? I should think it would be just splendid fun!"

His father gazed into the fire and smiled rather grimly, as if some curious recollection had been suddenly called up.

"I did try that once," he presently said.

"Oh, tell us about it!" cried both boys, drawing their chairs closer to him and leaning forward in their eagerness.

"It was soon after I got the arbalist," continued their father, "when the idea of trying its shooting qualities came into my mind. I think I must have allowed the poetry of the thought to get the better of me, for I never once stopped to consider the chances of any disastrous result to the experiment. For some time the hares had been gnawing at my young apple-trees. This afforded me a good excuse, if any was needed, for shooting the little pests. So one morning I took down the old cross-bow and its quarrels and went forth, as I imagine the poachers of the fourteenth century used to do in Merrie Englande, to have an hour or two of sport. It chanced that the first live thing I saw was a gold-shafted woodpecker. It was on an old stump, and I thought I would try a shot at it. But I found it no easy task to pull the string back to the nut. I tell you that steel bow was strong. The string came near cutting my hands, I had to pull so hard. At last I got the weapon sprung and a quarrel in the groove, ready for firing; but when I looked for my bird it was gone and I could not find it any more. So I kept the bow set and my thumb on the nut to prevent any accidental discharge, as I pursued my search for game. Hares were plenty in this region then, and it was not long before I discovered one lying in its form. A form

is the shallow bed a hare sleeps in during the daytime. I was not more than forty feet distant from it as it lay in its peculiar crouching attitude, amid the thin weeds and briers. I raised the arbalist, and took careful aim at the little animal. When I thought all was right, I pressed the trigger with the forefinger of my right hand. Clang! whack! you ought to have heard that racket. The recoil was astonishing, and painful as well. The stock had jumped against my chin and hurt it; but I did not take my eyes off the hare. You never saw anything so badly scared. The quarrel had hit the ground just a little short of the game and was sticking there. The hare had turned its head and was gazing wildly at the quarrel, but the next second it leaped from its form and scudded away, soon disappearing in a thicket of sassafras and persimmon bushes. Upon another occasion I tried the same feat again, with a somewhat different but equally unsatisfactory result. Though my aim this time was truer, the second hare was too quick for me. Simultaneously with the 'clang' of the bow it disappeared in the thicket, my arrow burying itself harmlessly in the hollow it had just quitted. This was the last of my cross-bow shooting, however. The recoil of my second shot had snapped one limb of the steel lathe of the arbalist short off."

"Oh, Papa, that would spoil it!" said Jesse.

"So it did. I got a skillful workman to rivet the lathe, but of course it is spoiled for all shooting purposes, and must hang over the mantel as a mere relic of the past. Sometimes I half imagine it broke in sheer resentment at having a nineteenth-century man presume to disturb the long rest it had enjoyed since Richard Cœur de Lion, or Bertram de Jourdan, or Sir Walter Tyrrel, or Queen Elizabeth, or Ponce de Leon had last fired it."

"I am sorry it is broken," said Claude, ruefully.

Soon after this the boys kissed their mother good-night, and went to bed to dream of mediæval days and mighty feats with the arbalist.





## DO YOU KNOW SUCH BOYS?

*(A Tale of the Marlborough Sands.)*

BY ELIOT MCCORMICK.



TOM KIDDER lay stretched upon the hay in the loft of his father's barn, idly whittling a piece of wood with his new knife, and listening to the superior conversation of his latest acquaintance, Dick Jones. Tom had never been out of Sconsett in his life,—except once when he went to Portland,—and heard with deep interest the marvelous tales which Dick, who was a summer visitor down at the beach, had brought from Boston. The two boys were about the same age, but Tom regarded his friend with as deep veneration as though Dick had been Methuselah. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, the air was perfectly still and not very warm, and Dick, having exhausted for the time his stock of adventures, began to find the haymow too confining for his restless ambition.

"Say," he remarked, "don't you want to harness up the horse and take me down to the beach? It would be a nice afternoon for a drive, and I ought to be going home."

Tom looked a little uncomfortable.

"I don't believe I can do that," he said. "Father has gone off with the buggy and old Sam."

"So much the better," remarked Dick. "That leaves the other horse for you and me, don't you

see? Only it's a nuisance that we shall have to take the wagon."

"But I can't," remonstrated Tom. "Father never lets any one drive Prince but himself, and never harnesses him to the wagon. I'll row you down to the ferry-pier, though, and you can take the train there over to Marlborough."

Dick curled up his lip in a disagreeable way, rising at the same time to his feet. "Thanks," he said, "but I guess I'll walk. Only I don't see how I can get up here very often if it is such hard work to get back. It is n't any joke, you know, to walk two miles through the heat and dust."

Tom was in an agony of mortification.

"Oh, I say, Dick!" he cried, "you know I don't want you to walk; let me row you down to the pier. The tide will be running out in ten minutes, and it will be an easy row. Or, stay here all night, wont you? and I'll row up to town and telephone down to the beach that you wont be home."

But Dick was quite inflexible.

"No," he declared, "I am not going to be drowned in the river, and I can't stay all night. I have got an appointment at six o'clock, at the hotel.



If you can't harness up Prince, as you call him, why, I'll have to walk."

"But he balks," faltered Tom.

"Balks, does he? Well, if there's one thing I'm more glad to get hold of than another it's a balky horse. Why, my dear boy, I know a trick that will cure the worst case you ever saw."

Tom hesitated. Had not his father said, only the day before, that if some one could not cure Prince of his balking the horse must be sold? What a grand thing it would be if he could take Prince out and bring him back cured! Deacon Kidder did not like Dick, as Tom very well knew, but if Dick should cure Prince the Deacon could have no reason for not liking him.

"How do you do it?" Tom asked at length.

Dick surveyed him with an air of surprise.

"How do I do it?" he asked. "Well, I guess that's my secret. May be you wont find out how when you've seen it done, but I'll do it all the same. Does he balk when you drive him?"

"I never drove him," said Tom, meekly.

"Never drove him? Well, before I'd let a horse like that stand idle in my father's stable while my father was away, I'd know it. It's time you began, young fellow. You can drive him part of the way this afternoon."

Now, considering that the horse belonged to Tom's father, and that if either of the two boys had a right to drive him it was not Dick, this offer was not so magnanimous as it seemed. Indeed, it was what Tom himself, if he had not been dazzled by Dick's air of superiority, would have called impudent; but just now he was under a spell which blinded his judgment and made him willing to do things that at other times he would not have dreamed of doing.

"Well, I'd like to drive Prince," he admitted.

"Of course you would, and if you'd had any pluck you'd have driven him long ago. The idea of a fellow like you having to take that old cow every time you go out! Why, your father ought to buy you a light wagon and let you drive Prince out every afternoon. I dare say you could train him so that he'd go inside of three minutes. Come, let's go down and harness."

Tom still deliberated. He felt flattered by Dick's sugared compliments and enticed by his wily suggestions and stung by his contempt. Perhaps it was the contempt that decided him; for when Dick rather sneeringly remarked, "Afraid, are you?" Tom with a quick, angry flush jumped to his feet and faced his friend.

"No, I'm not afraid!" he said. "I dare say Father'll thrash me for it; but I'm not afraid."

"Oh, he wont thrash you, if you bring the horse back cured."

"Well, I don't know," said Tom, reflectively. "Father would n't believe he was cured until he'd tried him himself; but we'll go down just the same and harness him."

Tom had not lived on a farm all his life without knowing how to harness a horse, but Dick, when it came to putting Prince in the wagon, did not display that proficiency which his somewhat boastful conversation had led Tom to expect from him. Tom, indeed, had to go over his work, straightening out the trace, readjusting the breeching strap, and making things generally safe and sure. It was strange, he thought, that a fellow who knew so much about horses should not know more about harnessing them; but then, perhaps, that had always been done for him. At any rate, the job was now complete and they were ready to start.

"Which way did your father go?" asked Dick, as they got in the wagon.

"Oh, father went up to Lyman," said Tom. "We sha'n't meet him anywhere. Which road shall we take?"

"Let's keep down your road," returned Dick. "That will take us to the Ferry Beach, then we can drive along the beach to Marlborough."

"You forget about the quicksands," objected Tom. Dick threw back his head and laughed.

"Of all ridiculous tales," he declared, "that quicksand story is about the worst I ever heard! Why, I drove over there the other day, and it was like a floor the whole way."

"A horse and wagon were swallowed up there once," observed Tom, soberly.

Dick's lip curled. "Oh, pshaw!" he said, "I don't believe a word of it. I'm not afraid."

By this time they were fairly on their way. The horse as yet had not shown the slightest symptom of balking, which, though it certainly made the drive more agreeable, left Tom without the excuse which he had been making to himself for taking the horse out.

"It's always the way," he said, gloomily. "If nobody wanted him to balk, he would be sure to do it."

"Who wants him to balk?" said Dick, flicking a fly off of Prince's flank with the whip. "I'm sure I don't; perhaps he'll gratify you coming back."

This possibility had not struck Tom before.

"Suppose he should?" he exclaimed.

Dick laughed. For the first time it struck Tom what a cold, disagreeable laugh Dick's was.

"Well, you'd have to get along the best way you could," he said, indifferently.

"And wont you tell me your trick?"

Dick smiled, and made no response.

There was a few minutes' silence while the wagon rolled swiftly along the road. However much



Dick might be enjoying it, the ride was already becoming to Tom a very unpleasant experience. The sense of his disobedience and of his father's displeasure, his fear lest the horse might balk when he should be alone, and his dread of the Marlborough Sands combined to make his situation extremely uncomfortable.

"Fine, is n't it?" remarked Dick at length.

Tom mumbled something which might have been either yes or no.

"It'll be finer, though," Dick continued, "when we get down to the beach."

This time Tom did not say a word, and they drove along without speaking until another turn brought them in sight of the Bay View House. In a moment more they had passed the house and crossed the railroad track and gained the hard surface of the sand beyond.

"Glorious!" Dick cried. "Reminds me of Nantasket."

"Nantasket!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly; "there isn't another beach like the Marlborough in the world."

It seemed, indeed, as if Tom must be right. Far away in the direction which they were taking curved the hard, level sand—so far, indeed, that the eye could not discern the end; and though it was high tide, there were yet a hundred feet between them and the rippling waves. They were leaving the Ferry Beach, as it was called, behind them, and were approaching the little river which marked the boundary of Marlborough Beach and concealed, as Tom had said, the dreaded quicksands. Already they had crossed one or two little rivulets when Tom, who had been keeping a sharp watch, saw the glitter of a wider stream not far ahead.

"Now look out for the sands," he cried. "They're right along here where one of these inlets sets in from the sea."

Dick hit the horse with the whip.

"Oh, bother take the sands!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe there are any."

"Here it is!" cried Tom, excitedly, "right ahead—Dick, you *shall* stop!" and leaning over he grasped both reins and pulled up the horse on the brink of a stream about fifty feet wide, the appearance of which certainly gave no cause for alarm. One could hardly imagine that underneath the rushing water lurked the terrible power to seize and drag down those who might venture to cross it.

"Let go!" shouted Dick, angrily, tearing the reins away from Tom's hold. "What a fool you are! Don't you know that's the worst thing in the world to do? I'm going through here, quicksands or no quicksands. There's a wagon ahead

that has been through, and where one man has gone another can go, I guess."

There was a wagon ahead,—that was a fact,—and, as the tracks showed, it had been through the stream. The marks of the wheels going down one bank were quite plain, and they were equally plain going up the other. Seeing that, Tom felt somewhat reassured and withal a little ashamed of his own haste.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it may be further on, but this looks just like the place."

"Of course it is further on," said Dick, mockingly, "if it's anywhere. I don't believe it's anywhere. Get up!" he cried, striking Prince again with the whip.

The horse, still obedient, started forward and walked cautiously into the river. Then, as he felt the water rising about his fetlocks, he raised his feet nervously and showed a disposition to stop.

"Get up!" said Dick again, with a snap.

But Prince did not get up. On the contrary, he stood still. They were by this time a dozen feet past the water's edge; the water was rushing violently under the body of the wagon, and Tom noticed, to his dismay, not only that the body was nearer the surface of the water than it had been a moment before, but that the wagon tracks on the opposite side, at which they had aimed, were several feet up stream.

"It is the Marlborough Sands!" he cried; "and oh, Dick! we are going down!"

At the same moment, the man in the wagon ahead happened to turn around and discovered their perilous position.

"Whip your horse!" Tom could hear him cry; "for heaven's sake, whip your horse!"

Dick had already been whipping the horse, but whether the wagon was too heavy to be pulled out of the shifting sand, or the animal himself was contrary, they did not move an inch, except as the swift current carried them down the river, and the sand threatened to swallow them up. Already the wagon had sunk to the hubs of the wheels.

"Jump!" cried the man, driving back to the bank; "jump now! It's your only chance!"

Dick threw down the whip and flung the reins over the dashboard. "I was a fool to trust myself to a balky horse!" he said. "You'd better jump, Tom, while you've got a chance, and leave the brute to take care of himself. I'm going now."

With these words he clambered into the back of the wagon, coolly removed the second seat, tossed it into the river, and then jumped in after it. The seat served as a buoy to keep him above the dangerous sands, and with a few rapid strokes he gained the shore which they had left. Without waiting to see how Tom came out of the scrape, he



made his way up the stream to where it might be crossed, and thence as quickly as he could go to the hotel.

Tom, meanwhile, sat hopeless and dazed. Rather than go back to his father without the horse he would go down with the wagon. It would n't be long, if he sat there, before he would be drowned. How terribly he was paying for his disobedience, and how ill prepared he was to die! The cries of the man urging him to jump fell on deaf ears. He could not jump and leave Prince to drown.

But need he leave Prince? A sudden thought roused him from his stupor. Leaning over the dashboard he cut the traces with two strokes of his sharp knife. Another stroke severed the strap that connects the saddle with the breeching; then, gathering the reins in his hands and stepping carefully on the shaft, he mounted Prince's back and hit him sharply with the reins. The horse, alive to the situation, plunged forward. Tom's feet pushed the tugs away from the shafts, and with another plunge the shafts dropped into the river. The horse stood free. Another plunge—the reins were not needed now to urge him—and his feet were extricated from the shifting bottom. Another, and Prince, quivering like a leaf, was scrambling up the farther shore. The whole operation had taken but a moment, but when Tom had leaped from the horse's back and looked around for the wagon, he discovered with a thrill of horror that it had disappeared from sight.

"Well!" exclaimed the man, who had watched the proceeding with eager interest, "that was a smart thing to do, but let me tell you, young fellow, you had a pretty narrow escape."

Tom's face had not yet regained its natural color, nor his voice its usual steadiness.

"Yes," he said, soberly, "I suppose I did."

"Horse balk?" inquired the other.

Tom nodded.

"Wont do it again," said the man, "no more'n you'll cross the Marlboro' Sands again with a heavy wagon at a high tide."

"I guess I wont," said Tom. "I did n't want to do it to day."

"The other fellow led you into it, did he? Well, you wont be led so easy the next time. Going up Sconsett way?"

"Yes," said Tom; "I'm Deacon Kidder's son."

The man whistled. "Deacon Kidder your pa!" he exclaimed. "Land's sake! wont you get it when you get home! Guess I'd better stop in and tell them how cute you saved the horse. You can ride up with me, if you like."

"Thank you," said Tom, "I'll be glad to ride up with you, but I'll tell father myself about— The fact is, I took the horse and wagon without

leave, and I shan't feel quite easy until I've made it right."

"You'll get a thrashing," said the man, who seemed to be intimately acquainted with the deacon's peculiarities.

"All right!" said Tom cheerfully. "I'd rather be thrashed than feel mean."

"Well," said the man, as he whipped up his own horse and the two started off, leading Prince behind, "so would I; but I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd take it out of that other fellow the next time I met him."

Tom laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "I don't want to take it out of anybody. I'm too glad to have got out of that place alive to feel mad."

"Well, you had a mighty narrow escape," said the man again, as though that, after all, was the chief impression which the affair had left upon his mind.

Did Tom get a thrashing? Well, I am obliged to admit that he did. He brought back the horse, to be sure, but then he had had no business to take the horse out; beside which he had lost the wagon. He bore the chastisement, however, very philosophically, knowing that he deserved it, and after it was all over told his father that Mr. Chase—John Chase, of Lyman, which Tom had discovered to be the man's name—had said that the horse would never balk again. The deacon was very incredulous, but as it turned out Mr. Chase was right. Prince never did balk again—except once when the deacon tried to drive him through the Marlborough Sands at low tide. Then he rebelled; and not all Mr. Kidder's persuasions could induce him to take one step until he had been turned around, when he went willingly enough in the opposite direction.

The credit for the horse's cure Dick Jones hastened to take to himself.

"Yes," he would say, in answer to people's inquiries, "I drove him out one day, and he has n't balked since."

Unfortunately, however, he repeated this tale in the hotel office one evening when Tom's friend, Mr. Chase, whom Dick did not recognize, happened to be present.

"Was that the day," Mr. Chase asked, quietly, "when you drove the horse into Marlborough Sands and then jumped out of the wagon, leaving Tom Kidder and the horse to drown?"

Dick flushed scarlet.

"Tom need n't have staid," he stammered.

"Tom staid to look after the horse; and if you had been any kind of a man you'd have done it, too. It was Tom Kidder who got the horse out,



## THE LAND OF NODDY.—A LULLABY.

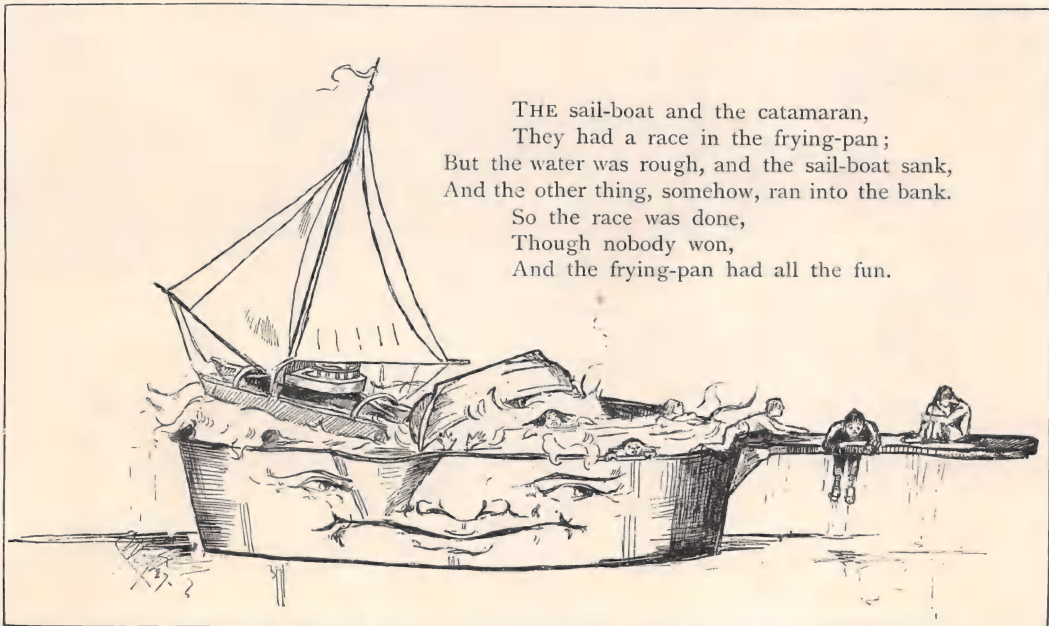
BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

PUT away the bauble and the bib,  
 Smooth out the pillows in the crib.  
 Softly on the down  
 Lay the baby's crown,  
 Warm around its feet  
 Tuck the little sheet,—  
 Snug as a pea in a pod!  
 With a yawn and a gap,  
 And a dreamy little nap,  
 We will go, we will go,  
 To the Landy-andy-pandy  
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
 To the Landy-andy-pand  
 Of Noddy-pod.

There in the Shadow-maker's tent,  
 After the twilight's soft descent,  
 We'll lie down to dreams  
 Of milk in flowing streams;  
 And the Shadow-maker's baby  
 Will lie down with us, may be,  
 On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod.

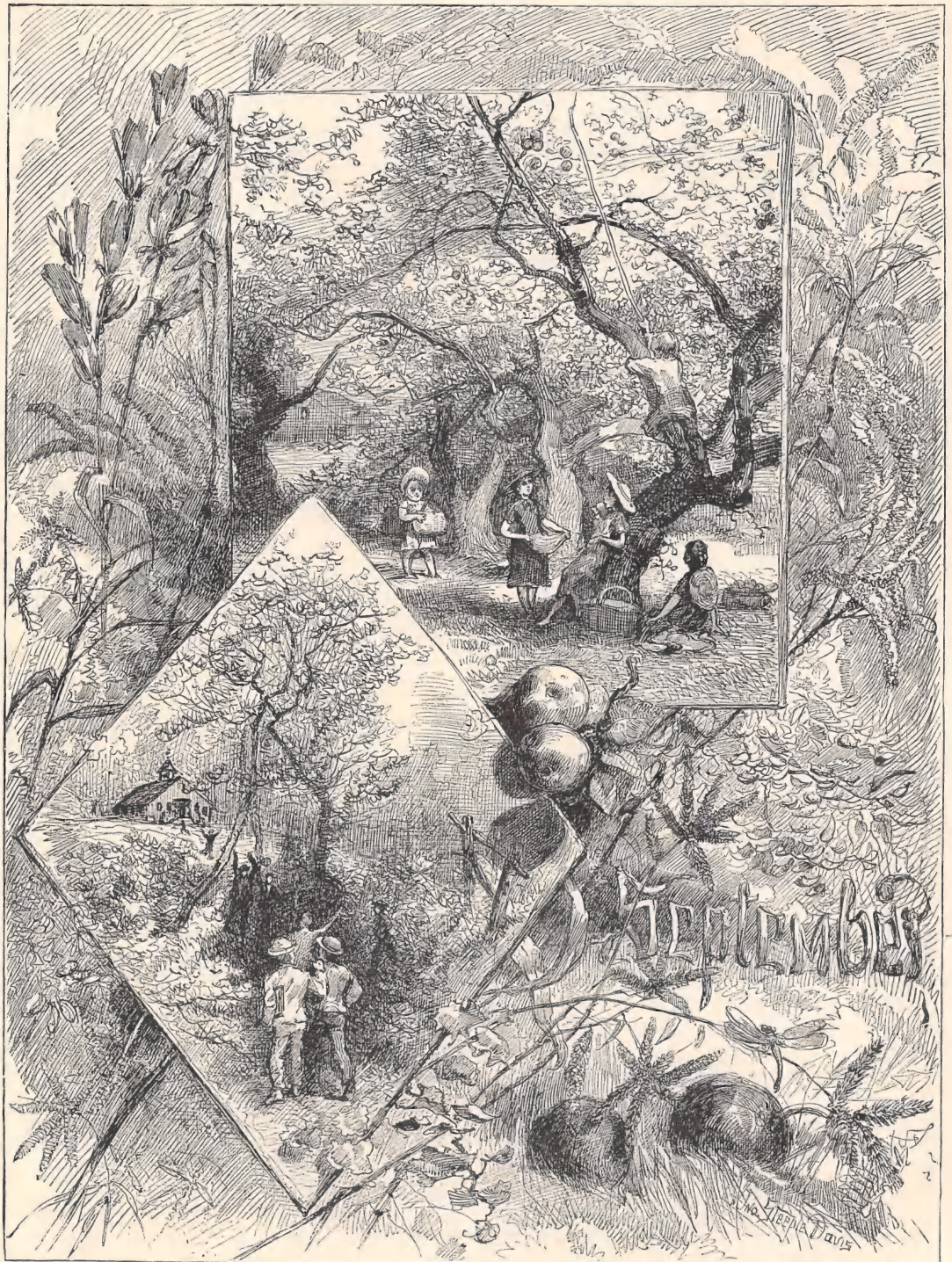
In a drowse and a doze,  
 All asleep from head to toes,  
 We will lie, we will lie,  
 In the Landy-andy-pandy  
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
 In the Landy-andy-pand  
 Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,  
 Then when the lark awakes,  
 We will leave the drowsy dreams,  
 And the twinkling starry gleams;  
 We will leave the little tent,  
 And the wonders in it pent,  
 To return to our own native sod.  
 With a hop and a skip,  
 And a jump and a flip,  
 We will come, we will come,  
 From the Landy-andy-pandy  
 Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,  
 From the Landy-andy-pand  
 Of Noddy-pod.



THE sail-boat and the catamaran,  
 They had a race in the frying-pan;  
 But the water was rough, and the sail-boat sank,  
 And the other thing, somehow, ran into the bank.  
 So the race was done,  
 Though nobody won,  
 And the frying-pan had all the fun.







## HOW THE CHILDREN EARNED MONEY FOR CHARITY.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

MANY years ago, in a little village among the hills, lived some children whose names you would know very well if you saw them here; but it would not do to make them public, for, to tell the truth, some of them have not grown any older yet in heart, although their merry faces are wrinkled with the smiles of age, and the tops of their heads resemble snow-drifts. As they lived long before the iron horse had dug through the mountain barriers, only one of them had ever seen a city. He had made a trip to Boston on the stage, starting before daylight, and riding all the next day and night over the route now traveled by the express train in a few hours. The hero of this remarkable expedition was named Joseph, and, like the "dunces who have been to Rome," he seldom failed to allude in every possible manner to his adventures abroad. So, when the children met to discuss the project of giving a theatrical performance in order to raise money enough to buy a Thanksgiving turkey for a poor widow, Joseph was, of course, chosen manager, because he had seen a real play at the Museum.

"My friends," said the oracle, in his opening speech, "you will need a curtain, and a place in which to hang it."

"My father will let us use the mill-chamber," said blue-eyed Katy, the miller's daughter; "for the stream is so low that he will not work there for a month, and there are lots of boards which we can use if we do not spoil them."

"Very well," said Joseph; "to-morrow will be Saturday, and we will meet at the mill to build the stage and cast our plays; so let us all bring any pieces of cloth we can borrow, and as many play-books as possible."

So that bright afternoon sun, as it shone cheerily through the chinks and cracks of the mill-garret, lit up the bright faces of the children who were preparing for the opening of their theater. The boys first brought up the boards and carefully piled them at the western end of the room, until they had formed a platform three feet high across one end of the chamber, while the girls sewed into three curtains the motley strips of cloth which they had borrowed from their mothers' rag-bags—the odd combinations of materials and shades thus obtained producing an effect very much like some of the grotesque draperies which the modern art-lovers profess to admire. The most showy

piece was chosen for the central curtain, upon the edge of which brass rings were sewed. The boys next stretched a wire across the room at just the same distance from the stage as the height of the curtain, on which the girls had strung the rings before it was fastened in place. A post was then put up at each side of the curtain, and securely nailed to the stage and to the top beams of the room, and the two other pieces of cloth tacked, one on each side, to the post and to the sides of the room. Two other curtains were made, large enough to fill the spaces from the posts to the back of the room, thus forming a dressing-room on each side of the stage, the entrances to which were made by pushing away the curtains at the front and rear corners, as required. The only change of scene from interior to exterior was made by pine-trees fastened into wooden blocks, which could be placed in various positions. The setting sun lighted up the completed stage, and the busy children grouped themselves in restful attitudes upon it, to select and cast the play. Dramatic works had, at that time, little place among the libraries of the simple farm-folk, who were content with "Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Martyrs," and the weekly visits of *The Ploughman*. But the lawyer's daughter, Annie, had brought a volume of Shakespeare's plays, and golden-haired Mabel had her "Mother Goose," the best and only play-book she had ever known.

"Shakespeare," said Joseph, "is a good writer, for I saw one of his plays myself. 'Hamlet' was the name of it, and I will be *Hamlet*, for I know how to act."

The children, of course, agreed, and each accepted the part which the manager assigned to him or her. Maggie was to be the *Queen*, because she was so tall, and Dick was unanimously chosen for the *Ghost*, because he was so thin. Bill Jones was offered the part of *Polonius*, because he liked to use big words; and sweet Mabel Drake took *Ophelia*, because she had lovely long hair and a brand-new white dress. *Laertes* was given to Sam Williams, because he was a good fighter—for they decided to have the combat with fists, as swords were very dangerous, even if they could get any, which they could not. The only sword in the village was somewhat damaged through long use as a poker by old Squire Hawks, who was mad



when he was not chosen captain of the militia. The minor parts of the play were given out by lot, and thus some of the children had two or three each, as there were so many, and all were told to come again on Wednesday, ready for rehearsal. But, when Wednesday afternoon came, they did not know their parts, for the words were so long and hard they could not remember them, and it seemed impossible even to the energetic Joseph to have "Hamlet" ready by Saturday afternoon, the day announced for the opening of the show. So Shakespeare was given up, and little Maud ventured to say that he was not half so good as Mother Goose. Struck with this idea, the children gave up their search for the unknown, and wisely resolved to content themselves with something less ambitious. Mabel Drake, in full costume copied from the picture, read the rhymes as they were acted with spirit by those who knew and loved them. Joseph resigned the part of *Hamlet* for that of *Bobby Shaftoe*, and sweet Effie Jones brought tears to the eyes of all as she knelt at the flax-wheel in grief for the drowned sailor, who returned triumphant in the next scene, in a neat sailor-suit, which seemed to have passed through the shipwreck uninjured. Maggie looked and acted the tall daughter to perfection, and little Maud was lovely as the bride, in poke-bonnet, as she rode proudly in the wheelbarrow, the chosen bride of little Eddie, who preferred her to the short, the greedy, or the progressive girl of the period. The hall was filled by the delighted parents of the children on that memorable Saturday, and the entrance fee of ten cents each gave the Widow Simpkins such a Thanksgiving dinner as she had never had before. But this was not all that the children earned for charity; for, when one of them grew up, he wished to write for the ST. NICHOLAS something that would interest the hosts of children who read the magazine, and he wrote for them a full account of the pantomime of "The Rats and the Mice," and the operetta of "Bobby Shaftoe," which have since been acted in hundreds of parlors, to the delight of old and young.

And even this was not the end. A few years later he was asked to assist in raising a very large sum of money for charity; and remembering the funny old mill theater, he caused lovely airs to be composed for these pieces, and, in connection with many other scenes, had them presented in large opera-houses by young ladies and children, to audiences of their friends, who gathered in such numbers that as much as one thousand dollars has been realized in a single evening from the simple and natural representation of these Mother Goose plays. In every city of note from Montreal to St.

Louis, with three exceptions, these Gems of Nursery Lore have earned money for charitable purposes, and in many of the representations the costumes and appointments have been very costly and elegant; but none of them have given more pleasure to actors and spectators than was enjoyed by the simple country people who witnessed the original performance in the old mill on the hillside, in which all these greater and more elaborate exhibitions originated. This little tribute of respect to the dear old Dame, to whose early inspiration so many poets and wise men owe their best efforts, will not be considered out of place; but there are those who feel that Mother Goose has had her day, and that her old rhymes have become a little hackneyed by oft-repeated representation. To such as these, ST. NICHOLAS has offered many pantomimes and operettas on wholly new themes, and these may be readily used by young folk to earn money for charity.

The children of to-day are constantly asking: "How can we also make money to help carry on our Sunday mission schools and to help the poor?" Letters of inquiry come often from distant cities and towns in the Far West. In reply to these queries we would recommend the Children's Carnival as the simplest and newest method. To encourage the little ones in this endeavor, a true story may not be out of place. In one of the chief cities of Western New York the largest church in town contemplated an entertainment for charity and became discouraged, when two young school-girls took up the abandoned idea and carried it out with immense success, using the operetta and pantomime from this magazine.

To get up a Children's Carnival, first give notice of your plan in the schools, asking those interested to meet for the choice of manager, treasurer, and committees for the alcoves, refreshments, and amusements, which may consist of three or more girls and boys for each. The first committee has the duty of arranging a stage at the end of the hall, unless one is already built, as is the case in many town-halls, and also the choice of twenty-five performers and the selection of the pantomime, operetta and tableau from their magazines. The manager is responsible for all performances on this stage, which should occupy an hour after the supper, and before the sales in the alcoves. The refreshment committee prepare tables across the end of the hall opposite the stage, and attend to the supper, which is solicited from the homes of all interested. They also choose four waiters for each table, who bring the refreshments from a side room and collect the money for them. The treasurer has charge of all receipts and pays all expenses, and appoints door-keepers, ushers, and ticket-sellers.



The committee on alcoves prepare three on each side of the hall, draped with cambric or any hangings suitable for the periods represented. They also choose attendants for each, in appropriate costumes, as for instance: the Curiosity Shop, with "Little Nell" and "Grandfather," who show or sell antique furniture and bric-à-brac in the upper alcove on the left side of the hall. In the next, three Turkish girls sell coffee, and in the third, two Japanese sell tea and fans. Across the hall, "Simple Simon" sells pies and cakes, and "Dame Trot" fancy-goods and

toys; and in the last alcove, on the right side of the hall, three little fairies sell candy. Flower-girls flit around the hall with bouquets, and music is furnished from a piano or orchestra, in case of a dance or promenade at the end of the evening. The performance on the stage is of course the principal attraction, and may be very effectively used in any parlor or hall, with or without the carnival; but the latter, when the work is divided, is not as laborious as you might suppose, and can not fail to please as well as to earn money for charity.

### IN SCHOOL AGAIN.







YOUNG WOLVES AT PLAY.



## STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

## BALDER.

BALDER, the god of the summer, was Odin's son, and he was the brightest and best of all the Asa-folk. Wherever he went, there were gladness and mirth, and blooming flowers, and singing birds, and murmuring water-falls. Balder, too, was a hero, but not a hero like Siegfried. For he slew no giants, he killed no dragons; he was not even a warrior; he never went into battle, and he never tried to make for himself a great name. There still are some such heroes, but they make little noise in the world; and, beyond their own neighborhood, they often are unnoticed and unknown.

Hoder, the blind king of the winter months, was Balder's brother, and as unlike him as darkness is unlike daylight. While one rejoiced and was merry and cheerful, the other was low-spirited and sad. While one scattered sunshine and blessings everywhere, the other carried with him a sense of cheerlessness and gloom. Yet the brothers loved each other dearly.

One night Balder dreamed a strange dream, and when he awoke he could not forget it. All day long he was thoughtful and sad, and he was not his own bright, happy self. His mother, the Asa-queen, saw that something troubled him, and she asked:

"Whence comes that cloud upon your brow? Will you suffer it to chase away all your sunshine, and will you become, like your brother Hoder, all frowns, and sighs, and tears?"

Then Balder told her what he had dreamed, and she, too, was sorely troubled; for it was a frightful dream and foreboded dire distress.

Then both she and Balder went to Odin, and to him they told the cause of their uneasiness. And he was dismayed at what he heard; for he knew that such dreams dreamed by Asa-folk were the forewarnings of evil. So he saddled his eight-footed horse Sleipner, and, without telling any one where he was going, he rode with the speed of the winds down into the Valley of Death. The dog that guards the gate-way to that dark and doleful land came out to meet him. Blood was on the fierce beast's jaws and breast, and he barked loudly and angrily at the Asa-king and his wondrous horse. But Odin sang sweet magic songs as he drew near, and the dog was charmed with the sound, and Sleipner and his rider went onward in safety. They passed the dark halls of the pale-

facéd queen, and came to the eastern gate of the valley. There stood the low hut of the witch who lived in darkness and spun the thread of fate for gods and men. Odin stood before the hut, and sang a wondrous song of witchery and enchantment, and he laid a spell upon the weird woman, and forced her to come out of her dark dwelling and answer his questions.

"Who is this stranger?" asked the witch. "Who is this unknown who calls me from my narrow home and sets an irksome task for me? Long have I been left alone in my quiet hut, and little recked I that the snow sometimes covered with its cold, white mantle both me and my resting-place, or that the pattering rain and the gently falling dew often moistened the roof of my house. Long have I rested quietly, and I do not wish now to be aroused."

"I am Valtam's son," said Odin, "and I come to learn of thee. Tell me, I pray, for whom are the soft and beautiful couches prepared that I saw in the broad halls of Death? For whom are the jewels and rings and rich clothing, and the shining shield?"

And she answered:

"All are for Balder, Odin's son; and the mead which has been brewed for him is hidden under the shining shield."

Then Odin asked who would be the slayer of Balder, and she answered that Hoder was the one who would send the shining Asa to the halls of Death. And she added: "But go thou hence, now, Odin; for I know thou art not Valtam's son. Go home, and none shall again awaken me nor disturb me at my task until Balder shall rule over the new earth in its purity, and there shall be no death."

Then Odin rode sorrowfully homeward; but he told no one of his journey to the dark valley, nor of what the witch had said to him.

Balder's mother, the Asa-queen, could not rest because of the ill-omened dream that her son had had; and, in her distress, she called together all the Asa-folk to consider what should be done. But they were speechless with alarm and sorrow, and none could offer advice nor set her mind at ease. Then she sought out every living creature and every lifeless thing upon the earth, and asked each one to swear that it would not on any account hurt Balder, nor touch him to do him harm. And this oath was willingly made by fire and water,



earth and air; by all beasts and creeping things and birds and fishes; by the rocks; by the trees and all metals. For everything loved Balder the Good.

Then the Asa-folk thought that great honor was shown to Balder each time an object refused to hurt him; and, to show their love for him, as well as to amuse themselves, they often hewed at him with their battle-axes, or struck at him with their sharp swords, or hurled toward him their heavy lances. For every weapon turned aside in its course, and would neither mark nor bruise the shining target at which it was aimed; and Balder's princely beauty shone as bright and pure as ever.

When Loki, the mischief-maker, saw how all things loved and honored Balder, his heart was filled with jealousy, and he sought all over the earth for some beast, or bird, or tree, or lifeless thing that had not taken the oath. But he could not find one. Then, disguised as a fair maiden, he went to Fensal Hall, where dwelt Balder's mother. The Asa-queen was busy with her golden spindle, and her maid-servant, Fulla-of-the-flowing-hair, sat on a stool beside her. When the queen saw Loki, she asked:

"Whence come you, fair stranger, and what favor would you ask of Odin's wife?"

"I come," answered the disguised mischief-maker, "from the plains of Ida, where the gods meet for pleasant pastime, as well as to talk of the weighty matters of their kingdom."

"And how do they while away their time to-day?" asked the queen.

"They have a pleasant game which they call Balder's Honor. The shining hero stands before them as a target, and each one tries his skill at hurling some weapon toward him. First, Odin throws at him the spear Gungner, but it passes harmlessly over his head. Then Thor takes up a huge rock and hurls it full at Balder's breast, but it turns in its course and will not strike the sun-bright target. Then Hoenir seizes a battle-ax, and strikes at Balder as though he would hew him down; but the keen edge refuses to touch him. And in this way the Asa-folk show honor to the best of their number."

The Asa-queen smiled in the glad pride of her mother-heart, and said: "Yes, everything shows honor to the best of Odin's sons; for neither metal, nor wood, nor stone, nor fire, nor water will touch Balder to do him harm."

"Is it true, then," asked Loki, "that everything has made an oath to you, and promised not to hurt your son?"

And the queen, not thinking what harm an unguarded word might do, answered: "Everything has promised, save a little, feeble sprig that men

call the mistletoe. So small and weak it is that I know it could never harm any one; and so I passed it by and did not ask it to take the oath."

Then Loki went out of Fensal Hall and left the Asa-queen at her spinning. And he walked briskly away, and paused not until he came to the eastern side of Valhalla, where, on the branches of an old oak-tree, the mistletoe grew. Rudely he tore the plant from its supporting branch and hid it under his cloak. Then he walked leisurely back to the place where the Asa-folk were wont to meet in council.

The next day the Asas went out, as usual, to engage again in pleasant pastimes. When they had tired of leaping, and tilting, and foot-racing, they placed Balder before them as a target again; and, as each threw his weapon toward the shining mark, they laughed to see the missile turn aside from its course and refuse to strike the honored one. But blind Hoder stood sorrowfully away from the others and did not join in any of their sports. Loki, seeing this, went to Hoder, and said:

"Brother of the gloomy brow, why do you not take part with us in our games?"

"I am blind," answered Hoder, "and I can neither leap, nor run, nor throw the lance."

"But you can shoot arrows from your bow," said Loki.

"Alas!" said Hoder, "that I can do only as some one shall direct my aim. For I can see no target."

"Do you hear that laughter?" asked Loki. "Thor has hurled the straight trunk of a pine-tree at your brother, and, rather than touch such a glorious target, it has turned aside and been shivered to pieces upon the rocks over there. It is thus that the Asa-folk, and all things living and lifeless, honor the sun-bright Balder. Hoder is the only one who hangs his head and fears to do his part. Come, now, let me fit this little arrow in your bow, and then, as I point it, do you shoot. When you hear the gods laugh, you will know that your arrow has shown honor to the hero by refusing to hit him."

And Hoder, thinking no harm, did as Loki wished, and allowed him to fit the mistletoe to his bow. And the deadly arrow sped from the bow and pierced the heart of shining Balder, and he sank lifeless to the ground. Then the Asa-folk who saw it were struck speechless with sorrow and astonishment; and, had it not been that the Ida plains whereon they were standing were sacred to peace, they would have seized upon Loki and put him to death. Forthwith the world was draped in mourning for Balder the Good; the birds stopped singing and flew with drooping wings toward the far Southland; the beasts sought to hide them-



selves in their lairs and in the holes of the ground ; the trees shivered and sighed until their leaves fell withered to the earth ; the flowers closed their eyes and died ; the rivers ceased to flow, and dark and threatening billows veiled the sea ; even the sun shrouded his face and withdrew silently toward the south.

When Balder's good mother heard the sad news, she left her golden spindle in Fensal Hall, and

beach, and bewailed the untimely death of their hero. First came Odin with his grief-stricken queen, and then his troop of handmaidens the Valkyrien, and his ravens Hugin and Munin. Then came Thor in his goat-drawn car, and Heimdal on his horse Gold-top. Then Frey in his wagon, behind the boar Gullinbruste of the golden bristles ; then Freyja, in her chariot drawn by cats, came, weeping tears of gold. Lastly, poor blind Hoder,



"BALDER'S HONOR" — "EVERY WEAPON TURNED ASIDE."

with her maidens hastened to the Ida plains, where the body of her son was lying. Nanna, the faithful wife of Balder, was already there, and wild was her grief at sight of the lifeless loved one. And all the Asa-folk, save guilty Loki, who had fled for his life, stood about them in dumb amazement ; but Odin was the most sorrowful of all, for he knew that, with Balder, the earth had lost its gladsome life.

They lifted the body and carried it down to the sea, where the great ship "Ring-horn," which Balder himself had built, lay ready to be launched. And a great company followed, and stood upon the

overcome with grief, was carried thither on the back of one of the Frost giants. And old Ægir, the Ocean-king, raised his dripping head above the water and gazed with dewy eyes upon the scene ; and the waves, as if affrighted, left off their playing and were still.

High on the deck they built the funeral-pile ; and they placed the body upon it, and covered it with costly garments and woods of the finest scent ; and the noble horse which had been Balder's they slew and placed beside him, that he might not have to walk to the halls of Death ; and Odin took from his finger the ring Draupner, the earth's



enricher, and laid it on the pile. Then Nanna, the faithful wife, was overcome with grief, and her gentle heart was broken, and she fell lifeless at the feet of the Asa-queen. And they carried her upon the ship and laid her by her husband's side.

When all was in readiness to set fire to the pile, the gods tried to launch the ship; but it was so heavy that they could not move it. So they sent, in haste, to Jotunheim for the stout giantess, Hyrroken; and she came with the speed of a whirlwind, riding on a wolf which she guided with a bridle of writhing snakes.

"What will you have me do?" she asked, as she looked around upon them.

"We would have you launch the great ship 'Ring-horn,'" answered Odin.

"That I will do," roared the grim giantess; and giving the vessel a single push, she sent it sliding with speed into the deep waters of the bay. Then she gave the word to her grisly steed, and she flew onward and away, no one knew whither. The "Ring-horn" floated nobly upon the water, a worthy bier for the body that it bore. The fire was set to the funeral pile, and the red flames shot upward to the sky; but their light was but a flickering beam when matched with the sun-bright beauty of Balder, whose body they consumed.

Then the sorrowing folk turned and went back toward their homes; a cheerless gloom rested heavily where light gladness had ruled before. And when they reached the high halls of Asgard, the Asa-queen spoke and said:

"Who now, for the love of Balder and his stricken mother, will undertake an errand? Who will go down into the Valley of Death and seek for Balder, and ransom him and bring him back to Asgard?"

Then Hermod the Nimble, the brother of Balder, answered:

"I will go. I will find him, and, with Death's leave, will bring him back."

And he mounted Sleipner, the eight-footed steed, and galloped swiftly away. Nine days and nine nights he rode through strange valleys and deep mountain gorges where the sun's light had never been, and through gloomy darkness and fearful silence, until he came to the black river and the glittering golden bridge which crosses it. Over the bridge his strong horse carried him, although it shook and swayed and threatened to throw him into the raging black waters below. On the other side a maiden keeps the gate, and Hermod stopped to pay the toll.

"What is thy name?" asked she.

"My name is Hermod, and I am called the Nimble," he answered.

"What is thy father's name?"

"His name is Odin; mayhap thou hast heard of him."

"Why ridest thou with such thunderous speed? Five kingdoms of dead men passed over this bridge yesterday, and it shook not with their weight as it did with thee and thy strange steed. Thou art not of the pale multitude that are wont to pass this gate. What is thy errand, and why ridest thou to the domains of the dead?"

"I go," answered Hermod, "to find my brother Balder. It is but a short time since he unwillingly came down into these shades."

"Three days ago," said the maiden, "Balder passed this way, and by his side rode the faithful Nanna. So bright was his presence, even here, that the whole valley was lighted up as it had never before been lighted; the black river glittered like a gem; the frowning mountains smiled for once, and Death herself slunk far away into her most distant halls. But Balder went on his way, and even now he sups with Nanna in the dark castle over yonder."

Then Hermod rode forward till he came to the castle-walls; and they were built of black marble, and the iron gate was barred and bolted, and none who went in had ever yet come out. Hermod called loudly to the porter to open the gate and let him in; but no one seemed to hear or heed him, for the words of the living are unknown in that place. Then he drew the saddle-girths more tightly around the horse Sleipner, and urged him forward. High up the great horse leaped, and sprang clear over the gates, and landed at the open door of the great hall. Leaving Sleipner, Hermod went boldly in; and there he found his brother Balder and the faithful Nanna seated at the festal board, and honored as the most worthy of all the guests. With Balder Hermod staid until the night had passed; and many were the pleasant words they spoke. When morning came, Hermod went into the presence of Death, and said:

"O mighty queen, I come to ask a boon of thee. Balder the Good, whom both gods and men love, has been sent to dwell with thee in thy darksome house. And all the world weeps for him, and has donned the garb of mourning, and will not be consoled until his bright light shall shine upon them again. And the gods have sent me, his brother, to ask thee to let Balder ride back with me to Asgard, to his noble mother, the Asa-queen. For then will hope live again in the hearts of men, and happiness will return to the earth."

Death was silent for a moment; and then she said, in a sad voice:

"Hardly can I believe that any being is so greatly loved by things living and lifeless; for



surely Balder is not more the friend of earth than I am. And yet men love me not. But go you back to Asgard, and if everything shall weep for Balder, then I will send him to you; but if anything shall refuse to mourn, then I will keep him in my halls."

So Hermod made ready to return home, and Balder gave him the ring Draupner to carry to his father as a keepsake, and Nanna sent to the queen-mother a rich carpet of the purest green. Then the nimble messenger mounted his horse and rode swiftly back over the dark river and through the frowning valleys, and at last reached Odin's halls.

When the Asa-folk found upon what terms they might have Balder again with them, they sent heralds all over the world to beseech everything to mourn for him. And men and beasts, and birds and fishes, and trees and stones,—all things living and lifeless,—joined in weeping for the lost Balder. But, on their road back to Asgard, they met a giantess named Thok, whom they asked to join in the universal grief. And she answered:

"What good deed did Balder ever do for Thok? What gladness did he ever bring her? If she should weep for him, it would be with dry tears. Let Death keep him in her halls."

Here Dame Gudrun paused, and little Ingeborg said:

"How cruel of Death to keep the sun-bright Balder forever in her halls, when no one but the ugly giantess failed to weep for him!"

"She did not keep him there," answered Gudrun. "For some say that every year Balder comes back with Nanna to his halls in Breidablik, where he stays through the summer season; and then the earth throws off its mourning, and gods and men feast at his table and bask in his smiles, until the time comes for their return to the Valley of Death. And during their half-year of absence, the earth is not altogether sad, for all know that Balder and his faithful bride will come back with the spring, and in the joy of anticipation the months glide swiftly by."



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.



## LONG AGO.



ROUND the house  
the birds were flying,  
Long ago.  
Came the little children,  
crying,  
"Teach us, we are tired of trying,  
How to fly like you,  
In the far off blue,"—  
Came the eager children, crying,  
Long ago.

From the house-top lightly springing,  
Long ago,  
'Mid the birds' enraptured singing,  
Over hill and valley winging,  
All the day they flew,  
Up and down the blue;  
While the blithesome birds were singing,  
Long ago.

When the summer day was dying,  
Long ago,  
Suddenly, their mothers spying,  
Down the children came, swift-flying,  
And in cozy beds  
Hid their weary heads.  
Ended then the children's flying,  
Long ago.



## DONALD AND DOROTHY.\*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## AN UNEXPECTED LETTER.

"It was all so sudden," explained Dorothy to Charity Danby, a few weeks afterward, in talking over her brother's departure, "that I feel as if I were dreaming and that Don must soon come and wake me up."

"Strange that he should 'a' been allowed to go all the way to Europe, alone so—and he barely fifteen yet," remarked Mrs. Danby, who was ironing Jamie's Sunday frock at the time.

"Donald is nearly sixteen," said Dorry with dignity, "and he went on important business for Uncle. Did n't Ben go West when he was much younger than that?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, but then Ben is—different, you know. He's looked out for himself ever since he was a baby. Now, Ellen Eliza," suddenly changing her tone as the tender-hearted one came in sight, "where in the world are you going with that face and hands? You 've been playin' in the mud, I do believe. Go straight in and wash 'em, and change your feet, too, they 're all wet—and don't lay your wet apron down on your sister's poetry like that, you forlorn, distres-séd looking child. She 's been writin' like wild this mornin', Mandy has, but I aint took time to read it. It's a cryin' shame, Dorothy, her writin's is n't all printed in a book by this time. It would sell like hot-cakes, I do believe,—and sell quicker, too, if folks knew she was n't going to have much more time for writin'. She 's going to be a teacher, Mandy is; young Mr. Ricketts got her a situation in a 'cademy down to Trenton, where she 's to study and teach and make herself useful till she perfects herself. 'T is n't every girl gets a chance to be perfected so easy, either. Oh, Charity—there 's so much on my mind—I forgot to tell you that Ben found your 'rithmetic in the grass, 'way down past the melon-patch, where baby Jamie must have left it. There, put up your sewing, Charity, and you and Dorothy take a run; you look jaded-like. Why, mercy on us!" continued the good woman, looking up at this moment and gently waving her fresh iron in the air to cool it off a little, "you look flushed, Dorothy. You aint gone and got malaria, have you?"

"Oh, no," said Dorry, laughing in spite of her

sadness. "It is not malaria that troubles me: it's living for three whole weeks without seeing Donald."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Danby. "I don't wonder if it is, you poor child—only one brother so, and him a twin."

Dorry laughed pleasantly again, and then, with a cheerful "good-bye," walked slowly homeward.

The next morning, when she awoke, she felt so weary and sleepy that she sent a good-morning message to her uncle and told Lydia she would not get up till after breakfast-time. "Be sure," she said to Liddy, "to tell Uncle that I am not really ill,—only lazy and sleepy,—and by-and-bye you may let Kassy bring me a cup of very weak coffee."

Lydia, secretly distressed, but outwardly cheerful, begged her dear young lady to take a nice, long nap. Then lighting the fire, for the morning was raw and chilly, though it was May, she bustled about the room till Dorry was very wide awake indeed. Next, Uncle George came up to bid her good-morning, and make special inquiries, and when he went down re-assured, Kassy came in with her breakfast. By this time Dorothy had given up all thought of sleep for the present.

"Why, Kassy!" she exclaimed in plaintive surprise, "you 've brought enough to feed a regiment. I can't eat all that bread, if I *am* ill——"

"Oh, but I'm to make toast for you, here in your room, Miss," explained Kassy, who seemed to have something on her mind. "Lydia,—I mean Mr. Reed said so."

"How nice!" exclaimed Dorry, listlessly.

Kassy took her place by the open fire, and began to toast the bread, while Dorry lay looking at her, feeling neither ill nor well, and half inclined to cry from sheer loneliness. This was to be the twenty-third day without Donald.

"I wonder what the important business can be," she thought; "but, most likely, Uncle will tell me all about it before long."

Meanwhile, Kassy continued to toast bread. Two or three brown slices already lay on the plate, and she was attending to the fourth, in absent-minded fashion, much to Dorry's quiet amusement, when the long toasting-fork dropped aimlessly from her hand, and Kassy began fumbling in her pocket; then, in a hesitating way, she handed her young lady a letter.

"I—I should have given it to you before," she



faltered, "but kept it because I thought—that—perhaps—I——"

But Dorry already had torn open the envelope, and was reading the contents.

Kassy, watching her, was frightened at seeing the poor girl's face flush painfully, then turn deadly pale.

"Not bad news, is it, Miss? Oh, Miss Dorry, I feel I've done wrong in handing it to you, but a gentleman gave me half a dollar, day before yesterday, Miss, to put it secretly into your hands, and he said it was something you'd rejoice to know about."

Dorry, now sitting up on the bed, hardly heard her. With trembling hands, she held the open letter, and motioned toward the door.

"Go, call Uncle! No, no—stay here—Oh, what *shall* I do? What ought I to do?" she thought to herself, and then added aloud, with decision: "Yes, go ask Uncle to come up. You need not return."

Hastily springing to the floor, Dorry thrust her feet into a pair of slippers, put on a long white woolen wrapper that made her look like a grown woman, and stood with the letter in her hand as her uncle entered.

She remained motionless as a statue while he hastily read it, her white face in strange contrast to the angry flush that rose to Mr. Reed's countenance.

"Horrible!" he exclaimed, as he reached the last word. "Where did this letter come from? How did you get it?"

"Kassy brought it. A man gave her half a dollar—she thought it had good news in it. Oh, Uncle!" (seeing the wrath in Mr. Reed's face), "she ought not to have taken it, of course, but she does n't know any better—and I did n't notice either, when I opened it, that it had no post-mark."

"Did you read it all?"

Dorothy nodded.

"Well, I must go. I'll attend to this letter.

The scoundrel! You are not going to faint, my child?" putting his arm quickly around her.

"Oh, no, Uncle," she said, looking up at him with an effort. "But what does it mean? Who is this man?"

"I'll tell you later, Dorry. I must go now——"

"Uncle, you are so angry! Wait one moment. Let me go with you."

Her frightened look brought Mr. Reed to his senses. In a calmer voice he begged her to give herself no uneasiness, but to lie down again and rest. He would send Lydia up soon. He was just going to open the door, when Josie Manning's pleasant voice was heard at the foot of the stair:

"Is any one at home? May I come up?"

"Oh, no," shuddered Dorothy.

"Oh, yes," urged Mr. Reed. "Let your friend see you, my girl. Her cheerfulness will help you to forget this rascally, cruel letter. There, good-bye for the present," and, kissing her, Mr. Reed left the room.

Josie's bright face soon appeared at the door.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "Are you



KASSY SEEMED TO HAVE SOMETHING ON HER MIND.

rehearsing for a charade, Miss Reed? And who are you in your long white train—Lady Angelica, or Donna Isabella, or who?"

"I don't know who I am!" sobbed Dorothy, throwing herself upon the bed and hiding her face in the pillow.

"Why, what *is* the matter? Are you ill? Have you heard bad news? Oh, I forget," continued Josie, as Dorry made no reply; "what a goose I must be! Of course you are miserable without Don, you darling! But I've come to bring good news, my lady—to me, at least—so cheer up. Do you know something? Mamma and Papa are



going to start for San Francisco on Wednesday. They gave me my choice—to go with them or to stay with you, and I decided to stay. So they and your uncle settled it last night that I am to be here with you till they come back—two whole months, Dot! Is n't that nice?"

"Ever so nice!" said Dorry, without lifting her head. "I am really glad, Jo; but my head aches and I feel dreadfully this morning."

"Have you had any breakfast?" asked the practical Josie, much puzzled.

"N-no," sobbed Dorry.

"Well, no wonder you feel badly. Look at this cold coffee, and that mountain of toast, and not a thing touched. I declare, if I don't go right down and tell Liddy. We'll get you up a good hot breakfast, and you can doze quietly till we come."

Dorry felt a gentle arm round her for an instant, and a warm cheek pressed to hers, and then she was alone—alone with her thoughts of that dreadful letter.

It was from Eben Slade, and it contained all that he had told Donald on that day at Vanbogen's, and a great deal more. He had kept quiet long enough, he added, and now he wished her to understand that, as her uncle, he had some claim upon her; that her real name was Delia Robertson—she was no more Dorothy Reed than he was, and that she must not tell a living soul a word about this letter or it would make trouble. If she had any spirit or any sense of justice, he urged, she would manage for him to see her some day when Mr. Reed was out. Of course—the letter went on to say—Mr. Reed would object if he knew, for it was to his interest to claim her; but truth was truth, and George Reed was no relation to her whatever. The person she had been taught to call Aunt Kate, it insisted, was really her mother, and it was her mother's own brother, Eben, who was writing this letter. All he asked for was an interview. He had a great deal to say to her, and Mr. Reed was a tyrant who would keep her a prisoner if he could, so that her own uncle Eben could not even see her. He had been unfortunate and lost all his money. If he was rich he would see that he and his dear niece Delia had their rights in spite of the tyrant who held her in bondage. She *must* manage somehow to see him,—so ran the letter,—and she could put a letter for him, that night, under the large stone by the walnut tree behind the summer-house. He would come and see her at any time she mentioned. No girl of spirit would be held in such bondage a day. The writer concluded by calling her again his dear Delia, and signing himself her affectionate uncle, Eben Slade.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### A TIME OF SUSPENSE.

THAT morning, after Josie had gone home to assist her mother in preparations for the trip to California, Dorothy, exhausted by the morning's emotions, fell into a heavy sleep, from which she did not waken till late in the afternoon. By the bed stood a little table, on which were two fine oranges, each on a Venetian glass plate, and surmounted by a card. On one was written: "Miss Dorothy Reed, with the high, respectful consideration of her sympathizing friend, Edward Tyler, who hopes she will soon be well"; and the other bore a limping verse in Josie's familiar handwriting:

"To this fair maid no *quarter* show,  
Good Orange, sweet and yellow,  
But let her eat you—in a certain way  
That Dorothy and I both know—  
That 's a good fellow!"

It must be confessed that Dot most implicitly followed the hint in Josie's verse, and that she felt much refreshed thereby. That evening, after they had had a long talk together, she kissed Uncle George for good-night, and, though there were tears in her bright eyes, she looked a spirited little maiden, who did not intend to give herself up to doubting and grieving so long as "there was more than hope" that she was Dorothy.

Half an hour later, the young girl stole softly down to the deserted sitting-room, lit only by the glowing remains of a wood-fire, and taking an unlighted student's lamp from the center-table, made her rapid way back to her pretty bedroom upstairs. Here, after putting on the soft, Lady-Angela wrapper, as Josie had called it, she sat for a long time in a low easy-chair, with little red-slippered feet in a rug, before the fire, thinking of all that the eventful day had brought to her.

"There is more than hope," she mused, while her eyes were full of tears; "those were Uncle's very words—more than hope, that I am Dorothy Reed. But what if it really is not so, what if I am no relation to my—to the Reed family at all—no relation to Uncle George nor to Donald!" From weeping afresh at this thought, and feeling utterly lonely and wretched, she began to wonder how it would feel to be Delia. In that case, Aunt Kate would have been her mother. For an instant this was some consolation, but she soon realized that, while Aunt Kate was very dear to her fancy, she could not think of her as her mother; and then there was Uncle Robertson—no, she never could think of him as her father; and that dreadful, cruel Eben Slade, her *uncle*? Horrible! At this thought her soul turned with a great longing toward the un-



known mother and father, who, to her childish mind, had appeared merely as stately personages, full of good qualities—Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Reed, honored by all who knew them, but very unreal and shadowy to her. Now, as she sat half-dreaming, half-thinking, their images grew distinct and loving; they seemed to reach out their arms tenderly to her, and the many good words about them that from time to time had fallen tamely upon her ears now gained life and force. She felt braver and better clinging in imagination to them, and begging them to forgive her, their own girl Dorothy, for not truly knowing them before.

Meantime, the night outside had been growing colder and there were signs of a storm. A shutter in some other part of the house blew open violently, and the wind moaned through the pine-trees at the corner of the house. Then the sweet, warm visions that had comforted her faded from her mind and a dreadful loneliness came over her. A great longing for Donald filled her heart. She tried to pray,—

"No thought confessed, no wish expressed,  
Only a sense of supplication."

Then her thoughts took shape, and she prayed for him, her brother, alone in a foreign land, and for Uncle, troubled and waiting, at home, and for herself, that she might be patient and good, and have strength to do what was right—even to go with Eben Slade to his distant home, if she were really his sister's child.

The storm became so dismal that she started up, poked the fire into a blaze, and lighted the student's lamp on the table behind the arm-chair. Then she took a photograph from the mantel and a large hand-glass from her dressing-table, and, looking hurriedly about her to be doubly sure that she was alone, she sat down resolutely, as if saying to herself:

"Now, we'll see!"

Poor Dot! The photograph showed Donald, a handsome, manly boy of whom any loving sister might be proud; but the firm, boyish face, with its square brows, roundish features, and shining black hair, certainly did not seem to be in the least like the picture that looked anxiously at her out of the hand-glass—a sweet face, with its oval outline, soft, dark eyes and long lashes, its low, arched eyebrows, finely modeled nose and chin, expressive mouth, and sunny, dark brown tresses.

Feature by feature, she scanned the two faces carefully, unconsciously pouting her lips and drawing in her warm-tinted cheeks in her desire to resemble the photograph, but it was of no use. The two faces would not be alike—and yet, as she looked again, was there not something similar

about the foreheads and the lower line of the faces? Hastily pushing back her hair with one hand, she saw with joy that, excepting the eyebrows, there really was a likeness: the line where the hair began was certainly almost the same in both faces.

"Dear, dear old Donald! Why, we are just alike there! I'll show Uncle to-morrow. It's wonderful."

Dorry laughed a happy little laugh, all by herself.

"Besides," she thought, as she laid the mirror away, "we are alike in our natures and in our ways and in loving each other, and I don't care a bit what anybody says to the contrary."

Thus braced up, she drew her chair closer to the table and began a letter to Donald. A vague consciousness that by this time every one in the house must be in bed and asleep deepened her sense of being alone with Donald as she wrote. It seemed that he read every word as soon as it fell upon the paper, and that in the stillness of the room she almost could hear him breathe.

It was a long letter. At any other time, Dorry's hand would have wearied with the mere exercise of writing so many pages, but there was so much to tell that she took no thought of fatigue. It was enough that she was pouring out her heart to Donald.

"I know now," the letter went on to say, "why you have gone" to Europe, and why I was not told the errand. Dear, dear Donald! and you knew it all before you went away, and that is why you sometimes seemed silent and troubled, and why you were so patient and good and gentle with me, even when I teased you and made sport of you. Uncle told me this afternoon all that he has to tell, and I have assured him that I am Dorry, and nobody else, and that he need not be bothered about it any more (though you know, Don, I can not help feeling awfully about it). It's so dreadful to think of us all being so mixed up. The idea of my not being Dorry makes me miserable. Yet, if I were anybody else, would I not be the first to know it? Yes, Donald, whether you find proof or not, you dear, good, noble old fellow, *I am your sister*—I feel it in my very bones—and you are my brother. Nobody on earth can make me believe you are not. That dreadful man said in his letter that it was to George Reed's interest that I should be known as Dorothy Reed. Oh, Don, as if it were not to *my* interest, too, and yours. But if it is not so, if it really is *true* that I am not Dorothy, but Delia, why I must be Delia in earnest, and do my duty to my—*her* mother's brother. He says his wife is sick, and that he is miserable, with no comforts at home and no one to care whether he is good or bad. So, you see, I *must* go and leave you and Uncle, if I am Delia. And, Don, there's



another thing, though it's the least part of it: if I am Delia, I am poor, and it is right that I should earn my living, though you and Uncle should both oppose it, for I am no relation to any one, — I mean any one here, — and it would not be honorable for me to stay here in luxury.

"I can see your eyes flash at this, dear brother, or perhaps you will say I am foolish to think of such things yet awhile. So I am, may be, but I must talk to you of all that is in my thoughts. It is very lonely here to-night. The rain is pouring against the windows, and it seems like November; and, do you know, I dread to-morrow, for I am afraid I may show in *some* way to dear Uncle George that I am not absolutely certain he is any relation to me. I feel so strange! Even Jack and Liddy do not know who I really am. Would n't Josie and Ed be surprised if they knew about things? I wish they did. I wish every one did, for secrecy is odious.

"Donald dear, this is an imbecile way of talking. I dare say I shall tear up my letter in the morning. No, I shall not. It belongs to you, for it is just what your loving old Dorry is thinking.

"Good-night, my *brother*. In my letter, sent last Saturday, I told you how delighted Uncle and I were with your descriptions of London and Liverpool.

"I show Uncle your letters to me, but he does not return the compliment — that is, he has read to me only parts of those you have written to him. May be he will let me read them through *now*, since I know 'the important business.' Keep up a good heart, Don, and do not mind my whining a little in this letter. Now that I am going to sign my name, I feel as if every doubt I have expressed is almost wicked. So, good-night again, dear Donald, and ever so much love from your own faithful sister,

"DORRY.

"P. S. — Uncle said this afternoon, when I begged him to start with me right away to join you in Europe, that if it were not for some matters needing his presence here we might go, but that he can not possibly leave at present. Dear Uncle! I'll be glad when morning comes, so that I may put my arms around his neck and be his own cheerful Dorry again. Liddy does not know yet that I have heard anything. I forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Manning are going to California and that Josie is to spend two months with me. Wont that be a comfort? How strange it will seem to have a secret from her! But Uncle says I must wait.

"P. S. again. — Be sure to answer this in English. I know we agreed to correspond in French for the sake of the practice, but I have no heart for it now. It is too hard work. Good-night, once more. The storm is over. Your loving Dorry."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### ONLY A BIT OF RAG.

DORRY'S long letter reached Donald two weeks later, as he sat in his room at a hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle. He had been feeling lonely and rather discouraged, notwithstanding the many sights that had interested him during the day; and from repeated disappointments and necessary delays in the prosecution of the business that had taken him across the sea, he had begun to feel that, perhaps, it would be just as well to sail for home and let things go on as before. Dorry, he thought, need never know of the doubts and anxieties that had troubled Uncle George and himself, and for his part he would rest in his belief that he and she were Wolcott Reed's own children, joint heirs to the estate, and, as Liddy called them, "the happiest pair of twins in the world."

But Dot's letter changed everything. Now that she knew all, he would not rest a day even, till her identity was proved beyond a possibility of doubt. But how to do it? No matter. Do it he would, if it were in the power of man. (Donald in these days felt at least twenty years old.) Dorry's words had fired his courage anew. He felt like a crusader, as he looked over the roof-peaks, out upon the starry night, and Dorothy's happiness was his Holy-land to be rescued from all invaders. The spirit of grand old Charlemagne, whose bones were in the Cathedral close by, was not more resolute than Donald's was now.

All this he told her in the letter written that night, and more, too, but the "more" did not include the experiences of the past twelve hours of daylight. He did not tell her how he had that day, after some difficulty, found the Prussian physician who had attended his father, Wolcott Reed, in his last illness, and how impossible it had been at first to make the old man even remember the family, and how little information he finally had been able to obtain.

"Fifteen year was a long dime, eh?" the doctor had intimated in his broken English, and as for "dose dwine bapies," he could recall "nothing about dat at all."

But Don's letter suited Dorothy admirably, and in its sturdy helpfulness and cheer, and its off-hand, picturesque account of his adventures, it quite consoled her for the disappointment of not reading the letter that she was positively sure came to Mr. Reed by the same steamer.

The full story of Donald's journey, with all its varied incidents up to this period, would be too long to tell here. But the main points must be mentioned.



Immediately upon landing at Liverpool, Donald had begun his search for the missing Ellen Lee, who, if she could be found, surely would be able to help him, he thought. From all that Mr. Reed had been able to learn previously, she undoubtedly had been Mrs. Wolcott Reed's maid, and had taken charge of the twins on board of the fated vessel. She had been traced fifteen years before, to Liverpool, as the reader knows, and had disappeared at that time, before Mr. Reed's clerk, John Wakely, had seen her. Donald found the house in Liverpool where she had been, but could gain there no information whatever. The house had changed owners, and its former occupants had scattered, no one could say whither. But, by a persistent search among the neighboring houses he did find a bright, motherly woman, who, more than fifteen years before, had come to an opposite house, a bride, and who remembered a tall, dark-complexioned young woman sitting one night on the steps of the shabby boarding-house over the way. Some one had told her that this young woman had just been saved from a shipwreck, and had lost everything but the clothes she wore, and from sheer sympathy she, the young wife, had gone across the street to speak to her, and had found her at first sullen and uncommunicative. "The girl was a foreigner" (said the long-ago bride, now a blooming matron with four children). "Leastwise, though she understood me and gave me short answers in English, it struck me she was French-born. Her black stuff gown was dreadful torn and ruined by the sea-water, sir, and so, as I was about her height, I made bold to offer her one of mine in its place. I had a plenty then, and me and my young man was accounted comfortable from the start. She shook her head and muttered something about 'not bein' a beggar,' but do you know, sir, that the next day she come over to me, as I was knitting at my little window, and says she, 'I go on to London,' she says, 'and I'll take that now, if you be pleased,' or something that way, I don't remember her words, and so I showed her into my back room and put the fresh print gown on her. I can see her now a-takin' the things out of her own gown and pinning them so careful into the new pocket, because it was n't so deep and safe as the one in her old gown was; and then, tearin' off loose tatters of the black skirt and throwing them down careless-like, she rolled it up tight, and went off with it, a-noddin' her head and a-maircying me in French, as pretty as could be. I can't bring to mind a feature of her, exceptin' the thick, black hair and her bein' about my own size. I was slender then, young master; fifteen years makes —"

"And those bits of the old gown," interrupted

Donald, eagerly, "where are they? Did you save them?"

"Laws, no, young gentleman, not I. They went into my rag-bag like as not, and are all thrown away and lost, sir, many a day ago, for that matter."

"I am sorry," said Donald. "Even a scrap of her gown might possibly be of value to me."

"Was she belonging to your family?" asked the woman, doubtfully.

Donald partly explained why he wished to find Ellen Lee; and asked if the girl had said anything to her of the wreck, or of two babies.

"Not a word, sir, not a word, though I tried to draw her into talkin'. It's very little she said at best, she was a-grumpy like."

"What about that rag-bag?" asked Donald, returning to his former train of thought. "Have you the same one yet?"

"That I have," she answered, laughing; "and likely to have it for many a year to come. My good mother made it for me when I was married, and so I've kept it and patched it till it's like Joseph's coat; and useful enough it's been, too — holding many a bit that's done service to me and my little romps. 'Keep a thing seven year,' my mother used to say, 'keep it seven year an' turn it, an' seven year again, an' it'll come into play at last.'"

"Why may you not have saved that tatter of the old gown twice seven years, then?" persisted Donald.

"Why, bless you, young sir, there's no knowin' as to that. But you could n't find it, if I had. For why? the black pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, are all in one roll together, and you nor I could n't tell which it was."

"Likely enough," said Donald, in a disappointed tone; "and yet, could you — that is — really, if you would n't mind, I'd thank you very much if we could look through that rag-bag together."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the woman, seized with a sudden dread that her young visitor might not be in his right senses.

"If I could find those pieces of black stuff," he urged, desperately, "it would be worth a golden guinea to me."

Sure, now, that he was a downright lunatic, she moved back from him with a frightened gesture; but glancing again at his bright, boyish face, she said in a different tone:

"And it would be worth a golden guinea to me, young master, just to have the joy of finding them for you. Step right into this room, sir, and you, Nancy" (to a shy little girl who had been sitting, unobserved, on the lowest step of the clean, bare stair-way), "you run up and bring Mother down the old piece-bag. You shall have your way, young



gentleman—though it's the oddest thing ever happened to me."

Alas! To the boyish mind a bundle made of scores of different sorts of black pieces rolled together is anything but expressive. On first opening it, Don looked hopelessly at the motley heap, but the kind woman helped him somewhat by rapidly throwing piece after piece aside, with, "That can't be it—that's like little Johnny's trousers," "Nor that,—that's what I wore for poor mother;" "Nor that—that's to mend my John's Sunday coat," and so on, till there were not more than a dozen scraps left. Of these, three showed that they had been cut with a pair of scissors, but the others were torn pieces and of different kinds of black goods. Don felt these, held them up to the light, and, in despair, was just going to beg her to let him have them all, for future investigation, when his face suddenly brightened.

He put an end of one of them into his mouth, shook his head with rather a disgusted expression, as though the flavor were anything but agreeable, then tried another and another (the woman meantime regarding him with speechless amazement), till at last, holding out a strip and smacking his lips, he exclaimed:

"I have it! This is it! It's as salt as brine!"

"Good land!" she cried; "salt! who ever heard of such a thing, and in my rag-bag? How could that be?"

Don paid no attention to her. Tasting another piece, that proved on a closer examination to be of the same material, he found it to be equally salt.

His face displayed a comical mixture of nausea and delight as he sprang to his feet, crying out:

"Oh! ma'am, I can never thank you enough. These are the pieces of Ellen Lee's gown, I am confident—unless they have been salted in some way since you've had them."

"Not they, sir; I can warrant that. But who under the canopy ever thought of the taste of a shipwrecked gown before!"

"Smell these," he said, holding the pieces toward her. "Don't you notice a sort of salt sea odor in them?"

"Indeed, I fancy so," she answered, sniffing cautiously as she continued: "Fifteen years ago! How salt does cling to things! The poor woman must have been pulled out of the very sea!"

"That does n't follow," remarked Donald; "her skirt might have been splashed by the waves after she was let down into the small boat."

Donald talked awhile longer with his new acquaintance, but finally bade her good-day, first, however, writing down the number of her house, and giving her his address, and begging her to let

him know if, at any time, she and her husband should move from that neighborhood.

"Should *what*, sir?"

"Should *move*—go to live in another place."

"Not we," she replied, proudly. "We live here, we do, sir, John and myself, and the four children. His work's near by, and here we'll be for many's the day yet, the Lord willing—No, *no*, please never think of such a thing as that," she continued, as Donald diffidently thrust his hand into his pocket. "Take the cloth with you, sir, and welcome—but my children shall never have it to say that their mother took pay for three old pieces of cloth—no, nor for showing kindness either" (as Don politely put in a word), "above all things, not for kindness. God bless you, young master, an' help you in findin' her—that's all I can say, and a good-day to you."

"That nurse probably went home again to France," thought Donald, after gratefully taking leave of the good woman and her rag-bag. "Mother must have found her in Prussia, as we were born in Aix-la-Chapelle."

Before going to that interesting old city, however, he decided to proceed to London and see what could be ascertained there. In London, though he obtained the aid of one James Wogg, a detective, he could find no trace of the missing Ellen Lee. But the detective's quick sense drew enough from Donald's story of the buxom matron and the two gowns to warrant his going to Liverpool, "if the young gent so ordered, to work up the search."

"Had the young gent thought to ask for a bit like the new gown that was put onto Ellen Lee? No? Well, that always was the way with unprofessionals—not to say the young gent had n't been uncommon sharp as it was."

Donald, pocketing his share of the compliment, heartily accepted the detective's services, first making a careful agreement as to the scale of expenses, and giving, by the aid of his guide-book, the name of the hotel in Aix-la-Chapelle where a letter from the detective would reach him. He also prepared an advertisement "on a new principle," as he explained to the detective, very much to that worthy's admiration. "Ellen Lee has been advertised for again and again," he said, "and promised to be told 'something to her advantage;' but, if still alive, she evidently has some reason for hiding. It is possible that it might have been she who threw the two babies from the sinking ship into the little boat, and as news of the rescue of all in that boat may not have reached her, she might have felt that she would be blamed or made to suffer in some way for what she had done. I mean to advertise," continued Donald to the detective, "that information is wanted of a Frenchwoman,



Ellen Lee, by the two babies *whose lives she saved* at sea, and who, by addressing so-and-so, can learn of something to her advantage, and we'll see what will come of it."

"Not so," suggested Mr. Wogg. "It's a good dodge, but say, rather, by two young persons whose lives she saved when they were babies. There's more force to it that way; and leave out 'at sea'—it gives too much to the other party. Best have 'em address Mr. James Wogg, Old Bailey, N. London." But Donald would not agree to this.

Consequently, after much consulting and painstaking, the following advertisement appeared in the London and Liverpool papers:

**IF ELLEN LEE, A FRENCHWOMAN, WILL KINDLY** send her address to D. R., in care of Dubigk's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, she shall receive the grateful thanks of two young persons whose lives she saved when they were infants, and hear of something greatly to her advantage.

Again, Ellen Lees, evidently not French, came into view, lured by the vague terms of the advertisement, but as quickly disappeared under the detective's searching inspection; and again it seemed as if that particular Ellen Lee, as Mr. Reed had expressed it, had vanished from the earth. But Mr. Wogg assured his client that it took time for an advertisement to make its way into the rural districts of England, and he must be patient.

Donald, therefore, proceeded at once to Dover, on the English coast, thence sailed over to Ostend, in Belgium, and from there went by railway to his birthplace, Aix-la-Chapelle. As his parents had settled there three months before his mother started for home, he felt that, in every respect, this was the most promising place for his search. He had called upon George Robertson's few family connections in London, but these knew very little about that gentleman, excepting that he had been reckless and unfortunate in business, and that his wife in her poverty had received help from somebody traveling in Prussia, and that the couple had been sent for to meet these people at Havre, when his little girl was not two months old, and all had sailed for America together. Donald knew as much as this already. If, fifteen years before, they could give Mr. Reed no description of the baby, they certainly could give Donald no satisfaction now. So far from gathering from them any new facts of importance, in regard to their lost kinsman and his wife and child, they had all this time, as Donald wrote to Mr. Reed, been very active in forgetting him and his affairs. Still Donald succeeded in reviving their old promise that, if anything *should* turn up that would throw any light on the history of "poor Robertson's" family, they would lose no time in communicating the fact—this time to the nephew—Donald. No word had

been heard from them up to the evening that Dorothy's letter arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. No satisfactory response, either, to the Ellen Lee advertisement, and Donald, who had had, as we know, a disappointing interview with his father's physician, was weary and almost discouraged. Moreover, every effort to find the store at which the gold chain was purchased had been in vain. But now that Dorothy's letter had come, bringing him new energy and courage, the outlook was brighter. There were still many plans to try. Surely some of them must succeed. In the first place, he would translate his Ellen Lee advertisement into French, and insert it in Paris and Aix-la-Chapelle newspapers. Strange that no one had thought of doing this before. Then he would—no, he would n't—but, on the other hand, why not send—And at this misty point of his meditations he fell asleep, to dream, not, as one would suppose, of Dorothy—but of the grand Cathedral standing in place of the chapel from which this special Aix obtained its name; of the wonderful hot springs in the public street; of the baths, the music, and the general stir and brightness of this fascinating old Prussian city.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### DONALD MAKES A DISCOVERY.

The new French advertisement and a companion to it, printed in German, were duly issued, but, alas! nothing came from them. However, Donald carefully preserved the black pieces he had obtained in Liverpool, trusting that, in some way, they yet might be of service to him. He now visited the shops, examined old hotel registers, and hunted up persons whose address he had obtained from his uncle, or from the owners of the "Cumberland." The few of these that were to be found could, after all, but repeat what they could recall of the report which they had given to Mr. Reed and John Wakely many years before.

He found in an old book of one of the hotels the names of Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Reed on the list of arrivals;—no mention of a maid, nor of a child. Then in the books of another hotel whither they had moved, he found a settlement for board of Wolcott Reed, wife, and maid. At the same hotel a later entry recorded that Mrs. Wolcott Reed (widow), nurse, and two infants had left for France, and letters for her were to be forwarded to Havre. There were several entries concerning settlements for board and other expenses, but these told Donald nothing new. Finally, he resolved to follow as nearly as he could the course his mother was known to have taken from Aix-la-Chapelle to Havre, where she was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and



their baby daughter, a few days before the party set sail from that French port for New York.

Yes, at Havre he would be sure to gain some information. If need be, he could settle there for a while, and patiently follow every possible clue that presented itself. Perhaps the chain had been purchased there. What more likely, he thought, than that, just before sailing, his mother had bought the pretty little trinket as a parting souvenir? The question was, had she got it for her own little twin-daughter, or for Aunt Kate's baby? That point remained to be settled. Taking his usual precaution of leaving behind him an address, to which all coming messages or letters could be forwarded, Donald bade farewell to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, disregarding every temptation to stop along the way, hurried on, past famous old cities, that, under other circumstances, would have been of great interest to him.

"We, all three, can come here together, some time, and see the sights," he thought to himself; "now I can attend to but one matter."

At Havre he visited the leading shops where jewelry and fancy goods were sold or manufactured. These were not numerous, and some of them had not been in existence fifteen years before, at the time when the sad-hearted widow and her party were there. There was no distinctive maker's mark on the necklace, and no one knew anything about it, nor cared to give it any attention, unless the young gentleman wished to sell it. Then they might give a trifle. It was not a rare antique, they said, valuable from its age; jewelry that was simply out of date was worth only its weight, and a little chain like this was a mere nothing. As Donald was returning to his hotel, weary and inclined to be dispirited, he roused himself to look for *Rue de Corderie, numéro 47*, or, as we Americans would say, Number 47 Corderie Street. As this house is famous as the birthplace of Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia," Donald wished to see it for himself and also to be able to describe it to Dorothy. He did not visit it on that day, however, for on his way thither his attention was arrested by a very small shop which he had not noticed before, and which, in the new-looking city of Havre, appeared to be fully a century old. Entering, he was struck with the oddity of its interior. The place was small, not larger than the smallest room at Lakewood, and though its front window displayed only watches, and a notice in French and English that Monsieur Bajeau repaired jewelry at short notice, it was so crowded with rare furniture and bric-à-brac that Donald, for a moment, thought he had entered the wrong shop. But, no! There hung the watches, in full sight, and a bright-faced old man in a black skull-cap was industriously repairing a bracelet.

"May I see the proprietor of this store, please?" asked Donald, politely.

"Oui, monsieur," replied the old man, with equal courtesy, rising and stepping forward. "*Je suis*—I am ze propriétaire, *je ne comprend pas*. I no speak ze Inglesh. *Parlez-vous Français*—eh?"

"Oh, yes," said Donald, too full of his errand to be conscious that he was not speaking French, as he carefully took a little red velvet case from an inside pocket, "I wished to show you this necklace—to ask if you——"

The old man listened with rather an aggrieved air. "Ah! Eh! I sall re-paire it, you say?" then adding wistfully, "You no speak ze French?"

"*Oui, oui, monsieur,—pardonnez,*" said Donald, thus reminded. From that moment he and the now radiant Monsieur Bajeau got on finely together, for Donald's French was much better than monsieur's English; and, in truth, the young man was very willing to practice speaking it in the retirement of this quaint little shop. Their conversation shall be translated here, however.

"Have you ever seen this before, sir?" asked Donald, taking the precious necklace from the box and handing it to him over the little counter.

"No," answered the shop-keeper, shaking his head as he took the trinket. "Ah! that is very pretty. No, not a very old chain. It is modern, but very odd—very fine—unique, we say. Here are letters," as he turned the clasp and examined its under side. "What are they? They are so small. Your young eyes are sharp. Eh?" Here monsieur bent his head and looked inquiringly at Donald from over his spectacles.

"D. R.," said Don.

"Ah, yes! D. R.; now I see," as he turned them to the light. "D. R., that is strange. Now, I think I have seen those same letters before. Why, my young friend, as I look at this little chain, something carries the years away and I am a younger man. It brings very much to mind—Hold!—No, it is all gone now. I must have made a mistake."

Donald's heart beat faster.

"Did you make the chain?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, no, never. I never made a chain like it—but I have seen that chain before. The clasp is very—very—You know how it opens?"

"It is rusty inside," explained Donald, leaning forward anxiously, lest it should be injured. "We need not open it." Then controlling his excitement, he added as quietly as he could:

"You have seen it before, monsieur?"

"I have seen it. Where is the key?"

"The key, monsieur? What do you mean?"

"The key that opens the clasp," returned the Frenchman with sudden impatience. This Amer-



ican boy began to appear rather stupid in Monsieur's eyes. Donald looked at him in amazement.

"Does it lock?"

"Does it lock?" echoed monsieur. "Why, see here;" and with these words he tried to press the upper part of the clasp aside. It stuck at first, but, finally yielded, sliding around from the main part on an invisible little pivot, and disclosing a very small key-hole.

Donald stared at it in helpless bewilderment. Evidently his uncle had failed to find this keyhole, so deftly concealed?

The old man eyed his visitor shrewdly. Having been for some time a dealer in rare bric-à-brac, he prided himself on being up to the tricks of persons who had second-hand treasures to sell.

"Is this chain yours?" he asked, coldly. "Do you bring it to sell to me? All this is very strange. I wish I could remember——"

"Oh, no, indeed. Not to sell. Yes, the chain is mine, my sister's—my uncle's, I mean—in America."

Monsieur drew back with added distrust, but he was re-assured by Donald's earnest tone. "Oh, monsieur, pray recall all you can about this matter. I can not tell you how important it is to me—how anxious I am to hear!"

"Young man, your face is flushed, you are in trouble. Come in and sit down," leading the way into a small room behind the shop. "As for this necklace, there is something—but I cannot think—it is something in the past years that will not come back—Ah! I hear a customer—I must go. Pardon me, I will return presently."

So saying, Monsieur left him, bending slightly and taking short, quick steps, as he hurried into the shop. Donald thought the old man was gone for an hour, though it really was only five minutes. But it had given him an opportunity to collect his thoughts, and when Monsieur returned, Donald was ready with a question:

"Perhaps a lady—a widow—brought the chain to you long ago, sir?"

"A widow!" exclaimed Monsieur, brightening. "a widow dressed in mourning—yes, it comes back to me—a day, ten, twenty years ago—I see it all! A lady—two ladies—no, one was a servant, a genteel nurse; both wore black and there was a little baby—two little babies—very little; I see them now."

"Two!" exclaimed Donald, half wild with eagerness.

"Yes, two pink little fellows."

"Pink!" In a flash, Donald remembered the tiny pink sacque, now in his valise at the hotel.

"Yes, pink little faces, with lace all around—very droll—the littlest babies I ever saw taken into the street. Well, the pretty lady in black carried

one, and the nurse—she was a tall woman—carried the other."

"Yes, yes, please," urged Donald. He longed to help Monsieur on with the account, but it would be better, he knew, to let him take his own way.

It all came out in time, little by little—but complete at last. The widow lady had gone to the old man's shop, with two infants and a tall nurse. With a tiny gold key she had unlocked a necklace from one of the babies' necks, and had requested Monsieur Bajeau to engrave a name on the under side of its small square clasp.

"A name?" asked Donald, thinking of the two initials.

"Yes, a name—a girl's name," continued the old man, rubbing his chin and speaking slowly, as if trying to recollect. "Well, no matter. Intending to engrave the name later in the afternoon, I wrote it down in my order-book, and asked the lady for her address, so that I might send the chain to her the next day. But, no; she would not leave it. She must have the name engraved at once, right away, and must put the necklace herself on her little daughter. She would wait. Well, I wished to obey the lady, and set to work. But I saw immediately there was not space enough for the whole name. She was very sorry, poor lady, and then she said I should put on the two letters D. R. There they are, you see, my own work—you see that? And she paid me, and locked the chain on the baby's neck again—ah me! it is so strange!—and she went away. That is all I know."

He had spoken the last few sentences rapidly, after Donald had asked, excitedly, "What name, monsieur. What was the name, please?"

Now the old man, hardly pausing, deliberately went back to Don's question.

"The name? the name?—I can not quite say."

"Was it—Delia?" suggested Donald, faintly.

"Yes, Delia. I think that was the name."

If Donald had been struck, he could scarcely have been more stunned.

"Wait!" exclaimed Monsieur; "We shall see. I will search the old books. Do you know the year? 1850?—60?—what?"

"1859, November," said Donald, wearily, his joy all turned to misgiving.

"Ha! Now we can be sure! Come into the shop. Your young limbs can mount these steps. If you please, hand down the book for 1859; you see it on the back. Ah, how dusty! I have kept them so long. Now"—taking the volume from Donald's trembling hands—"we shall see."

Don leaned over him, as the old man, mumbling softly to himself, examined page after page.

"July, August, September—ah, I was a very busy man in those days—plenty to do with my



hands, but not making money as I have been since—different line of business for the most part—October—November—here it is—”

Donald leaned closer. He gave a sudden cry. Yes, there it was—a hasty memorandum; part of it was unintelligible to him, but the main word stood clear and distinct.

It was DOROTHY.

sure to write just what the lady told me.” An antique-looking clock behind them struck “two.” “Ah, it is time for me to eat something. Will you stay and take coffee with me, my friend. We are not strangers now.”

Strangers, indeed! Donald fairly loved the man. He did not accept the invitation, but thanking him again and again, agreed to return in the



MONSIEUR BAJEAU BECOMES INTERESTED IN DONALD'S CHAIN.

“Ah! Dorothy.” Echoed the other. “Yes, that was it. I told you so.”

“You said Delia,” suggested Don.

The old man gave a satisfied nod. “Yes, Delia.”

“But it's *Dorothy*,” insisted Donald firmly, and with a gladness in his tone that made the old man smile in sympathy. “Dorothy, as plain as day.”

To Monsieur BajEAU the precise name was of little consequence, but he adjusted his glasses and looked at the book again.

“Yes—Dorothy. So it is. A pretty name. I am glad, my friend, if you are pleased.” Here Monsieur shook Donald's hand warmly. “The name in my book is certainly correct. I would be

evening, for Monsieur wished to know more of the strange story.

Donald walked back to the hotel lightly as though treading the air. Everything looked bright to him. Havre, he perceived, was one of the most delightful cities in the world. He felt like sending a cable message home about the chain, but on second thought resolved to be cautious. It would not do to raise hopes that might yet be disappointed. It was just possible that after the visit to Monsieur BajEAU, his mother, for some reason, had transferred the necklace to baby Delia's neck. He would wait. His work was not yet finished, but he had made a splendid beginning.



More than one tourist hurrying through Havre that day, bound for the steamer or for that pride of the city, the hill of Ingouville, to enjoy the superb view, noticed the young lad's joyous face and buoyant step as he passed by.

Donald walked briskly into the hotel, intent upon writing a cheery letter home; but, from habit, he stopped at the desk to ask if there was anything for him.

"Mr. D. Reed?" asked the hotel clerk, pointing to a bulky envelope half covered with postage stamps.

"That 's my name," returned the happy boy as he hurriedly tore open one end of the envelope. "Whew! Six!"

There were indeed six letters; and all had been forwarded from Aix-la-Chapelle.

One was from Mr. Wogg, inclosing a bit of printed calico and a soiled memorandum, stating that he sent herewith a piece like the gown which the party in Liverpool had given to the young Frenchwoman fifteen years before. He had obtained it, Mr. Wogg said, "from an old patch-work quilt in the possession of the party, and had paid said party one crown for the same." Two letters were from Mr. Reed and Dorothy, and the rest, three in number—addressed to D. R., in care of Dubigk's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle—were from three persons with very different hand-writings, but each an Ellen Lee!

(Conclusion next month.)

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## DANDELION.

BY W. B. ALLEN.

A DANDELION in a meadow grew,  
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow;  
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,  
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,  
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;  
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait  
Until the long, cool night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,  
I paused beside this tiny, bright-faced flower,  
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,  
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said:  
"I know the sun is somewhere, shining clear,  
And when I cannot see him overhead,  
I try to be a little sun, right here!"

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## A QUEER BOAT AND A FUNNY CREW.

BY C. J. T.

ONCE there was a riv-er with too much wa-ter in it. It had been rain-ing for a long time, and all the small streams which ran in-to this riv-er were ver-y full, and they poured so much wa-ter in-to the large riv-er that it rose a-bove its banks and spread far out o-ver the shore on both sides. This ris-ing of a riv-er is called a fresh-et, and it of-ten hap-pens that hous-es on the banks of the riv-er are car-ried a-way by the wa-ter, and that peo-ple and an-i-mals are drowned.

The wa-ter in this large riv-er rose so quick-ly that a great man-y liv-ing creat-ures did not have time to get to dry land. Some men



were on horse-back, and made their hors-es swim a-shore; and some peo-ple saved them-selves by climb-ing up on lit-tle isl-ands, or banks of earth a-bove the wa-ter.

There was a big, fat hog, who was so la-zy that he did not run to-ward the dry land as did the lit-tle pigs when the wa-ter reached the place where they were feed-ing, and it was not long be-fore the wa-ter was so deep a-round him that he could not run at all. Then he be-gan to be a-fraid he would be drowned, for he had never tried to swim, and he did not know wheth-er he could do so or not. Pres-ent-ly, he saw a large wood-en trough, which had been made for the hors-es to drink out of, come float-ing down quite near him.

"Hel-lo!" said the hog to him-self, "if here is n't a boat! I re-mem-ber when it was a horse-trough; but it must be a boat now, for it floats on the wa-ter. At a-ny rate, it is a good e-nough boat for me. If I can, I 'll get in-to it and float a-shore."

So the hog wad-ed close up to the trough, and, af-ter a great deal of trou-ble, he climbed in-to it. He was so big and clum-sy that he came ver-y near up-set-ting it, and a good deal of wa-ter did get in-to the trough, but the hog was so glad to get in him-self that he did not mind stand-ing up to his knees in wa-ter. He now float-ed a-long ver-y well, but he did not float to the shore. The wa-ter was run-nig down the riv-er, and so, of course, his boat went that way too.

"If I on-ly had a sail, or a pair of oars," thought the hog, "I could make the boat go straight to shore. I have often seen a man in a boat, and when he had a sail or oars he could make the boat go just where he pleased. But I don't know how to man-age a sail, and I am not sure that I could hold oars with my fore feet; so, af-ter all, it may be just as well that I have n't ei-ther of them. Per-haps I may float a-shore be-fore long, and, at a-ny rate, this is a ver-y pleas-ant boat, and the wa-ter in it keeps my legs nice and cool."

Just then he came near an old hen-house which had once stood on dry land, but which was now far out in the wa-ter. On the roof of this house stood three hens and a cock, who had flown up there to keep dry.

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo-oo-oo!" crowed the cock, as soon as the hog came near. "Don't you want some pas-sen-gers?"

"No," said the hog, "there 's only room e-nough here for me. My boat is half-full of wa-ter a-ny-how, and you could n't stand in wa-ter, as I can."

"But we could perch on one side," said one of the hens.



"That would nev-er do at all," said the hog. "You would make that side heav-y and up-set us all. Why don't you fly a-shore?"

"It is too far," said an-oth-er of the hens; "we would flop in-to the wa-ter and be drowned."

"It is a great pit-y you are not ducks," said the hog; "then you could swim to the land."

"That 's ver-y true," said the cock. "I nev-er be-fore wished to be a duck; but I think now it would be very nice to be one, and to swim a-shore. But, since we are not ducks and can not swim, I wish you would let us come on your boat. We might all sit on the mid-dle of your back, and then we would not tip the boat at all."

"Ver-y well," said the hog, "if you can do that you can come a-board; but do not fly down all at once, for that would rock my boat too much. You must come one at a time."

The three hens now flew, one at a time, on the hog's back. The cock was ver-y po-lite, and did not fly un-til the hens were all com-fort-a-bly on board. By this time the trough had float-ed past the hen-house, and the cock had to fly a good deal be-fore he reached the hog's back, but he got there safe-ly, and did not rock the boat at all.

"Now, then," said the cock, "this is real-ly pleas-ant. I nev-er be-fore made a trip on the wa-ter."

"I nev-er did either," said the hog. "If we only had some-thing to eat, we should do very well."

"As for me," said one of the hens, "I think it is per-fect-ly charm-ing. And I am not a bit hun-gry."

"I am al-ways hun-gry," said the hog.

They float-ed, and they float-ed, and they float-ed un-til it was dark, and then they all went to sleep. About the mid-dle of the night the boat ran a-shore, and the hog, who was ver-y tir-ed of be-ing in the wa-ter, scram-bled out upon dry land. The fowls slipped off his back, and flut-tered on shore.

"This would do ver-y well," said the hog, "if we on-ly had some-thing to eat."

"We could n't see how to eat a-ny-thing if we had it," said one of the hens.

"If there was any food here I could eat it with-out see-ing it," said the hog. "I be-lieve I smell corn now."

With that he hunt-ed about un-til he found a corn-stack which stood near, and there he feast-ed un-til morn-ing. When it was day-light the fowls came to the corn-stack.





THE HOG AND HIS PASSENGERS.

"Oho!" said the hog, "I am sor-ry for you. You have had to stay o-ver there in the dark, and I have been eat-ing corn all night."

"We could n't see what we were eat-ing if we ate in the dark," said one of the hens.

"That makes no dif-fer-ence to me," said the hog.

"But we are not hogs," po-lite-ly re-marked the cock.





## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

TREAD lightly this time, my dears, and take your places without saying a word. We are going to lead off with something a little bird brought me in a letter:

### WOVEN WIND.

IT is said that in India a muslin is manufactured which is so fine that it has received the poetic name of "Woven Wind." When laid upon the grass to bleach, the dew hides it from sight. It used to be spun only by native women who had been trained to the task from infancy; and so nice was the sense of touch required for the spinning of this yarn, that they were constantly waited upon by a retinue of servants, whose duty it was to relieve them of all menial offices that might endanger the fine faculty which long practice and seclusion had bestowed on their delicate finger-tips.

This "woven wind" is certainly a wonder of spinning, but your Jack happens to know of some spinners that are capable of still finer workmanship. The Deacon tells me that spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes many hundreds of them to equal in size a single hair.

### WHO HAS TASTED IT?

I'M told that a certain fruit called the *durion* is the most delicious fruit in the world. The eatable part is a sort of cream-colored pulp, and this is enclosed in a hard shell covered with sharp spikes. It is a native of Borneo and grows on a tree like an elm. Has any one of my hearers ever tasted one? If so, Jack begs him, her, or it to report. Is it sweet, sour, high-flavored, or spicy? Does it resemble any North American fruit, and can it be raised in one of those glass buildings that prove such a puzzle to my birds? What of the *durion*?

By the way, I've just been informed that this

fruit, which must be pretty heavy, sometimes falls on persons passing under the high trees and hurts them seriously. It even has been known to kill people.

It does n't do to trust entirely to a thing being absolutely *good* because it is delicious, I find.

### THE TREMBLING TREE.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., July 24th.

DEAR JACK: We have a very strange plant, called sensitive plant, and it dislikes to be touched. If you put your finger on it, the fine little leaves shrink away from you, and for a moment look decidedly wilted. But they soon brighten up if you let them alone. Having seen this plant every day, I was very much interested when a girl who belongs to the St. Nicholas Agassiz Association sent me a printed account of a wonderful sensitive plant which grows in Australia. She had cut the piece out of a newspaper. Will you please show it to the boys and girls, and then if any of them have ever seen just such a plant they will let you know. I do wonder if it is true. It says the tree is a kind of acacia, and ours is one of that kind, too, though it does not cut up so much.

This specimen, the account says, was grown from a seed brought from Australia, and already it has grown to be a sapling eight feet in height.

Regularly, every evening, when the chickens "go to roost," the tree performs very much the same duty. The leaves fold together and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. Late, the tree being in a comparatively small pot, which it was fast outgrowing, it was deemed best to give it one of much larger size, but, when removed to its new quarters, it resented the operation to the best of its ability. When it had been fairly transplanted it acted as if furiously enraged. The leaves began to stand up in all directions, like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a feverish quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most sickening and pungent—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of venomous serpents when disturbed. The odor filled the house. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace, and it appeared that it had given up the battle only because the hour for its peculiar manner of "retiring" had arrived. It is probably needless to say that the children, and in fact the whole household, now stand in abject awe of the strange tree, as being a thing vastly more reptile than vegetable. Many similar experiences, and some even more remarkable, have been had with the different forms of highly sensitive plant-life.

Yours truly,  
JENNIE C. R.

### WAYS OF THINKING.

ONCE there was a man who did n't know what to do with himself. He had traveled twice around the world, he said, and there was nothing more to be seen. He was only twenty-eight years old.

And there was another man who said that life was too short, even what is called a long life would be too short for one to be able to thoroughly see a patch of growing grass a foot square.

Each of these men was right according to his way of thinking. But what a difference in the ways!

### A TIDE 1296 FEET HIGH.

"Now you certainly must be mistaken, Jack," do I hear you say? "Why, in such a case the land would nearly all be covered by water, and—well, we never heard of such a thing, anyway."

But, my dears, this was long ago—ages and ages ago,—and I have the word of an eminent English astronomer for it. This learned man bases his calculations on the fact that, through lunar action on tides, the earth reacts on the moon, and is constantly driving it farther away. According to this scientist, who reasons backward, at one time the sun and the earth were so close together that the days were but three hours long instead of twenty-



four. The earth then made one complete revolution every three hours. It was in these ages that, as estimated, an ordinary tide would rise about 1296 feet.

But you don't understand all this, you say? And you want to know how the earth, through its tides, reacts on the moon? Well, this matter is not very clear in your Jack's mind; and the dear Little Schoolma'am is away, enjoying her "vacation." My birds can not help me this time, either. If we only had a wise old Dodo here, *he* might be able to explain. But the Dodo is an extinct bird, I'm told. It would be a joke, now, if these remarkable tides were before his time, even!

Anyway, if you consult an encyclopedia and read what it says about tides, you will probably either understand this business or not, more or less.

#### HOW THE FLAT-FISH DISAPPEARED.

HERE is a true story from a friend of the dear Little School-ma'am:

Kate and Robbie were on the bridge crossing a small creek near their house; Kate was eight years old and Robbie ten. They were watching the fish and the crabs and the shrimps, and whatever might come along. The water was only about a foot deep, and the bottom bright, clean sand, so that they could see with perfect clearness everything that passed.

Presently along came a flat-fish swimming up the creek. Flat-fish always swim close to the bottom, and when they stop swimming they lie flat on the bottom. This one was coming slowly along and stopping every few feet, and then going on again. He was about eight inches long and was of a dark brown color, and of course, as he contrasted with the bright sand, his dark color showed very strongly. The children saw him coming and were watching him, hoping that he would stop near them. He did so, making a halt just as he reached the bridge. They were very quiet for fear that they might frighten him, not even speaking, but some movement or other disturbed him, and *he disappeared*. "Why, Robbie! Where is the flat-fish?" "I am sure I can not tell, Kate. Did you see him go?" "No, and I was looking straight at him all the time. How could it be that he got away so quick?"

And so they went on talking over the matter, and wondering where the flat-fish was, while all the time he lay just where they had seen him stop.

After a few minutes Robbie's sharp eyes detected two black spots on the white sand. "Kate, don't you see those two specks? I wonder what they can be. I don't believe they were there before the flat-fish came." "Why, Robbie, they look to me like eyes. Do you suppose he has gone away and left his eyes there?" "I don't know, Kate, but you just keep still a minute and I will punch the place with a stick." He brought the stick, put it down carefully, and was about to touch the black spots, when away darted the flat-fish from the very spot under the stick, and as he swam off he looked as dark brown as he was when he came.

Now, how was it that he disappeared? Where did he go? I will tell you. He did not go; he lay still all the time, but he changed his color on the instant, so that instead of being dark he was as light as the sand, and thus the children were unable to see him, and when Robbie started him with the stick he resumed his dark color as suddenly. Is n't that strange? And yet it is absolutely true. I have seen it done many and many a time. You have probably read stories about the chameleon and its power of changing color. Probably all that you have ever read may be correct, but you ought to understand that other animals can change their color as well. I have seen chameleons often, and they change astonishingly, but a number of our fishes, can do it more strikingly. I have seen cuttle-fish, which are commonly called squids, change from dark chocolate-brown to clear white, and then back to brown again, and do it repeatedly, as rapidly as I could open and shut my hand.

#### WHAT WOULD YOU DO, IF—?

DON'T be frightened! I only want to say that the above is a good question to ask yourselves occasionally, and a careful consideration of it very helpful now and then. And here is a brief document in evidence of this fact:

DEAR JACK: My brother used to forget to arrange his clothes neatly at night, when going to bed, and Mamma chose a very novel way to cure him of his carelessness. Eddie was very much afraid of our house taking fire, or of fire in our neighborhood; so Mother said to him one night: "Eddie, what would you do if there was a fire in the night? You would not be able to find your clothes, and would occasion a deal of trouble to us all. Now lay them over a chair, in just the order in which you would wish to find them in case of fire."

Eddie thoughtfully did just as Mother said, and though he had to be reminded a few times after that, three years have now passed by, and I heard him say lately: "I never go to bed now without arranging my clothes neatly close at hand." D.

Talking of "what-ifs," moreover, I'm informed that historians say of Napoleon that, before beginning a battle, he thought little of what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he would do if surprised or defeated. And the mere fact that he won so many victories is no proof, in your Jack's opinion, that his taking defeat into consideration, and pondering awhile over resorts and emergencies, was a waste of time.

#### BABIES AMONG THE FLOWERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Belle found such wonderful things growing *down in the ground*, in one of her flower-beds, that I must tell your children about them. I had never seen such growing, either in flower-garden or woodland, and probably some of your little folk can say the same.

One cold day last spring, while sweeping withered leaves into heaps for burning, Belle heard a strange little noise, right under her broom, as it seemed. "Queak, queak," it sounded, to the alarm of the little maiden, who having great fear of snakes, thought it must be one. The noise ceasing with her broom, she again commenced sweeping, and "queak, queak," came from the pile of leaves. She took a long stick, and stirring among the leaves found—what do you suppose? Only a hole scooped out, and well lined with soft gray fur, and in it what seemed to be a moving, wriggling ball of gray fur. It was a rabbit's nest, containing three tiny rabbits not larger than grown mice, but so much prettier! Their eyes were closed; but such long, dainty ears and beautiful sleek coats! Each had a straight line of white in each forehead, as though Mother "Cotton-tail" had combed and parted each little head, like any other mother who wishes her children to look very nice. After examining them, even taking one out of the nest, Belle replaced the hair-blanket and leaf-coverlet just as she found them, and concluded not to burn that heap of leaves.

The gray babies received many visits, but soon grew so large and wide awake that one day, when Belle was taking a peep, out they scampered and were never more seen in the garden. Perhaps they came home to sleep every night, but they were not seen by Belle again.

Yours truly,

ANN N. N.

#### WHAT ARE THEY?

THE queer things shown in this picture are not alive, I'm told, and yet they seem to have an uncommonly lively look for what the Little Schoolma'am calls "inanimate objects." Who can tell just what they are, and who can explain those strange black marks upon them that look like slits in their backs?





## THE LETTER-BOX.



WHAT A CORRESPONDENT OF ST. NICHOLAS SAW IN A SEPTEMBER CORN-FIELD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Almost all children like to hear stories about animals. I would like to tell you one about a dog that is owned by a neighbor of ours. This neighbor has a good many handsome chickens which he prizes very highly, also a young hunting-dog.

This dog takes it upon himself to watch over these chickens, and he treats them pretty much as he pleases. In the morning, when the door of the coop is opened, he is too busy with his own breakfast to attend to them; but, as soon as that is finished, he starts for his charge.

First, he chases them around the yard until they take refuge in the shed or his kennel; then he will sit down before the door, and, from the way in which he wags his tail and shows his teeth, I am sure he laughs at the fright he has given the poor, innocent things.

By and by a very daring chicken gets out, but the dog runs round and round it, until he runs it into the shed. This he keeps up all day, if necessary, or as long as it seems to worry the poor chicks.

I sometimes see one of the children come out with food for the dog or chickens. If the food is for him, he leaves the chickens immediately; but when it is for them, he is very sad indeed, for the child stays out there to see that he does not molest them while eating, or steal away their food. I have seen bread thrown out to the chickens, and he would chase them all away and eat it himself, wagging his tail very contentedly.

After that he has his fun, for, as the children cannot stay out all day and the chickens cannot defend themselves, he again can imprison them.

Not long ago Mr. Bergh came here and gave a lecture on the

prevention of cruelty to animals, and spoke of the organization of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, which they have now in operation.

Now, as twelve chickens is a larger number than one dog, and as most people think the happiness of the greater number should be considered first, I think that Mr. Bergh should come here again and organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to chickens by dogs. Your faithful reader,

AMY MOTHERSHEAD (age 11).

GEORGE W. BARNES, of Philadelphia, sends a letter saying that he has been trying to make as many words as possible out of the letters contained in the words "Saint Nicholas"—and he incloses a list of seventy-two. Who will make more than this number?

KANSAS CITY, MO., January 30.

The other day my sister found a very odd bug. It was green and about two and a half inches long. The lower part of the body was quite large, and then there was a long slim part about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches long. It had a three-cornered head. The eyes were on two corners, and the mouth on the third. When approached it turned to look at us. It had six legs, and when it wanted to pick its teeth (?) it put its foreleg over the second, and brought the second up to its mouth.

BINA J. RAY.

Who recognizes the bug? Who can tell what it really does when it appears to "pick its teeth?" Do 'bugs' have teeth?



THE following list, for which there was not room at the close of the September installment of "Art and Artists," comprises the most important existing works of the artists named therein:

**BRUNELLESCHI:** The Dome of the Cathedral, Florence; The Pazzi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence; The Pitti Palace.

**GHIBERTI:** The Bronze Gates of the Baptistery, Florence; Sarcophagus of St. Zenobius, Cathedral, Florence.

**BENVENUTO CELLINI:** Perseus, Loggia de' Lanzi, Florence; Nymph in bronze, Renaissance Museum, Louvre, Paris; Golden salt-cellar, Cabinet of Antiques, Vienna; Crucifix in black and white marble, Escorial, Spain; A Reliquary, Royal Palace, Munich. Three cups and a flask, Plate-room, Pitti Palace, Florence; Cup of Lapis lazuli, Uffizi Gallery; Bust of Bindo Altoviti, Altoviti Palace, Rome.

**DONATELLO:** Dancing children, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; Statue of David, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; St. George and Sts. Peter and Mark, Or San Michele, Florence; Statue of Francesco Gattamelata, Padua; Magdalene, Baptistery, Florence; Judith, Loggia de' Lanzi, Florence.

#### THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—EIGHTEENTH REPORT.

##### THE BADGE.



The question of a badge for our Association has caused a great deal of discussion and awakened a great deal of interest. We have adopted one suggested by Kenneth Brown, which is here figured. It is a Swiss cross. This is doubly appropriate from the fact that Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland, and that Switzerland was also the birth-place of school scientific societies like our own. The figure on the upper arm of the cross represents the number which each Chapter has in the general organization. The other letters explain themselves. We consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having secured the services and interest of Mr. W. A. Hayward, 202 Broadway, New York. He has agreed to make badges for the members of the A. A. who wish them, at the following prices:

1. Blue ribbon, printed in gold.....\$0.10
2. Solid silver, engraved......50
3. Solid silver, blue enameled letters..... 1.00
4. Solid gold, engraved..... 3.00
5. Solid gold, blue enameled letters..... 4.00

Mr. Hayward may be considered the authorized badge-maker of the A. A., and all orders should be sent directly to him. We can not attend to them under any circumstances.

##### EXCHANGES.

Bird-skins and eggs.—A. C. Bent, Sec. Chapter 219, Taunton, Mass.

Siempra vivas, for marine curiosities.—J. J. O'Connell, Jr., Fort Stockton, Texas.

Will some one furnish the A. A. information regarding a genus of flies—*Offeria*, I believe—which, instead of hatching eggs, produces chrysalides?—Fred. E. Keay, North Cambridge, Mass.

Answer to W. Lighton: Philip Meeker.

Leaves and pressed flowers.—W. Evans, Sec., West Town, N. Y.

Shells and stones.—Miss S. M. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.

A buffalo's horn and a piece of lava.—Jesse Burgster, Saratoga, Dakota Ter.

Petrified stag-horn, shells, and white coral, for a Kansas grasshopper and three good specimens of other insects.—Miss Mamie Barker, 114 West Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Scorpion from Palestine, lizard from South America, and minerals, for fossils.—E. C. Mitchell, 115 West Thirteenth St., New York.

##### REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

###### WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mine is the painful task of informing you that W. B. Emory, the Secretary of our Chapter, is dead. We all mourn him sincerely.

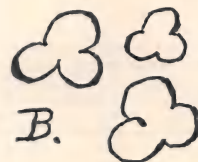
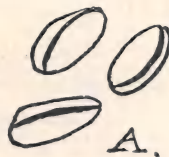
Had it not been for his enthusiasm, the Chapter would have disbanded long ago. We are a Chapter no longer.

Yours sorrowfully, F. E. COOMBS.

[The members of Chapter 208 have our most sincere sympathy and that of the whole A. A. in their sorrow.]

I give what I have found out about one kind of pollen. I shall not try to examine flowers in any order. I suppose my results and those of others will be arranged together.

*Common name*, Buttercup. *Shape*, globular, having three distinct lobes divided by chinks or depressions. (I infer this from the outline of the grains in the field of the microscope. The majority of the grains showed as at A, but many were like B.) *Color*, yellow. *Surface*, smooth. A. B. G.



[If each Chapter which owns a microscope would continue this study of pollen, as here indicated, and send us the results for comparison, it would be worth while.]

I have been much troubled in conducting exchanges, particularly eggs, as the identifications have seldom been sent. Let each collector give, at least, the locality in which a nest was found, the date, and number of eggs in nest. HARRY D. WHITE.

We have had the pleasure of watching the hatching of a butterfly's egg into a tiny dark caterpillar. MAY H. PRENTICE.

###### CHICOPEE, MASS.

A very little thought will show the error of "A. B. G.'s" theory (which was Agassiz's) that the hexagonal shape of bee-cells is caused by the crowding together of cylindrical cells. Examine the base of a cell, where a bee begins operations, and it will be found to be a "triangular pyramid," whose three faces are rhombs, and whose apex forms the center of the floor of the cell. I send you a sample of the artificial comb foundation now almost universally used by bee-keepers. To support the present theory, we must also assume that the *drone* cells in a comb are built by the drone bees, as their bodies alone are of the correct size to serve as a "model." In view of the fact that drones have neither wax-glands nor the organs necessary for cell-building, this is absurd. Finally, queen-wasps invariably build hexagonal cells, unaided and alone.

Respectfully yours, JOHN D. WHITE.

I have lately received a fine skin of the puma or American lion (*Leopardus concolor*). It measures six feet eleven and a half inches from tip to tip. It has a dark line down the center of the back. The general color is tawny, and it is very beautiful.

JOHN L. HANNA, Fort Wayne, Ind.

H. Hancock writes: "I have been copying some of the snow-crystals figured in March St. NICHOLAS. I noticed that one had twenty-four points, and several had twelve. I read the other day that snow-crystals invariably had six points. How about that?"

[It has usually been said that snow-crystals have angles to the number of some multiple of three—this would allow both twelve and twenty-four; but, if the drawings which have been sent us are correct, there seems to be no law in the matter, for we have them of three, four, five, and six angles.]

We are pupils of the Waco Female College, Texas. About four years ago our teacher began to teach us to love nature, and, to keep our eyes and ears open, often took us to the woods. Oh, how we enjoyed those rambles! Such rides to and from the woods! We soon got a collection, and determined to form a Natural History Society. We were deliberating on a name when, to our great joy, your first article in St. NICHOLAS was read to us. With a few variations we forthwith adopted the name, constitution, and by-laws. Since then we have varied with wind and weather, but have now launched upon a smooth-sailing sea. We have twenty-six members. Some of our prominent citizens have joined us. By carefully hoarding our dues of admission, etc., we have been able to buy a fine microscope, a number of shells, and a few books and pictures. We have a book in which the librarian pastes articles and pictures selected by some one member every week. We have another into which the Secretary transcribes the papers read by the members be-



fore the Society, and also articles of interest which can not be cut from valuable books. The President always appoints one member to ask three questions to be answered at the next meeting. The correct answers are copied into our manuscript scrap-book. We often take questions from the ST. NICHOLAS. Oh! we have so much to say to you, and to ask, I hardly know where to begin or leave off. We have a specimen of the Texas centipede for exchange, also a stinging lizard and a horned frog.

MISS JENNIE WISE, Box 454, Waco, Texas.

#### UNION ST., TAUNTON, MASS.

Our Chapter has just held its first anniversary. We are about to hold a field meeting. It will be at Lake Assawampsett, which is about ten miles from Taunton, and the largest lake in Massachusetts. Our meetings continue to be interesting. We have lessons in taxonomy, mounting botanical specimens, preserving marine objects, etc.

HARRY G. WHITE, Curator Chap. 93.

#### BUFFALO, N. Y.

Our report is somewhat tardy, owing to an entertainment given for our microscope fund. We realized \$85, which, with the amount on hand, gives us about \$100 to invest in a good instrument. Our Chapter has increased to twenty-four active and two honorary members. Owing to the lateness of the season, we have collectively made but one excursion, though individually we have not been idle.

CORA FREEMAN, Cor. Sec. B. Chapter A. A.

#### CONDENSED REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS ASSIGNED TO JNO. F. GLOSSER, BERWYN, PA.

The Treasurer of Chapter 127, Beverly, Mass., reports finances in good condition, which means no debts and a balance in hand.

Report from Secretary of Newburyport, Mass., gives account of Agassiz's birthday celebration, which was interesting throughout and enjoyed by all. The alligator, now named "Dr. Tanner," still holds his own, eating almost nothing.

It is readily seen that Chapter 109 is located at the National Capital, for they are up to all sorts of parliamentary rules in their weekly meetings. Think of their going into a committee of the whole to discuss the question of celebrating Agassiz's birthday. There are many grown people who could learn how to conduct a public meeting by reading the reports of this Chapter.

Master Frank Ramaley, Sec. St. Paul, Minn., Chapter, says they are successful so far as filling their cabinet with specimens is concerned, but fears they are not learning enough. [A most hopeful sign.]

Jennie Hughes, Sec. Minneapolis, Minn., Chapter, reports seven new members, a picnic and woods meeting on the 27th of May. An oriole and grossbeak decorate their cabinet.

Mamie L. Kimberly, Sec. Auburn, N. Y., Chapter, sends a very encouraging report. Their cabinet contains specimens of ores from nearly all the Territories; quicksilver from California; moss, ferns, and leaves from Arizona; shells, fossils, silk-worm cocoons, and a dainty humming-bird's nest. A regular course of reading in botany and zoölogy occupies part of their time.

I would mention, for amphibious animals, the seal, walrus, climbing perch, and beaver. In answer to your question regarding what becomes of the tail of the tadpole, I would say it is gradually absorbed into the body. I send these questions for the A. A.: 1. Describe the kuda-ayer and its habits. 2. Why is the ounce so called? 3. What is a squid?

FRANK R. GILBERT, Chap. 255.

I found a small green caterpillar on a raspberry bush, and kept him under a tumbler. Pretty soon he began to act sick. I looked at him closely, and he had little green things sticking on his sides. Next morning he was yellow and the green things were as big as his head almost, and you could see them swallowing his blood. Pretty soon he turned black, and then they went off and died, and it was good enough for them. Good-bye.

IRENE PUTNAM.

Chapter 303 is in Vancouver, Washington Territory. The address in the Hand-book is the result of an error in printing. By the way, we must repeat that all orders for the Agassiz Hand-book, and all correspondence concerning the A. A., should be addressed to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., and not to ST. NICHOLAS.

Other reports cover our table, but for lack of space can barely be mentioned.

Miss Olive Cansey sends an excellent report from Scituate, Mass., containing the elaborate by-laws of Chapter 241.

Miss Ruegg sends us some beautiful pressed flowers from Stroud, England, among which the "wee modest crimson-tipped" daisies and the "small celandine" particularly please us.

H. H. Bice promptly sends a correction to one of his former answers, and mentions as amphibious the frog, newt, salamander, and proteus. [Who will write us a paper on the 'proteus' ?]

Miss Leila Mawer, of a London, Eng., Chapter, thinks "A. B. G." is right about the bees. She says: "The outer cells of a honeycomb are always more or less circular on their sides. Some bees, too, form free cells, which are always roughly cylindrical." [See Mr. White's letter in this report.]

The Hartford Chapter has been studying natural history under P. T. Barnum, but did not learn much about insects.

Jackson, Mich., celebrated the 28th of May with the following programme: 1. Life of A. 2. Notes about A. 3. Notes from A.'s trip to Brazil. 4. A.'s wife as his helper. 5. Prayer of A. 6. Tribute to A. 7. Personal anecdotes. 8. Piano solo. 9. Recitation. 10. Recitation. 11. "A good, great man." 12. An anecdote of A. 13. A.'s museum. 14. A.'s fiftieth birthday. [Such an exercise must have been extremely interesting and profitable.]

Philip C. Tucker (best), Fred. Clearwaters, and others answer Will Lighton's question by saying that the chrysalis contains the larvæ of a hawk-moth; probably *Sphinx quinque-maculatus*. The appendage is its tongue-sheath. It must have been washed into the river, as the chrysalides of sphingidæ are buried underground.

Philadelphia (C) has noticed that when a snake swallowed a frog the frog's head was outward, and wishes to know "whether snakes are in the habit of swallowing their food hind part first."

Philip J. Tucker has two snake-skins, one of them three feet long.

Ernest Blehl, aged ten, has formed a wide-awake Chapter in Philadelphia. His motto is, "I will find a way, or make one."

Kansas City, Mo., has "already a good-sized cabinet, increasing every day."

San Francisco writes: "We shall get, if we can, the leaves of every tree and put them on cards."

Irene Putnam had a three-inch cocoon made of "hair." "The moth came out when we did not see it. It was very beautiful. It had feelers that looked just like big brown ostrich-feathers coming out of its head, and it had red trimming on its wings."

West Town, N. Y., is thriving in the midst of Philistines. "A good many people think and say that it won't last more than two or three months, but we are going to show them."

[A true interest in nature, such as most of our boys and girls have, is not a mushroom growth. It will increase with the flying years, and be a source of ever unfolding wonder and delight while life shall last. Those who have never felt this loving interest in nature can not understand it.]

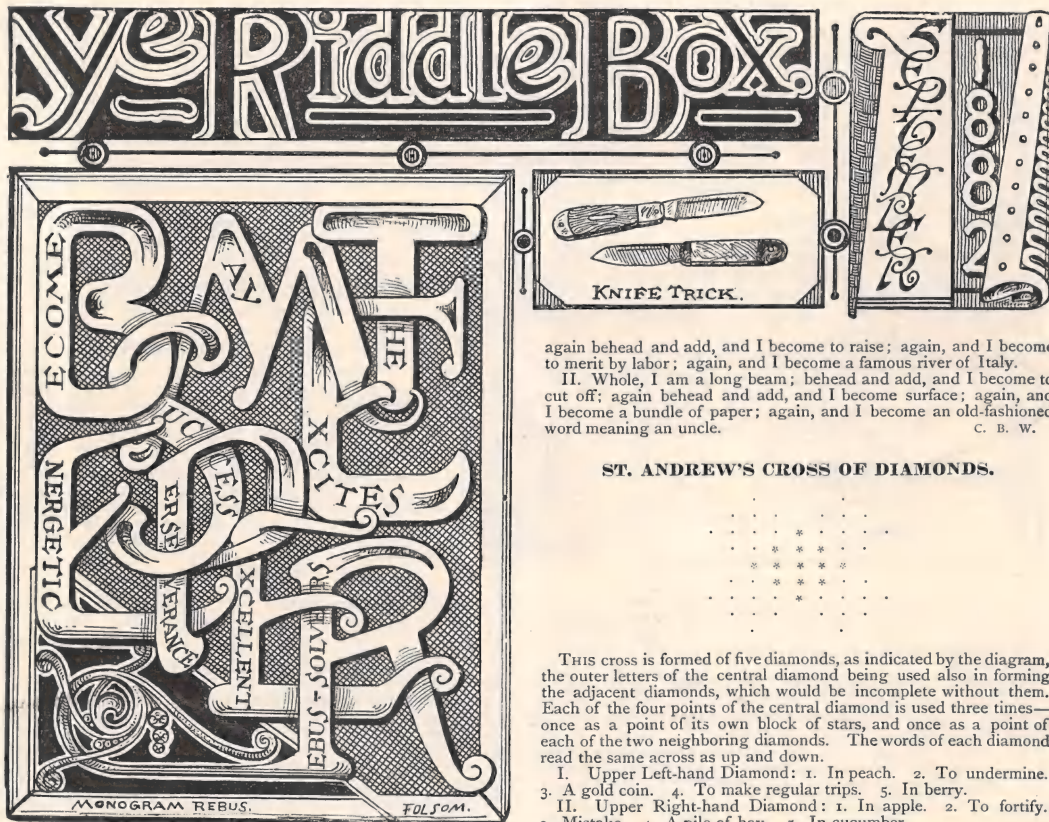
Geneva, N. Y., now numbers twenty-eight. Meetings have been held every two weeks since the organization in February. Sponges, game-birds, perchers, birds of prey, and salt-water fishes have been studied and discussed. The members are carefully watching some newts' eggs as they change from small black specks. They have received as a present a "Venus basket-sponge."

One of the questions debated by Chapter 191, under the efficient guidance of President Mitchell, is, "Which is the most useful animal?"

#### LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name of Chapter.	Members.	Address.
298.	Pittsburgh, Pa. (D).....	10..	E. H. Henderson, 23d and Liberty Sts.
299.	Watertown, N. Y. (A).....	5..	Nicoll Ludlow, Jr., care of Hon. A. W. Clark.
300.	Bryn Mawr, Pa. (A).....	6..	Miss Grace A. Smith, Rosemont P. O., Montgomery Co.
301.	Topeka, Kan. (A).....	5..	Chas. A. Dailey, 218 Polk St.
302.	Cincinnati, Ohio (A).....	5..	Gaylord Miles, 35½ Sherman Ave.
302.	Vancouver, Wash. Ter.....	10..	L. A. Nicholson.
304.	Emporia, Kan. (A).....	10..	L. Osmond Perley, Box 1186.
305.	London, Eng. (B).....	8..	Miss Leila A. Mawer, 10 St. Michael's, Woodgreen, London N.
306.	Belmont, Nev. (A).....	30..	C. L. Deady.
307.	Columbus, Ohio (A).....	5..	E. G. Rice, 135 Park St.
308.	Wellington, Kan. (A).....	5..	J. T. Nixon, Box 504.
309.	Peekskill, N. Y. (C).....	5..	George E. Briggs.
310.	Belpre, Ohio (A).....	5..	Miss Fannie Rathbone.



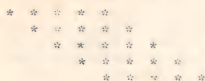


### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

**MONOGRAM REBUS.**—Arrange the nine large letters of the above monogram so they will spell one word. Then read them in connection with the smaller letters which each large letter contains, using the large letters for the needed initials.

**KNIFE TRICK.**—With two knives make one thousand. G. F.

### RHOMBOID.



**ACROSS:** 1. A boy's name. 2. Begins a voyage. 3. Trifling talk. 4. To pass off in vapor. 5. The surname of an Irish revolutionist, born in 1780.

**DOWNWARD:** 1. In September. 2. A verb. 3. To fold. 4. Affected manners. 5. A tablet for writing upon. 6. To make progress against. 7. Three-fourths of a large piece of timber. 8. A personal pronoun. 9. In September. BESSIE TAYLOR.

### PL.

HA, oons no delfi dan lhl  
Eth diwn lashl thislew lhl,  
Nad trachpair wassowl alcl rithe folks hetrotge,  
Ot lyf mofr storf nad wosn,  
Dan kees rfo sland herew bowl,  
Het arfire slosmobs fo a lambier thaweer.

"POLONIUS."

### BEHEADINGS AND FINAL ADDITIONS.

**EXAMPLE:** Whole, I am a flat-bottomed boat; behead and add, and I am a garment worn by monks; again behead and add, and I am a species of night birds. **ANSWER,** scow, cowl, owls.

I. Whole, I am a rodent; behead and add, and I become surface;

again behead and add, and I become to raise; again, and I become to merit by labor; again, and I become a famous river of Italy.

II. Whole, I am a long beam; behead and add, and I become to cut off; again behead and add, and I become surface; again, and I become a bundle of paper; again, and I become an old-fashioned word meaning an uncle. C. B. W.

### ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram, the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them. Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times—once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read the same across as up and down.

I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In peach. 2. To undermine. 3. A gold coin. 4. To make regular trips. 5. In berry.

II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In apple. 2. To fortify. 3. Mistake. 4. A pile of hay. 5. In cucumber.

III. Central Diamond: 1. In orange. 2. A West Indian vegetable. 3. Impetuous. 4. Confronted. 5. In grape.

IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In melon. 2. Endeavor. 3. A species of sea-duck. 4. Individuals. 5. In pear.

V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In apricot. 2. Uppermost. 3. A peculiar kind of candle. 4. The god of shepherds. 5. In pine-apple. "FIREFLY."

### TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. An interrogative pronoun. 2. A many-headed monster. 3. A lazy person. 4. To crawl. 5. A fabulous monster.

II. 1. Pertaining to a king. 2. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 3. To long. 4. To concur. 5. Country by-ways. A. S. C. A.

### COMBINATION PUZZLE.



**READING ACROSS:** 1. A feminine name. 2. Empty. 3. A river of Africa. 4. Slumber. 5. A rack for holding pictures.

**INCLOSED DOUBLE DIAMOND.** Reading across: 1. A consonant. 2. A girl's name. 3. A river of Africa. 4. A place defended from the wind. 5. A consonant. Reading downward: 1. A consonant. 2. Three-fourths of a river of Africa. 3. Fumes. 4. Half of a small steel instrument. 5. A consonant.

**DIAGONALS.** From 1 to 4, a spirit; from 2 to 3, a corner.

G. F.

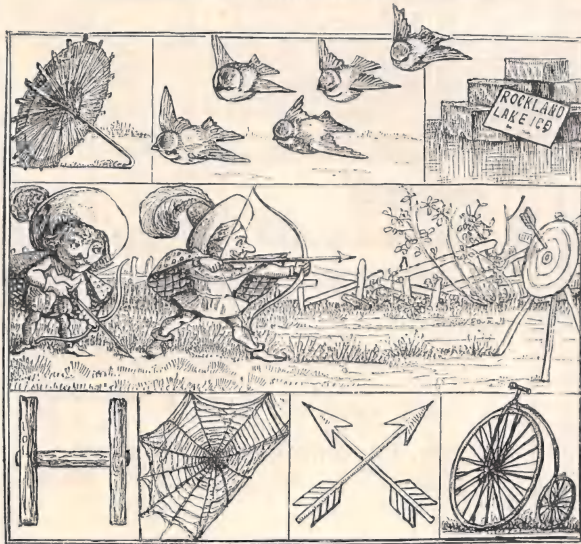
### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name the title of a versified Oriental romance.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. The morning star. 2. A brisk movement in music. 3. A place of restraint. 4. A singing bird. 5. Any part of a circle. DYCIE.



## ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.



THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of being described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the small pictures are placed, and the central letters, reading downward, are represented by the central picture.

S. A. R.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters, and form a verse from the book of Proverbs.

My 8-32-38-49 was one of the patriarchs. My 37-18-40-12-3-57-29 is an island belonging to Portugal. My 1-43-7-17-33-31 is the god of fine arts. My 2-53-17-20-46 was a great general. My

4-36-10-11-6-43-56-15-25-41 was a famous poet. My 30-34-16-14-54-42 are combats. My 19-21-39-44-51-55 is a language. My 13-23-5-20-47 is robbery. My 35-48-15-9-24 is to deride. My 45-22-5-52 is the stalk of a plant. My 26-56-39-28 is crooked. My 51-27-50-13 is an action at law.

LIONEL A. BURNS.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

IN fox, but not in camel;  
In camel, but not in cat;  
In cat, but not in pigeon;  
In pigeon, but not in bat.  
My whole, it stands for power,  
And waves o'er many seas;  
My whole is, too, a flower,  
Which grows on marshy leas;—  
Is on the cities' crowded streets;  
Now guess me, if you please.

## GERMAN COUSINS.

IN the following puzzle each pair of definitions refers to a word pronounced alike, but spelled differently, in German and English. The German definition is printed first, then the English.

1. An oval body; a personal pronoun. 2. An adversary; to discover. 3. Recompense; solitary. 4. Want; a sound. 5. A likeness; to construct. 6. A song; to guide. 7. A farinaceous substance; armor. 8. A rustic; an arbor. 9. Glory; an apartment. 10. Wide; brilliant.

A. T. MOMBERT.

## DIAMOND.

1. IN early. 2. A drinking vessel. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A lake in Switzerland. 5. A salt-water fish. 6. One of many. 7. In late. ISOLA.

## PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My whole consists of eight letters, and means acted. My 1-2-3 is to open. My 1-2-3-4-5 is a musical entertainment. My 2-3-4 is through. My 3-4-5 is a fixed point of time. My 4-5-6 is an animal. My 4-5-6-7 is proportion. My 5-6 is a preposition. My 5-6-7 is the goddess of revenge. My 6-7-8 is a boy's nickname. My 7-8 is a boy's nickname. ALCIBIADES.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES IN THE HEAD-PIECE. I. Double Acrostic. Primals, scythe; finals, garner. Cross-words: 1. Striking. 2. Cecelia. 3. Yearner. 4. Trunio. 5. Halberd. 6. Earlie. 7. Easy Diamond. 8. B. 2. TAG. 9. BaLes. 4. GEM. 5. S. III. A Word. Musical.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. August. 2. Urania. 3. Garret. 4. Unrest. 5. Siesta. 6. Tattas.

A LATIN-GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. Amor ac deliciae generis humani. 1. A-zores. 2. M-alta. 3. O-rinoco. 4. R-otterdam. 5. A-ral. 6. C-anton. 7. D-enmark. 8. E-cuador. 9. L-yons. 10. I-tasca. 11. C-alcutta. 12. I-daho. 13. A-byssinia. 14. E-gypt. 15. G-ranada. 16. E-rie. 17. N-icaragua. 18. E-u-phrates. 19. R-ouen. 20. I-ndus. 21. S-candinavia. 22. H-enlophen. 23. U-trecht. 24. M-ozambique. 25. A-thens. 26. N-eva. 27. I-rawaddy.

PICTORIAL CHARADE. Key-stone.

Here of my first is the key, plainly presented to you;

While on this foundation we see the second is open to view.

Find the whole word on the arch.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND. (From left to right.) 1. R. 2. NEP. 3. ReVel. 4. DeLlver. 5. HaLes. 6. NEt. 7. D.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from R. H. S., and F. L. Atbush.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Maud, 1—Sadie L. Demarest and William M. Richards, 3—Rose. 1—Fred. S. Elliot, 2—E. M., 1—J. W. Yeary, 2—Julius Fay, 1—C. R. W., 1—Susie M. Conant, 1—D. S. Crosby, Jr., 4—Willie B. Chase, 1—Pansy, 2—Fred. E. Stone, 3—Edith H. E. Parsons, 1—Paul England and Co., 4—Sallie Hovey, 3—Nellie Mosher, 1—Harry Reed, 1—Ada Reed, 1—Grace Reed, 1—Rosamond, 1—Bessie Ammerman, 4—Alice Dupré Close, 3—Mary W. Nall, 1—Katie Hoffman, 1—Charles Orcutt, 1—Nannie McL. Duff, 1—Merry Wives of Windsor, 2—Everett Lane Jones, 1—Arabella Ward, 5—E. Hope Goddard, 7—Two Aesthetic Maidens, 7—Patience, 5—F. Lawrence Bosqué, 1—Vera, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Kittie B. Harris, 1—W. St. L., 5—Pewee, 3—Frankie Gardiner, 2—Leslie B. Douglass, 7—Cherry, 2—Cliff. M. Reifsnider, 1—Alciades, 6—Frank Nugent, 2—Warren, 4—V. P. J. S. M. C., 4—Génie J. Callmeyer, 6—Jessie Hutchinson, 7—Jas. T. Howes, 7—H. L. Pruy, 2—Arthur C. Hixon, 10—Machine, 5—V. M. Giffin, 3—Bertie and Maud, 6—Azile, 3—Madge Tolderlund, 3—Harry Johnston, 7—J. H. Cuming, 2—Sallie Viles, 10—Fannie and Minnie, 6—Three Robins, 8—Charles H. Parmly, 5—John G. Morse, 12—Sarah and Margaret, 2—Vin, Alex, and Henry, 5—Standish McCleary, 4—Mary E. Baker, 4—Helen's Mamma, 10—Fred. Thwaites, 9—Willie L. Brower, 3—Anna K. Dessault, 2—Appleton H., 7—Marna and Bae, 12—Florence G. Lane, 1—Clara J. Child, 10—Verna E. Barnum, 3—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 3—Algernon Tassin, 4—John F. Putnam, 1—Minnie and Florence Larwill, 3—Florence Leslie Kyte, 10—Pan Z, 6—Potrero, 6—Pernie, 5—G. L. and J. W., 2—Two Friends, 5—Lyde McKinney, 6—Gardiner L. Tucker, 7—Clara and her Aunt, 8—Edwin McNeilly, 5—J. C. Winne, 1.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1882.

No. 12.

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## THE FAMINE AMONG THE GNOMES.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I BELIEVE it was in the winter of 18— (but it does not matter so much about the time) that the servants on the large estate of Halthorp raised a great ado about something or other. Whereupon the baron of Halthorp, who was too stout to walk down the stairs on slight provocation, called his steward in a voice like that of an angry lion, and asked him, "Why in the name of Moses he did not keep the rascals quiet."

"But, your honor," stammered the steward, who was as thin as the baron was stout, "I have kept them quiet for more than a month past, though it has been hard enough. Now, they refuse to obey me unless I admit them to your honor's presence, that they may state their complaint."

"Impudent beggars!" growled the old gentleman. "Tell them that I am about to take my after-dinner nap, and that I do not wish to be disturbed."

"I have told them that a dozen times," whined the steward, piteously. "But they are determined to leave in a body, unless your honor consents to hear them."

"Leave! They can't leave," cried his honor. "The law binds them. Well, well, to save talking, fling the doors open and let them come in."

The steward hobbled away to the great oak-paneled doors (I forgot to tell you that he limped in his left foot), and, cautiously turning the knob and the key, peeped out into the hall. There stood the servants—twenty-eight in all—but, oh! what a sight! They were hollow-cheeked, with hungry eyes and bloodless lips, and deep lines about their mouths, as if they had not seen food for weeks.

Their bony hands twitched nervously at the coarse clothes that flapped in loose folds about their lean and awkward limbs. They were indeed a pitiful spectacle. Only a single one of them—and that was of course the cook—looked like an ordinary mortal, or an extraordinary mortal, if you like, for she was nearly as broad as she was long. It was owing to the fact that she walked at the head of the procession as they filed into the parlor, that the baron did not immediately discover the miserable condition of the rest. But when they had faced about, and stood in a long row from wall to wall—well, you would hardly believe it, but the baron, hard-hearted as he was, came near fainting. There is a limit to all things, and even a heart of steel would have been moved at the sight of such melancholy objects.

"Steward," he roared, when he had sufficiently recovered himself, "who is the demon who has dared to trifle with my fair name and honor? Name him, sir,—name him, and I will strangle him on the spot!"

The steward, even if he had been acquainted with the demon, would have thought twice before naming him under such circumstances. Accordingly he was silent.

"Have I not," continued the baron, still in a voice that made his subjects quake—"have I not caused ample provisions to be daily distributed among you? Have not you, Mr. Steward, the keys to my store-houses, and have you not my authority to see that each member of my household is properly provided for?"



The steward dared not answer; he only nodded his head in silence.

"If you please, your honor," finally began a squeaky little voice at the end of the row (it was



"OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN CAME A CROWD OF GNOMES."

that of the under-groom), "it is n't the steward as is to blame, but it 's the victuals. Somehow there is n't any taste nor fillin' to them. Whether I eat pork and cabbage, or porridge with molasses, it don't make any difference. It all tastes alike. As I say, your honor, the old Nick has got into the victuals."

The under-groom had hardly ceased speaking before the baron, who was a very irascible old gentleman, seized his large gold-headed cane, and, as quickly as his bulk would allow, rushed forward to give vent to his anger.

"I'll teach you manners, you impudent clown," he bawled out, as, with his cane lifted above his head, he rushed into the ranks of the frightened

servants, shouting to the under-groom, "Criticise my victuals, will you, you miserable knave!"

The under-groom having on former occasions made the acquaintance of the baron's cane, and still remembering the unpleasant sensation, immediately made for the door, and slipped nimbly out before a blow had reached him. All the others, who had to suffer for their spokesman's boldness, tumbled pell-mell through the same opening, and jumped, rolled, or vaulted down the steps and landed in a confused heap at the bottom of the stairs.

The baron, in the meanwhile, marched with long strides up and down the floor, and expressed himself, not in the politest language, concerning the impudence of his domestics.

"However," he grumbled to himself, "I must look into this affair and find out what fraud there is at the bottom of it. The poor creatures could n't get as lean as that unless there was some real trouble."

About three hours later, the baron heard the large bell over the gable of his store-house ring out for dinner. The wood-cutters and the men who drove the snow-plow, and all other laborers on the large estate, as soon as they heard it, flung away their axes and snow-shovels and hurried up to the mansion, their beards and hair and eyebrows all white with hoar-frost, so that they looked like walking snow-men. But as it happened, the under-groom, Nils Tagfat, chanced at that moment to be cutting down a large snow-laden fir-tree which grew on a projecting knoll of the mountain. He pulled off his mittens and blew on his hands (for it was bitter cold), and was about to shoulder his ax, when suddenly he heard a chorus of queer little metallic voices, as it seemed, right under his feet. He stopped and listened.

"There is the bell of Halthorp ringing! Where is my cap? where is my cap?" he heard distinctly uttered, though he could not exactly place the sound, nor did he see anybody within a mile around. And just for the joke of the thing, Nils, who was always a jolly fellow, made his voice as fine as he could, and, mimicking the tiny voices, squeaked out:

"Where is my cap? Where is my cap?"

But imagine his astonishment when suddenly he heard a voice answer him with: "You can take Grandfather's cap!" and at the same moment there was tossed into his hands something soft, resembling a small, red-peaked cap. Just out of curiosity, Nils put it on his head to try how it would fit him, and small as it looked, it fitted him perfectly. But now, as the cap touched his head, his eyes were opened to the strangest spectacle he ever beheld. Out of the mountain



came a crowd of gnomes, all with little red-peaked caps, which made them invisible to all who were not provided with similar caps. They hurried down the hill-side toward Halthorp, and Nils, who was anxious to see what they were about, followed at a proper distance behind. As he had half expected, they scrambled up on the railings at the door of the servants' dining-hall, and as soon as the door was opened they rushed in, climbed up on the chairs, and seated themselves on the backs just as the servants took their places on the seats. And now Nils, who, you must remember, had on the cap that made him invisible, came very

at the steward's side sat the baron himself, in a large, cushioned easy-chair. He did not eat, however; he was there merely to see fair play.

Each servant fell to work greedily with his knife and fork, and just as he had got a delicious morsel half-way to his mouth, the gnome on the back of his chair stretched himself forward and calmly snatched the meat from the end of the fork. Thus, all the way around the table, each man unconsciously put his piece of beef into the wide-open mouth of his particular gnome. And the unbidden guests grinned shrewdly at one another, and seemed to think it all capital fun. Sometimes, when the



"THE BARON SPRANG UP WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF FRIGHT."

near splitting his sides with laughter. The first course was boiled beef and cabbage. The smell was delicious to Nils's hungry nostrils, but he had to conquer his appetite in order to see the end of the game. The steward stood at the end of the table and served each with a liberal portion; and

wooden trays (which were used instead of plates) were sent to be replenished, they made horrible grimaces, often mimicking their poor victims, who chewed and swallowed and went through all the motions of eating without obtaining the slightest nourishment. They all would have liked to fling



knives and forks and trays out through the windows, but they had the morning's chastisement freshly in mind, and they did not dare open their mouths except for the futile purpose of eating.

"Well, my lads and lasses," said the baron, when he had watched the meal for some minutes; "if you can complain of food like this, you indeed deserve to be flogged and put on prison fare."

"Very likely, your honor," said one of the milkmaids; "but if your honor would demean yourself to take a morsel with us, we would bless your honor for your kindness and complain no more."

The baron, looking around at all the hopeless eyes and haggard faces, felt that there was something besides vanity that prompted the request; and he accordingly ordered the cook to bring his own plate and drew his chair up to the table. Hardly had he seized his knife when Nils saw a gnome, who had hitherto been seated on the floor awaiting his turn, crawl up on the arm of his big chair and, standing on tiptoe, seize between his teeth the first bit the baron was putting to his mouth. The old gentleman looked astounded, mystified, bewildered; but, fearing to make an exhibition of himself, selected another mouthful, and again conducted it the accustomed way. The gnome came near laughing right out, as he dispatched this second morsel in the same manner as the first, and all around the table the little monsters held their hands over their mouths and seemed on the point of exploding. The baron put down knife and fork with a bang; his eyes seemed to be starting out of his head, and his whole face assumed an expression of unspeakable horror.

"It is Satan himself who is mocking us!" he cried. "Send for the priest! Send for the priest!" Just then Nils crept around behind the baron,

who soon felt something soft, like a fine skull-cap, pressed on his head, and before he had time to resent the liberty, he started in terror at the sight of the little creature that he saw sitting on the arm of his chair. The baron sprang up with an exclamation of fright, and pushed the chair back so violently that it was almost upset upon the floor. The gnome dexterously leaped down and stood staring back at the baron for an instant; then, with a spring, he snatched a potato and half a loaf of bread, and disappeared. In his haste, the baron ran against Nils, the under-groom, who (now without a cap) was standing with a smiling countenance calmly surveying all the confusion about him.

"Now, was I right, your honor?" he asked with a respectful bow. "Did *you* find the victuals very filling?"

The baron, who was yet too frightened to answer, stood gazing toward a window-pane, which suddenly and noiselessly broke, and through which the whole procession of gnomes, huddled together in flight, tumbled headlong into the snow-bank without.

"And what shall we do, Nils?" said the baron, the next day, when he had recovered from his shock, "to prevent the return of the unbidden guests?"

"Stop ringing the great bell," answered Nils. "It is that which invites the gnomes."

And since that day the dinner-bell has never been rung at Halthorp.

But one day, late in the winter, Nils the groom, as he was splitting wood on the mountain-side, heard a plaintively tinkling voice within, singing:

"Hunger and sorrow each new day is bringing,  
Since Halthorp bell has ceased its ringing."





## RADISHVILLE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"WHAT is it, Charley—what are you digging for now? Is it mice?"

"Mice! Wud he go for mice wid a rake? An' it's not mice, begorra," said Pat McCue.

"No, it is n't mice; but if you boys want some fun, you can climb over and take hold."

"We're coming. I'll call Grip. What on earth is it, Charley?"

"No, sir! I don't want Grip. Not this time. I don't care to have any small dogs in my town."

"Your town?"

Hal Pinner had reached the top rail of the garden fence, and he paused for a moment to look down on the puzzle.

"Town!" echoed Pat McCue. "I'd like to know what wud a town be wid no dogs?"

Charley Brayton had not stopped work for an instant. He was plying a long-handled garden rake upon a patch of soft earth near the fence, and his younger brother stood in the path, a few feet away, watching him very seriously.

"Dogs?" he said. "Yes, of course, dogs. When the town's done, I'll have some; cats, too, if I can get 'em of the right size."

"Hal," said Pat McCue, gravely, "Charley's took wid one of his quare noshins—that's all."

Just now Charley's "queer notion" had so strong a hold upon him that he did not seem to notice it. He raked away, with a care that was quite remarkable, for a moment more. Then he drew a long breath and leaned upon his rake-handle.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys, it's just this way: My Uncle Frank is visiting at our house. He lives away out West. None of our folks have seen him before for years and years. I did n't know him at first. They had to tell me who he was. Then he showed me a couple of bats and a ball he'd bought for me."

"Show us thim," interrupted Pat McCue. "Sure, it's a new ball we nade, worst of all things in the worruld."

"I will, by and by," said Charley. "And he brought me a new knife with four blades."

"Hear that, Hal Pinner!" shouted Pat. "It's out West they make the right kind of uncles. I'll get me mother to spake for wan."

"And he said if I'd come and pay him a visit he'd give me a gun——"

"Now, Charley, whin ye go on that visit, take me along. Mebbe he's got two o' thim guns!"

"Keep still, Pat," said Hal Pinner. "Let Charley get through."

Charley had to turn, just then, and say to his small brother: "Keep back, Bub—you're stepping on the boundary line," but he went right on with his explanation.

"And you see, boys, Uncle Frank's been building a new town, and they let me sit up till eleven o'clock last night, hearing him tell all about it——"

"Elivin o'clock," muttered Pat.

"And it was all a bare prairie when he began. Not a house, nor a fence, nor so much as a field of corn on it——"

"That's it," said Pat; "it's aisy to do anything at all, af there's nothing at all in the way."

"And Uncle Frank went at it, and now it's a young city, with two railroads and a river, and all sorts of things, and the people that live there buy town-lots of him and pay him rent for their houses, and buy sugar and coffee and things at his store, and he has a big farm outside, and hunts for birds and deer and rabbits."

"I'd like to have four or foive of them uncles," said Pat, with a long sigh, as he slowly came down from the fence. "But what's all that got to do wid your rakin' for mice in the garden, to-day?"

"Mice?" said Charley. "This bed was full of radishes, till they got ripe. Then we pulled 'em up and ate them. Uncle Frank says they have radishes three times as large out West. And I asked Father if I might have the bed for a town, now it's empty, and I've got it almost level now. The first thing to do, when you're going to build a town, is to get all the weeds and sticks and old roots out of the way."

Hal Pinner was on the ground now, and both he and Pat McCue began to see the fun in Charley Brayton's "quare noshin."

As for Grip, that active little black-and-tan had worked his way under the fence, but he had scented something among Deacon Pinner's lilac bushes, and was dodging in and out through them.

The rake had nearly done its part in the work of making that town, and the patch of earth, about six feet wide by twice as many long, was as smooth and level as a table.

A hoe, a shovel, a lot of half-bricks, and a pile of shingles were lying in the path, and little Bub Brayton was doing his best on a building of his own with some of the bricks.



"That 's our prairie," said Charley. "We 'll want a river next."

"What for?" asked Hal Pinner.

"What for?" said Pat McCue. "Did ye never see a river? It 's to put bridges over. What wud ye do wid yer bridges av ye did n't provide a river?"

"And to run steam-boats on," said Charley, as he worked away with his hoe at a sort of trench running across the patch from corner to corner.

"I 'll put in this end of yer river wid the spade," said Pat.

"What shall I do?" asked Hal.

"Pick out a good big brick for a corner grocery store, and another for a college, and another for a hotel. Then you go and cut some sods for a City-hall square. That 's got to be green, till the people kill the grass by walking on it. Uncle Frank says they 've killed all his grass, except some that grows wild in the streets."

The new river was rapidly dug out, but no water made its appearance.

"We 'll do without wather for a while," said Pat, "but we 'll build twice as many bridges, so they 'll know it 's a river whin they coom to it."

The sods were cut and brought, and Charley went to the house for a long pole, and, with that laid flat on the ground, he began to mark out the patch of ground into little squares of about twelve inches each.

"What are ye doin' now?" asked Pat.

"Laying out the streets. Uncle Frank did that, first thing. Only he says the cows can't find some of them yet, and there 's two he wishes he 'd lost before he let 'em be built up the way they are. This is the main street."

"Make it wider," said Pat. "Think of all the processions there 'll be on that sthreet! Make it wide enough for any kind of a Fourth of July to walk in."

"I say, Charley," said Hal, "here 's a lot of bricks just alike. Let 's have a block of stores."

"All right. And these stones are for meeting-houses."

"There 's just about shingles enough for bridges," said Pat. "But what are ye raisin' that hape o' dirt for, at the corner?"

"That 's our fort. We 'll cut a Liberty-pole and swing out a flag, and I 'll mount all three of my cannon on it."

"And my pistol," said Hal.

"And I 've a big cannon of me own," added Pat. "I can put it behind the fort, lukin' over into the town. They 'll all be ppaceable enough whin they luk into the mouth of it."

It was grand fun, and the boys worked like beavers.

They were so busy, in fact, that they were not listening for the sound of coming feet, and their

first warning of the approach of a visitor was from a deep voice behind them, which suddenly said:

"All right, Charley. I see what you 're up to. Did n't I hear you say that all those stones were meeting-houses?"

"Oh, Uncle Frank! Are you here? Yes, sir."

He rapidly ran over the names of several denominations, and could not see why Uncle Frank should laugh as he did.

"That 's it, Charley. We went at it just in that way. We 're doing a good deal what you are, to this very day."

"What 's that, sir?" asked Charley.

"Waiting for population, my boy. Some of it has come but we want more."

"Dade, sir, and some of ours has come, too," suddenly exclaimed Pat McCue, "and it 's diggin' cillars, first thing."

Charley turned to look, and instantly shouted:

"Hal Pinner, call off Grip! He 's scratching the main street right into the river! Bub, jump out quick! You 've put the Baptist meeting-house on top of the town-hall. Stop!"

Bub chuckled with delight, and before he obeyed he rearranged several of the bridges across the new stores instead of the river.

"What is the name of your new city, Charles?" asked Uncle Frank, soberly.

"Name? I had n't thought of that. I suppose it must have a name."

"Certainly. That 's the first thing, when you build a town. All there was of my new town, for ten years, was the name and an old wagon I left in the middle of it. The rest of it grew up around that wagon."

"Did n't ye say there was radishes here, wance, on the bed that was?" asked Pat McCue.

"Yes," hesitated Charley.

"That 's it, thin—our town is named, sir. It 's Radishville!"

"Capital," exclaimed Uncle Frank. "All your letters 'll come straight. It 's the only town of that name in the whole country. But you 'll have to look out for one thing."

"What 's that, sir?"

"The right kind of population. We let in some that made us all sorts of trouble."

"So did we, sor," said Pat McCue. "There he is again. Was it dogs of that size, sor? Sure and that black-and-tan wud scratch the sthreet out of any town, av he got at it while it was young and tinder."

Grip was put over the fence again and Uncle Frank walked away, but the boys spent more than one morning, after that, in building up and ornamenting and fortifying Radishville.





BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

O DEAR, it's very hard indeed to sit here patiently,  
And see that heartless little girl eat chicken for her tea!  
She don't know how to take a hint, for I have said "Bow-wow,"  
And no one could look hungrier than I am looking now.

It surely is a drum-stick that she's holding in her hand.  
If I had that, I'd be the happiest puppy in the land!  
I wonder if she hears me crying softly through my nose;  
I'd yelp out if I dared, but it would never do, I s'pose.

Ma had some meat like that one day, and I gnawed it, but since then  
She's watched me, and I've never had a single chance again.

I've dreamed of it sometimes!—*yap!*—*yap!*—  
'T would move a heart of stone,  
That I'm too old for bread and milk, and yet too young for bone.

Perhaps if I should come up near, and play a little trick,  
My mistress would throw down a bite; but no!—  
"T will make him sick,"—  
That's what she always says, and she laughs at my big head and feet.  
'T would serve her right if I should go and get lost in the street.

I look *so* young, she often says,—as if *she* did n't, too!—  
*There comes a bone!* I whined so hard, I do believe she knew.  
My, what a noise! With teeth like that, a pug like me deserves  
Something beyond such trashy stuff as pickles and preserves.



## A PICUS AND HIS POTS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

IN very ancient times, when men believed that almost every mountain and river, brook and grove, was presided over by a deity of some sort, it was said that nectar and ambrosia were the drink and food of these gods. Because those old poets and philosophers indulged in those fine stories about nymphs and satyrs, fawns, naiads, and dryads, we call them heathen; but, after all, their myths, like the fictions of our own writers, are beautiful and entertaining. I have often thought of a charming story which might be written by some imaginative boy or girl about a wood deity which haunts some of the groves of America. It can be said with much truth that nectar and ambrosia fill the cups and pots of this bright and joyous being. I have seen him sipping nectar more fragrant than the fabled sweets of Hybla and Hymettus. This is saying much, for Hybla used to be the most famous town in the world for its honey, and Hymettus was a mountain, south-east of Athens, in Greece, where the bees stored their combs with the purest distillations from the flowers. But I have looked into the clean, curiously wrought cups of our American grove-god, when they were full to overflowing with clear fluid. I have even tasted the nectar, although the cups were so small that only the merest bit of my tongue could enter. It is slightly acrid, this nectar, but it has in its taste, hints, so to speak, of all the perfumes and sweets of the winds and leaves and flowers—a fragrance of green wood when cut, and of the inner tender bark of young trees. And a racy flavor, too, which comes from the aromatic roots of certain of our evergreens, is sometimes discoverable in it.

The being of which I speak is an industrious little fellow. Many times I have watched him making pots to catch nectar in, and cups to hold the precious ambrosia. These he hollows out so neatly that they all look alike, and he arranges them in rows around the bole of a tree—sometimes a maple, often an ash, may be a pine, and frequently a cedar. He has a great many of these pots and cups—so many, indeed, that it seems to keep him busy for a great part of the day drinking their delicious contents. He has very quiet ways, and you must be silent and watchful if you wish ever to see him. He rarely uses his voice, except when disturbed, and then he utters a keen cry and steals off through the air, soon disappearing in the shadows of the woods.

In the warm, dreamful weather of our early

spring days you may find him by keeping a sharp lookout for his pots, which are little holes or pits bored through the bark and through the soft outer ring of the wood of certain trees. Very often you



THE SAP-SUCKER.

can find rings and rings of these pits on the trunks of the apple-trees of the orchards, every one of them full of nectar.

And now you discover that, after all, my winged grove-deity is nothing but a little bird that many persons call by the undignified but very significant name of Sap-sucker! Well, what of it? My story is truer than those of the old Greek and Latin poets, for mine has something real in it, as well as something beautiful and interesting. I suspect that many of the ancient myths are based upon the facts of nature and are embellished with fantastic dressing, just as some imaginative boy or girl might dress up this true story of our sap-drinking woodpecker.

In fact, how much happier, how much more redolent of joyous sweets, is the life of this quiet bird than that of any such beings—if they could have existed—as those with which the ancients peopled their groves and mountains! Think of flying about on real wings among the shadows of the spring and summer woods, alighting here and



there to sip real nectar and ambrosia from fragrant cedar pots !

The sap-drinking woodpecker is of the *Picus* family, or *Picida*, which name was given to a bird of his kind in ancient times. The story runs that a king of Latium, named Picus, renowned for his beauty and for his love of horses and the chase, went forth one day to hunt in the woods, dressed in a splendid purple robe with a gold neck-band. Circe, a sorceress, became angry at him, and, striking him with her wand, turned him into the bird that has ever since borne his name.

Several of the smaller American woodpeckers are sap-drinkers ; but only one kind, the one of which I am writing, ever pecks holes for the purpose of getting at the sap. He is named by naturalists *Centurus Carolinus*. He is a very cunning bird. One of his habits is to move around the bole of a tree just fast enough to keep nearly hid from you as you walk around trying to get a good look at him. This he will continue to do for a considerable length of time, but, finally getting the tree-trunk fairly between you and him, he takes to his gay wings and flies in such a line as to keep hidden from your eyes. Usually he says good-bye with a keen squeal as he starts away.

Down in the mountain valleys of Northern Georgia I used to amuse myself with watching the little half-naked negro boys trying to shoot sap-suckers by means of their blow-guns. Such a blow-gun as they had is a straight reed or cane about six feet long, through the whole length of which a smooth bore is made by punching out the joints. The arrow used in this gun is made of a sharp piece of cane-wood not longer or larger than a knitting-needle, with a ball of cotton-lint bound on the end opposite the point. The arrow is blown out of the gun by the breath from the shooter's mouth. It flies with so great force that I have seen a bird killed at a distance of forty yards. Some of the little negro boys were very skillful in using the blow-gun, and as sly as cats in creeping up close to a bird before shooting at it. Many people in Northern Georgia have China trees on their lawns. The berries of these trees intoxicate or render drowsy the robins which feed upon them, and then the poor birds are killed very easily by these blow-gun Nimrods ; but the sap-sucker never eats berries of any kind, so he keeps sober and gives his persecutors great trouble, nearly always outwitting them, for birds, like people, succeed better by keeping clear of everything intoxicating.

In our Northern States, when the winter is very cold and all the maples and ash and hickory trees are frozen so that their sap will not flow into our bird's pots, he is compelled to depend upon the cedar trees for food, since their resinous sap is not

affected by the cold. Often I have seen him pecking away at the gnarled bole of an evergreen when the thermometer's mercury stood ten degrees below zero, and the air was fairly blue with winter's breath. Even in Georgia it is sometimes so cold that he chooses the pine trees, finding between their bark and the underlying wood a sort of diluted turpentine upon which he feeds. While busily engaged pecking his holes on cold, windy days he is not so watchful as in fine weather. At such times I have seen a little negro "blow-gunner" stick three or four arrows into the soft bark all around the busy bird before it would fly, and have been just as much surprised at the boy as at the bird ; because, if it was strange how the bird could be so busy as not to notice an arrow "chucking" into the tree close by him, it was equally strange how that little negro could "stand it" to be out so long in such a cold, raw wind with nothing on but a shirt !

But in spring and summer it seems to me this little bird ought to be supremely happy, having



AT HOME, BUT ON THE LOOKOUT !

nothing to do but to fly from tree to tree and attend to his brimming pots of nectar and ambrosia, now sipping the amber wine of the hickory, now the crystal juice of the maple, and anon the aromatic sap of the cedar.

The nest of the sap-sucker is in a hole pecked in a rotten tree. A beautiful little home it is, cunningly carved to fit the bird's body. Its door is





THE YOUNG HUNTER AND HIS BLOW-GUN.

usually shaded by a knot or bough, and sometimes its cavity is a foot or two deep, lined in the bottom with finely pulverized wood and leaves of lichen.

One peculiarity of the woodpecker family is extremely strong in the sap-sucker. This peculiarity may be called a *rolling flight*, and is produced by a single vigorous stroke of the wings, which are then held for a second or more closely pressed to the bird's sides. Of course, with each of these wing-strokes the bird mounts high in the air; then while the wings are closed it falls a certain distance. Another stroke causes it to mount again, and so on, this peculiar flight giving it a galloping motion, or a motion like that of a boat riding on high-rolling waves.

For a long while I felt sure this bird ate nothing but the sap or *blood* of trees; but, finally, I discovered one very complacently sipping the juice of a ripe peach. *I* do not blame him for that, however,—do *you*? If I were a bird I should take a sample sip from every ripe peach I came across, particularly such great blood-red Indian peaches as that one was.

Many owners of orchards are of the opinion that the sap-sucker injures their trees by pecking so many holes in them, but after closely studying the subject for several years I have concluded that, instead of hurting them, he really benefits them; for some of the finest bearing apple-trees I ever saw were just as full of pits from root to top as they could be, many of these pits having been pecked ten years before I saw them. So our nectar-loving bird should not be killed as an enemy, but ought to be loved for his beauty and admired for his rare cunning.

One notable habit of the sap-sucker is that of returning year after year to the same tree for his food. I spent three consecutive winters in a cheery old farm-house, in front of whose hospitable door stood a knotty and gnarled cedar tree, to which every January came a solitary sap-sucker. It was quite a study to examine the holes he had pecked, all up and down the entire length of its rugged surface. Some of them had been made so long ago they were almost grown over; others were a little more distinct, and the latest were bright and



new, overflowing with clear, viscid fluid. By carefully comparing the number of pits made each year, and the yearly change in their appearance, I concluded that this bird had been drawing upon this tree for food every winter for at least ten years. Of course some other bird may have helped at times, but my opinion is that the sap-sucker is a very long-lived bird, and that if not frightened away he will return to his pots or make new ones in the same tree every year for a long period of time.

The red-head, the flicker, and the smaller varieties of woodpecker, all of close kin to the sap-sucker, take great delight in occasionally drinking to the health of the latter out of his own pots, first driving him away by furiously attacking him; but they are either too lazy or too ignorant to make any pots of their own. Our nectar-loving little friend, however, does not seem to care much for this kind of robbery. He knows where all the best trees are, and if he is driven from one he gives a sharp squeal and flies away to another.

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### A SUDDEN SHOWER.

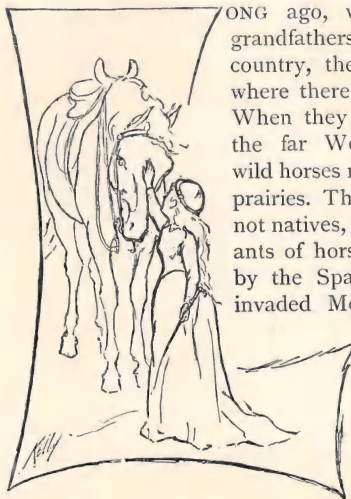
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## LEARNING TO RIDE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



LONG ago, when our great grandfathers came to this country, they found a land where there were no horses. When they pushed out into the far West, they found wild horses roaming over the prairies. These animals were not natives, but the descendants of horses brought over by the Spanish when they invaded Mexico. Some of

these Spanish horses ran away and became the wild horses of the plains, or, as they are called, mustangs.

To-day this is the great horse country of the world. Nowhere else are these animals so cheap and plentiful.

Now American boys are as brave and active as any in the world, and learned travelers tell us they know more than any boys yet discovered in the solar system. Likewise, the American girl is sweet and good and true—as bright as any girl in Europe. For all this, American boys and girls do not, as a rule, ride horseback. It is true, some country boys, east and west, ride fearlessly and well, but the majority of boy and girl riders have climbed, by the aid of a rail-fence, on the back of a farm-horse, and when they were mounted the horse either laughed in his mane or ingloriously tumbled the rider over his head. It is very strange that in such a land of horses so few boys and girls know how to ride. It is a mistake to think that, when Dobbin has been brought to the fence and you have climbed on his back, this is riding. Not even the most uncommonly bright girl or the most learned boy can ride without instruction. One has to learn this art, just as one must learn to play the piano or to mount a bicycle.

Let us consider the horse, see what he is like, and then, perhaps, we may learn what it means to ride. A horse is an animal with a large brain, and, though he seldom speaks, you may be sure he thinks and has a mind of his own. Besides this, he has four legs. These are important things to remember—he stands on four legs and can think

for himself. He also has ears, and, though he is not given to conversation, he hears and understands much that is said to him. He also has a temper—good or bad—and may be cross and ill-natured, or sweet-tempered, cheerful, patient, and kind. In approaching such a clever creature, it is clear a boy or girl must be equally patient, kind, cheerful, and good-natured. Unless you are as good as a horse, you have no right to get upon his back.

Of course, there are bad horses, but they are not fit for riding, and are used only to drag horse-cars or do other common work. All riding-horses fit for the society of boys and girls are good horses, not merely for walking or galloping, but morally good—gentle, kind, patient, careful, and obedient. Any boy or girl, over seven years of age, with a brave heart and steady hand, and also sweet-tempered, gentle, kind, and thoughtful, can learn to ride. All others must sit in a box on wheels and be dragged about.

Come, all boys and girls who love fun! Let us go to the Riding-school. Baby can come, too, and sit with Mamma and look on, while the others mount the ponies. The school is a large hall, with a lofty roof and a floor of sand or tan-bark. At the sides are galleries and seats for the spectators. Adjoining the school is the residence of the amiable horses and charming ponies the pupils use in taking their lessons, and it may be truly said they make a large and happy family. There are more than a hundred of them, and each one has been selected for his gentleness and sweet temper. They have nothing to do but to carry the scholars in the school-room or in the park. They certainly live in the best society, and it is not a matter of wonder that they are very polite and of the most agreeable horse-manners.

First of all is the saddling-room, a corner of which is shown on the next page. This is where our horses and ponies are harnessed for us. At the right, the man is just taking the saddles from the elevator on which they come down from the harness-room upstairs. At the back is a view of the school-room. Behind the man are three of our ponies. Another is looking this way. He certainly has a pleasant face. He will do for Nellie, as she is a beginner and rather timid.

Mamma and the baby go upstairs and find seats in the gallery, where they can look down on the school. Nellie and the girls go to their dressing-rooms to put on their habits, and the boys, includ-

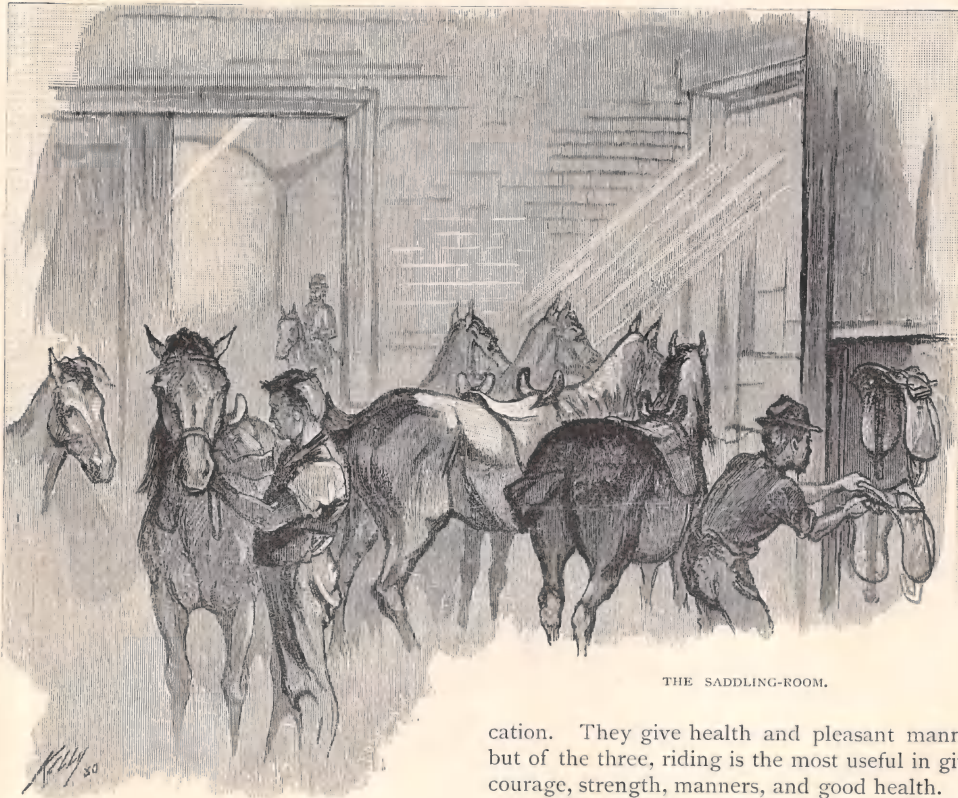


ing Master Tommy, go to their quarters to make ready for the mount. When all are ready we meet in the great school-room. Here we find the head master and the assistant teachers. It is a queer school—no books or slates, and the teachers with small whips—for the horses only. Each teacher has four pupils, and Nellie falls to the lot of the head master of the school.

"Now, Miss, there is nothing to fear. See! The old fellow is as gentle as a lamb. There's no danger whatever." A fall in the riding-school is as rare as citron in a baker's cake. Still, she is afraid, and requires some urging to consent to be lifted and put on the pony's back. "Take one rein in each hand, pass it between the little finger and the next, and over the first finger, with the thumb resting on top. Do not touch the saddle nor pull hard on the reins. You must keep your seat by balancing yourself as the horse moves, but not by the reins."

all about it, but the teacher seems to have a good deal to say to him about something. The others, with merry talk and laughter, are mounted at last, and the teachers lead the horses and ponies slowly around the ring, showing each pupil how to ride correctly.

This horseback riding is a curious art, and you can not master it in one lesson. Such lessons of an hour each, three times a week, for three months, is the usual course required to make a really good rider. To make the horse perform fancy steps, leap hedges, and that sort of thing, requires from one to two years' study in a good school and much out-of-door practice. Like learning to dance, it consists in the art of holding and carrying the body gracefully and naturally. Very few boys and girls in this country ever learn to walk naturally and gracefully without instruction, and to dance or ride one must go to school. Walking, dancing, and riding are parts of a good edu-



THE SADDLING-ROOM.

"Hello, Master Tommy! You are over-bold. You look like a mouse on a mountain on that tall horse. Get down and take a pony of your own size." Tommy, by the way, rode the farm-horse to water once last summer, and he thinks he knows

cation. They give health and pleasant manners, but of the three, riding is the most useful in giving courage, strength, manners, and good health. Our great fault in this country is that we do not know how to be natural.

The body is the house we live in. It is a pretty good house, and should not only be neatly clothed, but be carried in a correct and natural manner. No one thinks of wearing torn clothes or living in



a tumble-down house, and why should we not stand and walk, or sit and ride, in a natural and graceful manner? We are so made that if we do things in the right way we shall always find it the easiest way also, and that it will enable us to be natural and graceful at the same time.

The art of riding teaches all this, and once learned is wonderfully easy, and becomes as much second nature as walking. It consists of two things: a good seat and guiding the horse. By a good seat is meant a secure position on the horse. For a boy it means to put both legs over the horse, with the upper part of the leg bent slightly forward, the lower part hanging down, with the foot in the stirrup and the heel slightly lower than the toes. Sit erect, with the body free to sway in every direction on the hips. For a girl, the right leg is thrown over the horn of the saddle, and the left hangs down like a boy's. Her body is really on a pivot, through the hips, and must freely bend forward or backward, or on either side, without moving in the saddle. With a little practice, even timid

of the class with the teacher. She is looking at him to see how he holds the reins. She has got over her fright in mounting and looks quite like a young horse-woman. The others follow in pairs, a boy and girl together. Last of all, on the left, is Master Tommy at the foot of the class. With all his haste he goes rather slowly. Take them altogether, they make a very handsome cavalcade.

The horse, as was remarked, has four feet and a brain. Riding consists not only in a good seat, but the art of teaching the horse to give up his will and to do, not what he wishes, but what you wish. So you must come to an understanding with the horse—learn his way of thinking and his language. Left to himself, he might go the wrong way, or stand still and go nowhere in particular. It might be very pleasant for him, but this is not what we want. So in the school you are taught all the words of command: to start, to halt, to trot or gallop, to change step, and to go to the right or left. To tell it all would fill a book, and we can only now observe, in a general way, how a horse is managed. It



"QUITE A CAVALCADE."

girls like Nellie soon learn to sit securely. Now she is safe and comfortable, and it is a pleasure to look at her.

Here is the entire party, with Nellie at the head

is done both by voice and by motions of the hand and body. For instance, the word is given to start or stop, but the rider's body must be moved slightly on the hips to help the horse. To turn to the right



or left, the reins are turned very slightly, the body is bent in the opposite direction to that you wish to take, and the horse's side is touched gently with the

The moment you get on his back you observe that the motion is very different from walking. As he has four legs, and as you sit between the two pair,



A LESSON IN LEAPING FENCES.

foot. Boys use either foot, but girls use only the left foot, and touch the horse on the right with a riding-whip. This is the merest hint of what is meant by learning to ride, but it is enough to show what is done in the riding-school. The horse has a mind of his own, and, though he surrenders his will to the rider, he yet watches where he is going and always has his wits about him. He will not willingly fall or stumble. He will not step on you should you fall on the ground, nor can you drive him against a wall or down a steep bank. A steam-engine has no mind, and will run into a ditch or into the river just as readily as on the rails. A horse has a brain and can use it, and so in riding he thinks for himself and the rider, and will not follow what he knows to be wrong or foolish commands.

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you are really at a place between four points of support that are continually moving. This you have always to remember, and to ride gracefully you must conform to every motion of your horse. If you wish him to turn sharply to the right and change his step, you lean to the left. This throws your weight on three of his legs and leaves the right fore leg free, and, as it moves more easily than any other, the horse steps out with that foot first. But, to give you all the details would only weary you. The best way to learn is to go to a riding-school, or else to have a good teacher at home.

After several weeks' study in the school the pupils are taken out in the park, along the bridle-paths. On the next page is a picture of one of the advanced classes out for a practice ride.





REFUGE FROM THE RAIN.

They have been caught in a shower, and have run under a bridge to get out of the rain. Two of them have been beaten in the race with the shower, as you will observe.

Sometimes boys and girls from English families come to the school with a note from home saying they must be taught to ride in the English style—that is, learn to leap fences and ditches. So Master Percy Fitzdollymount and his sister, the Honorable Mary Adelaide Fitzdollymount, are given lessons in leaping over a low fence. Why do you suppose they do this? In England, the grand people who own the land go hunting for hares, rabbits, and foxes, and ride roughly right across the country, over fields

and hedges, destroying the farmers' crops and doing a great deal of harm, all for the sake of a race after a fox or a rabbit. They never think of paying the farmer for the damage, and they call it fine sport. We have none of this kind of riding in America. There is no need of learning to leap on horseback over a fence here, and if we did so, very likely the farmer would make us pay a fine for trampling on his crops.

Last of all, here is Nellie, just as she fell asleep in her riding habit, after her first lesson. She seems to be dreaming of the great horseshoe that surrounds her head like a glory. Let us hope that she will be a brave horsewoman, and that the shoe will bring her good luck.





## A SCHOLAR.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"YES, I am five years old to-day!  
 Last week I put my dolls away;  
 For it was time, I 'm sure you 'll say,  
     For one so old to go  
 To school, and learn to read and spell;—  
 And I am doing *very* well;—  
 Perhaps you 'd like to hear me tell  
 How many things I know.

"Well, if you 'll only take a look—  
 Yes, this is it—the last I took,  
 Here in my 'pretty picture-book,  
     Just near the purple cover;—  
 Now listen—Here are one, two, three  
 Wee little letters, don't you see?—  
 Their names are D and O and G;  
 They spell—now guess!—*Old Rover!*"

A STORY OF A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL; OR,  
MY VISIT TO MARY JANE.

FROM THE PEN OF 'LIZBETH HALL.

WHEN Mary Jane Hunt left Tuckertown last summer, she invited me to come to the city and make her a visit.

"If I were sure Mrs. Hunt wanted you, 'Lizbeth, I would like to have you go," said Mother, "for it's good for young folks to widen their horizon now and then, and you would enjoy seeing the sights."

I did n't care anything about my horizon, but I did want most awfully to see the sights; but, although I teased and teased, Mother would n't let me go.

There was a great church bother in Tuckertown that year, but our folks were n't in it. The trouble began in the choir, who could n't agree about the tunes. On some Sundays the organist would n't play, and on others the singers would n't sing. Once, they all stopped short in the middle of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and it was real exciting at church, for you never knew what might happen before you came out; but folks said it was disgraceful, and I suppose it was. They complained of the minister because he did n't put a stop to it; so at last he took sides with the organist, and dismissed the choir, and declared we would have congregational singing in the future. 'Most everybody thought that would be the end of the trouble; but, mercy! it was hardly the beginning! Things grew worse and worse. To begin with, the congregation would n't sing. You see, they had had a choir so long, people were sort of afraid to let out their voices; and besides, there

was Elvira Tucker, who had studied music in Boston, just ready to make fun of them if they did. For she was one of the choir, and they were all as mad as hornets.

In fact, the whole Tucker family were offended. They said folks did n't appreciate Elvira, nor what she had done, since she returned from Boston, to raise the standard in Tuckertown. I don't know, I am sure, what they meant by that, for I never saw Elvira raise any standard; but I do know that they were real mad with the minister, and lots of people took their side and called 'emselfs "Tuck-erites."

You see, the Tuckers stand very high in Tuckertown, and other people try to be just as like them as they can. They were first settlers, for one thing, and have the most money, for another; and they lay down the law generally. The post-office and the station are at *their* end of the village. *They* decide when the sewing-societies shall meet, and the fairs take place, and the strawberry festivals come off. If there is to be a picnic, *they* decide when we shall go, and where we shall go, and just who shall sit in each wagon. If anybody is sick, Mrs. Tucker visits 'em just as regularly as the doctor, and she brings grapes and jelly, and is very kind, though she always scolds the sick person for not dieting, or for going without her rubbers, or something of that sort. If Mother had a hand in this story, not a word of all this would go down. She says they are very public-spirited people, and that they do a great deal for Tuckertown. I suppose



they do; but I've heard other people say that they domineer much more than is agreeable.

The people on the minister's side were called "Anti-Tuckerites"; but, as I said, our folks were n't in the quarrel at all. The consequence of being on the fence was, that I could not join in the fun on either side, and I think it was real mean. Every now and then, the Tuckerites would plan some lovely picnic or party, just so as not to invite the Anti-Tuckerites. Then, in turn, *they* would get up an excursion, and not invite any of the Tuckerites. Of course, *I* was n't invited to either, and it was just as provoking as it could be.

One day, when I went to school, I found that Elvira Tucker was going to train a choir of children to take the place of the old choir.

"I went over to call on Elvira last evening," I heard Miss Green tell our school-teacher, "and I found her at the piano playing for little Nell to sing. It was just at dusk, and they did not see me; so I stood and listened, and wondered why we could n't have a choir of children instead of the congregational singing. Elvira said she thought it would be lovely."

Now, I had been to singing-school for two winters, and the singing-master said I had a good voice; so I thought I ought to belong to the choir.

"You can't, 'cause only Tuckerites are going to belong," said 'Melia Stone. "And your folks are just on the fence. They are n't one thing or another."

I could n't stand being left out of all the fun any longer, so I said: "I'm as much a Tuckerite as anybody, only our folks don't approve of making so much trouble about a small affair."

"I want to know!" said Abby Ann Curtiss. "Well, I'll ask Miss Elvira if you can belong there."

Mercy me! I had jumped from the fence and found myself a Tuckerite! I was sure Mother would be real mad if she knew what I had said, for I suspected in my heart of hearts that, if *she* had jumped from the fence, she would have landed on the minister's side. I made up my mind that I would not tell her what had passed, for maybe, after all, Miss Elvira would decide that I was no real Tuckerite. But the very next day she sent word to me by Abby Ann that she would like to have me join the choir.

I told Mother that I was wanted in the children's choir because I had a good voice, and I never said a word about being a Tuckerite.

"A children's choir," said she. "That's a real good idea—a beautiful idea."

She never suspected how I was deceiving her.

Well, we had real fun practicing. That week we learned a chant and two hymns.

One day Miss Green came in.

"How does *she* happen to be here?" I heard her ask Miss Elvira, with a significant look at me.

"Oh, she has a real good voice," answered Miss Elvira, laughing. "Most of the children who can sing are on the Tuckerite side. Besides, from something she said to Abby Ann, I think at heart the Halls sympathize with us."

What would my folks have said to that? I felt half sick of the whole affair, and went home and teased Mother to let me go to the city and visit Mary Jane.

I never shall forget the Sunday I sang in the choir. Miss Elvira played for us on the organ, for when the real organist heard that only the Tuckerite children were to belong to it she refused to play. Everybody seemed surprised to see me in it, and even Dr. Scott looked at me in a mournful sort of way, as if he thought the Halls had gone over to the enemy. What troubled me most, though, was the look Mother gave me when she first realized that the choir was formed only of the Tuckerite children, and that she had not found it out before.

But, in spite of all this, I enjoyed the singing. We sat, a long row of us, in the singers' seats up in the gallery. After the hymn was given out and we stood up, Miss Elvira nodded to me and whispered: "Now, don't be afraid, girls. Sing as loud as you can."

Mercy! how we *did* sing! Twice as loud as the grown-up choir. Luella Howe said, afterward, that we looked as if we were trying to swallow the meeting-house.

But I never sang but just that once in the choir, for next Sunday I spent with Mary Jane, in Boston.

The way it happened was this. That night Mother sent me to bed right after supper, as a punishment for not telling her all about the choir before I joined it; and, as I undressed, she had a great deal to say about the defects in my character. She talked to me a long time about my faults, and she went down-stairs without kissing me good-night. I was thinking what a miserable sinner I must be, and was trying to cry about it, when I heard her go into the sitting-room and say to Father, who was reading his paper there:

"I just put 'Lizbeth to bed; but she is n't half so much to blame as some other folks. If grown people act in such a way, you can't expect much of the children. I declare, I wish I could send her away from Tuckertown till this choir-matter is settled."

"Well," says Father, "why don't you let her go and see Hunt's girl? You know she invited her, and 'Lizbeth wants to go."

"Oh, no," says Mother. "They have so much



sickness there. I'm afraid she would be in the way," and she ended her sentence by shutting the door with a slam.

I got right up and sat on the stairs for a long

let me go, for she was afraid Mrs. Hunt did n't like to write that my coming would be inconvenient. She declared that I ought to have written I would go if I heard that it would be agreeable.



"MERCY! HOW WE DID SING!"

time, to see if they would say anything more about my visiting Mary Jane, but they did n't. Father began to talk of the black heifer he had just bought, and then about the Presidential campaign, and several other unimportant things like that. Not a word about me.

But I began early the next morning and teased steadily to go and visit Mary Jane. Finally, Tuesday morning Mother said I might write Mary Jane that, if it were perfectly agreeable to her mother, I would now make them the promised visit, and, if I heard nothing to the contrary from them, would start on Friday in the early train for Boston.

Well, Tuesday passed and Wednesday came, and Thursday came, and at last—at last Friday came, and no letter from Mary Jane. My trunk was all packed. I took my best dress and my second-best dress, and most of the every-day ones, and Mother lent me her hair jewelry. I had my shade hat, and my common one, and my too-good hat. That last is one I've had for years—ever so many years,—fully two years, I guess,—and it's always too good to wear anywhere, and that's why it lasts so long. At the last, Mother declared she was sorry she had ever consented to

I had fifty frights that morning before I was finally put in Deacon Hobart's care in the cars, for he, too, was going to Boston that day.

He promised my mother that, if no one was at the depot for me, he would put me in a carriage, so that I should get safely to Mrs. Hunt's house.

I was real mad to have him tag along—it would have been such fun to travel alone, and I did hope, when he stood so long on the platform talking to Father, the cars would go off without him; but he jumped on just as they were starting. However, when we finally got to Boston, and I found that nobody was waiting for me there, I was glad enough to have him with me.

I must say that, as I rode along in the carriage, I thought it was real queer and rude for no one to come to meet me; but the city was so interesting, I had forgotten about it by the time we had stopped at the Hunts' door. The house had a kind of shut-up look, and I felt queer for a moment, as I thought perhaps they were all away from home; but, just then, Mary Jane flew down the steps, and Dot came squealing behind her.

"Now, you just hush!" said Mary Jane to her, after she had kissed me. "You wake Lucy up,



and see what you 'll get." (She is always awful domineering to Dot, Mary Jane is.)

"Why, what 's the matter with Lucy?" I asked. "Why is she asleep in the day-time?"

"Why, she is sick," said Mary Jane.

"Oh, awful sick!" cried Dot.

"'T is n't catching, though; so come right in, Beth," added Mary Jane, and in we went.

She had the hackman carry my trunk up into her room, and she went up behind him all the way, ordering him to be quiet, and slapping Dot and holding up her finger at me, and making more noise herself than all the rest of us put together.

"You see, I have to take care of everything," she said, when we were up at last. "Mother has to stay with Lucy all the time, and Dot is so thoughtless. But, what have you got in your trunk?"

"Yes, why don't you unpack?" asked Dot.

It took me some time to get to the bottom of my trunk, but I showed them everything that was in it. After that, Mary Jane said she must go and see about tea. When we got down-stairs we found the table set.

"Why! there 's no preserves on it," said Mary Jane to Bridget, who tossed her head, and answered:

"Your ma did n't order any, and I wont open 'em without her telling me."

"Oh, my!" cried Mary Jane; "you are very particular just now, are n't you? You don't mind so much when your aunt's step-mother's cousin comes."

Bridget turned as red as a beet. "Now, jist you take yourselves out of my kitchen!" said she, and, as true as you live, she shut the door right in my face!

"Hateful old thing!" cried Mary Jane. "Well, never mind, I 'm going to the china-closet to get some. But, which do you like best, peach preserves or raspberry jam?"

"Peach preserves, o' course," answered Dot. "Everybody does."

I don't see why Dot had to say that. It was just enough, and I knew it would be, to make Mary Jane take the jam. When we went back to the dining-room, we found Susan (that 's the nurse) had come in with the baby.

"Here, Mary Jane," said she, "your ma said you were to take care of Baby while I 'm upstairs."

Mary Jane looked as cross as two sticks. "Oh, bother! I can't! I have Dot to take care of, and Beth and the house, and everything. Bridget ought to do that."

But just then Mr. Hunt came down. He looked real worried, but he spoke to me just as kind, and

asked after the Tuckertown folks. I tried to tell him about the singing affair, but he did n't seem to take much interest, and soon went upstairs again.

"He has n't eaten any of his supper," said Dot. "I 'm going to give his jam to Baby."

The baby had been sitting in a high chair up to the table, and had n't had a thing but a piece of graham cracker to eat. I thought he was real good.

"He can't have any jam. Here! give it to me," said Mary Jane. "I 'll eat it."

Of course, at that he banged his cracker on the floor, and began to cry for the jam. But Mary Jane did n't take the slightest notice of him. She went on eating the jam as calmly as if he was asleep in his cradle. Dot had been sent out on an errand, so I tried to amuse him; but he was afraid of me, and screamed louder than before.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Mary Jane. "I 'm going to break him of screaming so much. I always longed to break him of it, and at last I 've got a chance. When he finds no one takes any notice of him, he 'll stop it, I guess."

While he was still screaming, Mrs. Hunt came down. She had on her wrapper, and her hair was just bobbed up, and she looked as if she had n't slept for a month.

"Mary Jane, why don't you amuse him?" she said, after she had shaken hands with me, and had taken Baby in her arms. "You know that the noise disturbs Lucy, and yet you 'll let him cry."

"It 's too bad," said I. "I would amuse him, only he is afraid of me."

"Why, I 'll amuse him, of course," said Mary Jane.

So her mother went upstairs again, and we had that child on our hands till seven o'clock, when Susan came and took him to bed.

The next morning I told Mary Jane that I thought I ought to go home.

"Oh no!" she begged. "You are here, and you might as well stay, and Lucy will be better soon."

"Oh," said Dot, "don't go! You can help us take care of Baby, you know."

"I don't see how I can be in your mother's way, when I hardly ever see her," said I. "Besides, it would be real mean to leave you while you are in trouble." So I decided to stay.

I should have had a splendid time of it, had it not been for the baby; but we never began any interesting play but Susan would come and leave him with us, and then he always had to be amused. I never saw such a child—never quiet a moment. They said it was because he was so bright. If I



ever have a child, I hope it will be one of the stupid kind, that will sit on the floor and suck its thumb all day.

He was particularly in the way when we went to see the sights. We went to the State-house and the Art Museum, and one day Mary Jane showed me a place where they were having a baby show.

"Mercy!" said Mary Jane, "*who* would ever want to go to that?"

"Lots o' people are going in, anyhow," said Dot.

We had started on, but all at once Mary Jane stopped short. "Lizbeth," said she, "I'll tell you what. Let's take Baby to the baby show. I mean to exhibit him, and p'raps he'll take a prize, and we will have the money."

Was n't it a splendid idea? The trouble was, we did n't know how to get in. At last, Mary Jane told the ticket-master what we wanted, and he sent for the manager.

"And so you want to put this little chap in the show," said he. "How old is he?"

Mary Jane told him.

"Well, he *is* a whopper," said the man.



"LITTLE THREE-HUNDRED-AND-TWELVE."

"Is it too late for him to get the prize?" we asked.

"Oh, he wont stand so good a chance as if he had come at first. You see, the babies are all numbered, and each person, when he goes out of the show, gives the number of the baby he thinks is the finest, and the one that has the most votes, so to speak, gets the prize. Those folks that came yesterday, you see, have n't voted for *your* baby, but then you'll have part of to-day and to-morrow."

"Why, will we have to stay all the time?" asked Mary Jane.

"No, you can take him out when you choose;

but the more he is here the more votes he'll get."

"Well, if there's a prize for the baby that can cry loudest, he'll get it," said Dot.

But they did n't give any prize for that.

We gave Baby's name and address to the manager, who then took us in to the show. His number was three hundred and twelve, and a paper telling his age, and number of teeth, and so on, was tacked over the little booth where we sat.

There were lots of people in the room, but when any one came near *our* baby he cried.

"I do believe he wont get a single vote," said Mary Jane, in despair. But somebody gave him some candy, and that pacified him for a while, and ever so many persons said he was the finest child in the show. We were so encouraged, we planned just how we would spend the money, and we stayed till dinner-time, when Mary Jane thought we ought to go home.

Mrs. Hunt was real pleased that we had kept him out so long. It was a pleasant day, she said, and the air would do him good.

"We will take him out again this afternoon," said Mary Jane.

When we went back, Baby was so tired he went to sleep in Dot's lap. They looked awful cunning, and everybody raved over them; but we had to promise Dot everything under the sun to keep her quiet.

Lucy was worse that night, and the next morning Mrs. Hunt sent us right out after breakfast. We stayed at the show all day, but the baby was n't good a bit. He screamed and kicked, and looked, oh, so red and ugly! We had to send Dot for some candy for him, and we felt worried and uncomfortable.

The doctor's carriage was at the door when we went home at last, and Mr. Hunt was walking up and down in the parlor. He called Mary Jane and Dot in, and I went upstairs, for Susan said the postman had left a letter for me. I thought it was from Mother; but it was a printed thing from the Dead-letter Office, saying that a letter for me was detained there for want of postage. It had been sent to Tuckertown, and the postmaster had forwarded it to Boston. I had spent all my money, except just enough to buy my ticket home; but I thought I would take out enough for the stamps, and borrow six cents from Mrs. Hunt. I went out right off and mailed my letter with the stamps, so as to get the other letter that was in the Dead-letter Office. When I came back I found Mary Jane crying in the hall.

Lucy was worse and the doctor had given her up.

"And I have always been so cross to her," sobbed Mary Jane.



"Yes, so you have!" put in Susan, who was coming down stairs with a tray. "I hope you'll remember now to be kinder to Dot and the baby."

"But they are so healthy," she sniffed. But she seemed to feel real bad, and it's no wonder, for Lucy is a darling! I could n't help crying myself.

That night, poor little Three Hundred and Twelve was taken sick. Mr. Hunt and the doctor came to our room to ask what we had given him to eat, and when we told them about the candy (we did n't dare say a word about the show) they were angry enough.

I sha'n't forget that night in a hurry. I did n't think it would ever come to an end, and we both lay and cried till the sun shone into our window in the morning, when Susan came to tell us that Lucy was sleeping beautifully, and was going to get well, after all. After breakfast, we went into Mrs. Hunt's room, which was next to the nursery, where Lucy lay, and she took us all in her arms—there was room for me too—and we just cried with joy together.

The baby had got all over his colic, and Mary

Jane and I had just concluded we had better tell Mrs. Hunt where we had taken him, when a letter came for Mrs. Hunt.

It was a notice that number three hundred and twelve had taken the third prize at the baby show.

It could not have come at a better time for us, for how could she scold, with Lucy coming back to life, as it were, after those dreadful hours of suspense and suffering? But I know she did scold Mary Jane afterward, for it was n't right to keep the baby in that stuffy place when she thought he was in the fresh air; but that was after I went home, which happened a few days later.

And what do you think!—Just as the carriage came to take me to the depot, the postman left a sealed envelope from the Dead-letter Office. I opened it as the cars started, and while I was traveling home, I read the very letter Mrs. Hunt had written in answer to the one I wrote her to tell her I was about to visit them in Boston. And in that letter she had asked me to postpone my visit till some later date, on account of the illness of little Lucy!

## TO THE AUTHOR OF JABBERWOCKY.

BY E. P. MATTHEWS.

OH, sir! I was a beamish child,  
Who gyred and gimble in the lane,  
Until your weird words drove me wild  
A-burbling in my brain.

At brillig, when my mother dear  
Calls me to dine, I really do—  
To make it clear, close to her ear  
I loudly cry "Callooh!"

My brother, like a frumious patch,  
Regards me as his manxsome foe,  
As if I were a Bandersnatch,  
Or a jubjub bird, you know!

He snicker-snacks his vorpal sword,  
And vows he'll slay me—what a shock!  
If I do quote another word—  
One word—from Jabberwock.

I then galumphing go away,  
Beneath the leafy shade of trees,  
Where all the day I cry "Callay!"  
And chortle when I please!

I wish I were a borrowgove,  
To dwell within the tulgey wood,  
Where I could say the words I love;  
I'd whiffle—that I should.

Oh, frabjous poem! pray, sir, tell,  
Compounded was it by what laws?  
Why did you write it in a book?  
I know you'll say—"Because!"

Oh! when you sit in uffish thought  
Beneath the tum-tum tree, and wait,  
Write other words, I think you ought,  
To drive these from my pate.





## THE CAPTAIN OF THE ORIENT BASE-BALL NINE.

BY C. M. SHELDON.

THE Orient Base-ball Nine, of Orient Academy, hereby challenges the Eagles, of Clayton Academy, to a match game of ball; time and place to be at the choice of the challenged.

Respectfully,

TOM DAVIS, Secretary of Orient B. B. C.

To Secretary of Eagle B. B. C., of Clayton Academy.

"There!" said Tom, as he wiped his pen on his coat-sleeve; "how 'll that do?"

The Orient Base-ball nine was sitting in solemn council in Captain Gleason's room. The question had long been debated at the Orient School about playing a match game with the Eagles of Clayton, the rival Academy on the same line of railroad, about thirty miles from Orient. Until lately, the teachers of the Academy had withheld their permission for the necessary absence from school; but at last they had yielded to the petitions of the nine, and the Orient Club was now holding a meeting which had resulted in the above challenge.

"Very well put, Tom," answered Gleason, and then an animated conversation took place.

"We must beat those fellows, or they 'll crow over us forever."

"Yes; do you remember, fellows, that Barton who was down here last fall when our nine played the town boys? They say he stole a ball out of Tom's pocket during the game. I hear he's short-stop this year." This from Johnny Rider, the Orient first-baseman.

"We don't know about that," said Gleason. "Don't be too sure."

"Well," put in Wagner, the popular catcher of the nine, "we *do* know some of them are not to be trusted, and will cheat, if they get a chance. You see if they don't."

"All the more reason why we should play fair, then," retorted Gleason. "Look here, boys, I have n't time to orate, and am not going to make a speech, but let's understand one another. If we go to Clayton—and I think they will prefer to play on their own grounds—we are going to play a fair game. If we can't beat them without cheating, we won't beat them at all!"

"Three cheers for the captain!" shouted Tom, upsetting the inkstand in his excitement. The



cheers were given; and the pitcher, a short, thick-set fellow, with quick, black eyes, whispered to Wagner: "If there's any cheating done, it won't be done by Glea, that's sure."

"No," replied Wagner; "but they will beat us. You mark my words."

"We shall have something to say to that, I think," and the Orient pitcher shut his teeth together vigorously, as he thought of the latest curve which he had been practicing.

Gradually, after more talk on the merits of the two clubs, one after another dropped out of the captain's room, and at last he and Tom Davis were alone. Tom was sealing up the challenge.

"What do you think, Glea, of Rider's remark about Barton?" asked Tom, as he licked a stamp with great relish. Base-ball was food and drink to Tom.

"Why," replied Gleason, "I don't think Barton's any worse than the others. None of them are popular around here, but I think it's only on account of the jealousy of the two academies. Probably they have the same poor opinion of us."

"They're a good nine, anyway. You know they beat the Stars last Saturday."

"Yes," said Gleason, smiling, "and we beat the Rivals."

"Do you think they'll cheat, or try to?" asked Tom.

"Well, no; there is n't much chance of cheating nowadays at base-ball. We may have some trouble with the umpire."

"Well, good-night, old fellow!" said Tom, as he rose. "I'll take this down to post, and then hie me to my downy couch. I suppose you are going to 'dig,' as usual."

"Yes; I have some Virgil to get out."

"I don't envy you. Good-night, my *pius Aeneas*."

"Good-night, my *fidus Achates*." And the captain was left alone.

He took down his books, but somehow he could not compose himself to study. The anticipated game with the Claytons filled his mind, and he could think of nothing else; so he shut the books, and took a turn up and down the room.

Young Gleason was a handsome, well-built fellow, with an open, sunny face, the very soul of honor, and a popular fellow with every one. He was all but worshiped by the nine, who adored him as a decided leader, a steady player, and a sure batsman, with a knack of wresting victory out of seeming defeat. His powers of endurance were the wonder and admiration of all the new boys, who were sure to hear of Gleason before they had been in the school two days.

He had whipped Eagen, the bully, in the cotton-mills across the river, for insulting some ladies; he

had walked from Centerville to Orient in thirty-six minutes, the fastest time on record; he had won the silver cup at the last athletic tournament, for the finest exhibition of the Indian clubs; and, in short, he was a school hero, and not only the boys but the teachers of the Academy learned to admire and love him.

Perhaps the weakest point in his character was his thirst for popularity. He felt keenly any loss of it, and when Sanders carried off the first prize for original declamation, it was noticed that Gleason treated Sanders rather coldly for some time. But, in spite of this defect, Gleason was a splendid fellow, as every one said, and sure to make his mark in the world along with the best.

For two days the nine waited impatiently for the answer to their challenge. The third day it came. The Claytons, with characteristic coolness, Wagner said, chose their own grounds, and a week from date for the match.

"Should n't wonder at all if they tried to work in some outside fellow for pitcher. I hear their own is a little weak," said the ever-suspicious Wagner.

"I'm glad they've given us a week," said Francis, the pitcher. "I need about that time for practice on the new curve, and I think you will need about the same time to learn how to catch it. So stop your grumbling, old boy, and come out on the campus."

The week sped rapidly by, and at last the appointed day arrived—clear, cool, still; just the perfection of weather for ball.

A large delegation went down to the station to see the nine off.

"I say, Glea," shouted a school-mate, "telegraph down the result, and we'll be here with a carriage to drag you up the hill when you come back."

"Yes," echoed another; "that is, if you beat. We can't turn out of our beds to get up a triumphal march for the vanquished."

"All right, fellows—we're going to beat them. We're *sure* to beat them—hey, Captain?" said Tom, looking up at Gleason.

"We'll do our best, boys," answered Gleason. Then, as the train moved off, he leaned far out of his window and whispered impressively: "You may be here with that carriage."

There was a cheer from the students, another from the nine standing on the platform and leaning out of the windows, and the Orient was whirled rapidly off to Clayton.

They reached their destination in little more than an hour, and found almost as large a delegation as they had left at Orient. The talk and excitement here for the past week over the coming game had been as eager as at Orient. Nothing about the



visitors escaped the notice of the Claytons. Their "points" were discussed as freely as if they were so many prize cattle at a county fair.

"Just look at that fellow's chest and arms!"

"He 'll be a tough customer at the bat, I 'm afraid."

"He 's the fastest runner at Orient."

These and other whispers drew a large share of the attention to Gleason, and, as usual, admiration seemed to stimulate him to do his best. He summoned the nine together before the game was called, to give them final instructions.

"Keep cool. Play steady. Don't run any foolish risks in stealing bases; and, above all, let every man do honest work. Show these fellows that we know what the word *gentleman* means."

After some little delay necessary for selecting an umpire and arranging for choice of position, the game was finally called, the *Orients* coming first to the bat.

The crowd gathered to witness the game was the largest ever seen on the grounds, and almost every man was in sympathy with the home nine. So, as Gleason had said on the train, the only hope of his men for victory was to play together, and force the sympathy of some of the spectators, at least, by cool and steady work.

The captain himself was the first man at the bat. After two strikes he succeeded in getting a base hit, stole to second on a passed ball, reached third on a base hit by Wagner, and home on a sacrifice hit by Davis, scoring the first run for *Orient* amid considerable applause. The next two batters struck out in quick succession, leaving Wagner on second.

Then the Claytons came to the bat, and after an exciting inning scored two runs, showing strength as batters and base-runners. In the third inning the *Orients* made another run, thus tying the score.

So the game went on until the ninth and last inning, when the score stood eight to seven in favor of the *Orients*.

The excitement by this time was intense. The playing all along had been brilliant and even. Both nines showed the same number of base hits and nearly the same number of errors. Francis, for the *Orients*, had done splendid work, but Wagner for some reason had not supported him as well as usual. And now, as the Claytons came to the bat for the closing inning, every one bent forward, and silence reigned over the field, broken only by the voice of the umpire.

Gleason had played a perfect game throughout. No one looking at him could imagine how much he had set his heart on the game. His coaching had been wise, his judgment at all times good, and he now, from his position in left field, awaited

the issue of the closing inning with a cheerful assurance.

The inning opened with a sharp hit to short-stop. He made a fine stop and threw to first, but poor Johnny Rider, who had played so far without an error, muffed the ball, and the Clayton batsman took his first amid a perfect storm of cries and cheers.

The next batter, after a strike, drove the ball into right field, a good base hit, and the man on first took second. Then, as if to aggravate the *Orients* and complete their nervousness, Francis allowed the third batsman to take first on called balls; and so the bases were filled. A player on every base and no one out! It was enough to demoralize the coolest players.

But Francis was one of those men who, after the first flurry of excitement, grow cooler. The next two Claytons struck out in turn.

Then Barton came to the bat, and all the *Orients* held their breath, and the Claytons watched their strongest batsman with hope. One good base hit would tie them with the *Orients*, and Barton had already made a two-bagger and a base hit during the game. The umpire's voice sounded out over the field:

"One ball. Two balls. One strike. Three balls. Four balls. Five balls. Two strikes." Francis ground his teeth, as he delivered the next ball directly over the plate. But Barton, quick as lightning, struck, and the ball went spinning out above short-stop, between second and third.

It was one of those balls most difficult to catch, nearly on a line, and not far enough up to allow of much time for judgment as to its direction. Gleason was standing well out in the field, expecting a heavy drive of the ball there, where Barton had struck before. But he rushed forward, neck or nothing, in what seemed a useless attempt. With a marvel of dexterity and quickness, he stooped as he ran, and, reaching down his hand, caught the ball just as it touched the ground, by what is known in base-ball language as a "pick-up."

He felt the ball touch the ground, heard it distinctly, and knew that, where it had struck, a tuft of grass had been crushed down and driven into the earth; and he had straightened himself up to throw the ball home, when a perfect roar of applause struck his ears, and the umpire declared "out on the fly."

He was just on the point of rushing forward and telling the truth, but, as usual after a game, the crowd came down from the seats with a rush, the *Orients* came running up to him, declaring it the best play they ever saw; and before he knew what he was about, the nine had improvised a



chair and carried him off, with cheers and shouts, to the station, for the game had been so long that they could not stay later, as they had planned.

It certainly was a great temptation. Besides, the umpire had declared it a fly. What right had he to dispute the umpire? And no one but himself knew that the ball had touched the ground. The whole action had been so quick, he had run forward so far after feeling the ball between his fingers, that not the least doubt existed in the minds of the Claytons that the catch was a fair one.

But, on the other hand, his conscience kept pricking him. He, the upright, the preacher to the rest of the nine on fair play, the one who had been such a stickler for the right, no matter what the result, he had been the only one to cheat! Yes, it was an ugly word. Cheat! But he could find no other name for it. And after all he had said!

He sat in silence during the ride home. The rest of the nine made noise enough, and as he was generally quiet, even after a victory, no one noticed his silence very much.

As the train ran into the station at Orient a great crowd was in waiting. Tom had telegraphed the news from Clayton, and all Orient was wild with joy. When Gleason appeared, he received a regular ovation, such an ovation as a school-boy alone can give or receive. They rushed him into the carriage, and before the order was given to pull up the hill to the Academy, some one cried out, "Speech, speech!"

It was the most trying moment of Gleason's life. During the ride home he had fought a battle with himself, more fiercely contested than the closest game of ball, and he had won. He trembled as he rose, and those who stood nearest the lights about the station noticed that his face was pale. There was silence at once.

"Fellows, I have something to tell you which you don't expect to hear. We would n't have won the game to-day if I had n't cheated."

"How 's that?"

"Who cheated?"

"What 's the matter?"

There was the greatest consternation among the Orientals. When quiet had been partly restored, Gleason went on and related the whole event just as it happened. "And now," he concluded sadly, "I suppose you all despise me. But you can't think worse of me than I do myself." And he leaped out of the carriage, and, setting his face straight before him, walked away up the hill.

No one offered to stop him. Some hissed. A few laughed. The majority were puzzled.

"What did he want to tell for? No one would ever have known the difference."

But Tom Davis ran after the captain, and caught him about half-way up the hill. School-boy fashion, he said never a word, but walked up the hill to the captain's room, shook hands with him at his door, and went away with something glittering in his eyes.

Next morning, Gleason's conduct was the talk and wonder of the whole school. But the captain himself showed true nobility. He begged the school and the nine to consider the game played with the Claytons as forfeited to them. And, after much talk, Gleason himself wrote, explaining the whole affair, and asking for another game on the Orient grounds.

The Claytons responded, came down, and defeated the Orientals in a game even more hotly contested than the first. But Gleason took his defeat very calmly, and smilingly replied to Tom's almost tearful, "Oh, why did n't we beat this time?" with, "Ah! Tom, but I have a clear conscience, and that is worth more than all the ball-games in the world!"





## THE QUEEN'S REPORTEE.

BY JAY ALLISON.



E was a king, yet well  
he knew  
The worth of gold  
for payment;  
She was a queen—  
a woman, too,  
And fond of costly  
raiment.

"This is a dainty cap,"  
he said,  
"Fine as a cobweb,  
truly.

What was the price?" She shook her head:  
"You 'll think it cost unduly.

"Men should not ask what women pay  
For ribbons, caps, and collars.  
But this was a bargain, as you will say,  
"T was only just ten thalers."

And beckoned a guardsman, poor and old.  
"Here! you are no impostor:  
Tell this lady the worth of gold;  
What should that lace thing cost her?"

On his clumsy hand he turned the cap.  
"I 've but a feeble notion  
Of the cost of women's gear. Mayhap,  
It cost her many groschen."

"Groschen, man! Such a bit of lace  
As that costs ten whole thalers.  
This pretty lady with smiling face  
Pays dear for caps and collars.

"Ask her to give as much to you—  
She can afford it surely."  
He held his hand with small ado,  
She gave the sum demurely.



"Only ten thalers! You can not mean  
You paid such a sum of money  
For that small thing, my darling queen!"  
He looked o'er the landscape sunny,

Then said with a gesture arch and sly:  
"This gentleman so stately  
Standing here, is richer than I—  
His wealth is increasing greatly;



"All that I have he gives to me—  
Thankfully I receive it.  
Ask *twice* ten thalers, and you 'll see  
He can afford to give it."

Laughing, the king bestowed the gold—  
Such grace his rank befitted,  
And merrily oft the story told  
How he had been outwitted.

## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—TENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

### DOMENICHINO.

IN reading of the Italian painters we often find something about "the early masters." This term is applied to the great men like Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and a few others who were themselves illustrious from their own genius, and were imitated by so many other artists that they stand out with great prominence in the history of painting. Titian may be named as the last of the really great masters of the early schools. He died in 1575, near the close of the sixteenth century, just when there was a serious decline in art. The painters of that time are called "Mannerists," because they followed mechanically the example of those who had gone before. Some copied the style of Michael Angelo in a cold, spiritless manner; others imitated Raphael, and so on; but true artistic inspiration had died out—the power to fix upon the canvas or the wall such scenes as would come to a poet in his dreams seemed to be lost to the world.

About 1600 a new interest in art was felt, and painters divided themselves into two parties, between whom there was much bitterness of feeling. On one side were those who wished to continue the imitation of the great masters, but also to mingle with this a study of Nature. These men were called "Eclectics," which means that they elected or chose certain features from various sources, and by uniting them produced their own manner of painting. Their opposers desired to study Nature alone, and to represent everything exactly as it appeared—these were called "Naturalists."

The chief school of the Eclectics was at Bologna, where Ludovico Caracci had a large academy of painting, and was assisted by his two nephews, Agostino and Annibale Caracci, the latter being the greatest artist of the three. The effect of the Caracci school upon the history of painting was so great that it can scarcely be estimated, and Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, was the greatest painter who came out from it.

Domenichino was born at Bologna in 1581, and was early placed under the teaching of Denis Calvart, who forbade his drawing after the works of Annibale Caracci. The boy, however, disobeyed this order; and, being discovered, was treated with such severity that he persuaded his father to remove him from Calvart and place him in the Caracci school.

He was so dull a boy that his companions gave him the name of "the Ox"; but the master, Annibale, said, "Take care: this ox will surpass you all by and by, and will be an honor to his art." Domenichino soon began to win the prizes in the school, and at last, when he left his studies and went to Rome, he was well prepared for his brilliant career. He shunned society, and visited public places only for the purpose of studying the expressions of joy, sorrow, anger, and other emotions which he wished to paint in his pictures, and which he could see without embarrassment on the faces of those whom he observed at places of public resort. He also tried to feel in his own breast the emotion of the person he was representing. It is said that, when he was painting an executioner in his picture of the "Scourging of St. Andrew," he threw himself into a passion and used high words and threatening gestures; at this moment he was surprised by Annibale Caracci, who was so struck with the ingenuity of his method, that he threw his arms about his pupil, exclaiming, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!"

The masterpiece of Domenichino is now in the Vatican, and is called the "Communion of St. Jerome." This is universally considered as the second picture in Rome, the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, only being superior to it. St. Jerome is one of the most venerated of all saints, and especially so on account of his translation of "The Vulgate," or the New Testament, from Hebrew into Latin. The story of St. Jerome's life is very interesting. He was of a rich family, and pursued his studies in Rome, where he led a gay, careless life. He was a brilliant scholar, and became a



celebrated lawyer. When he was thirty years old he was converted to Christianity; he then went to the Holy Land and lived the life of a hermit. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, and there made his translation of the Scriptures, which entitled him to the consideration of all Christian people.

After ten years' absence from Rome he returned, and made as great a reputation as a preacher as he had before enjoyed as a lawyer. Under his influence many noble Roman ladies became Christians. After three years he returned to his convent in Bethlehem, where he remained until his death. When he knew that he was about to die, he desired to be carried into the chapel of the monastery; there he received the sacrament, and died almost immediately.

It is this final scene in his life that Domenichino has painted. In the foreground is the lion usually seen in all pictures of St. Jerome, and which is one of his symbols, because he was a hermit and passed much time where no living creature existed save the beasts of the desert. There is also a legend told of St. Jerome and a lion, which says that one evening, as the saint was sitting at the gate of the convent, a lion entered, limping, as if wounded. The other monks were all terrified, and fled, but Jerome went to meet him; the lion lifted up his paw and showed a thorn sticking in it, which Jerome extracted, and then tended the wound until it had healed. The lion seemed to consider the convent as his home, and Jerome taught him to guard an ass that brought wood from the forest. One day, while the lion was asleep, a caravan of merchants passed, and they stole the ass and drove it away. The lion returned to the convent with an air of shame. Jerome believed that he had killed and eaten the ass, and condemned him to bring the wood himself; to this the lion patiently submitted. At length, one day, the lion saw a caravan approaching, the camels led by an ass, as is the custom of the Arabs. The lion saw at once that it was the same ass that had been stolen from him, and he drove the camels into the convent, whither the ass was only too glad to lead them. Jerome at once comprehended the meaning of it all, and, as the merchants acknowledged their theft and gave up the ass, the monk pardoned them and sent them on their way.

After a time, the jealousy of other artists made Domenichino so uncomfortable in Rome that he returned to Bologna, and his fame having gone abroad, he was invited by the Viceroy of Naples to come to that city, and was given the important commission to decorate the chapel of St. Januarius. At this time there was an association of painters in Naples who were determined that no strange artist who came there should do any honorable

work. They drove away Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni, and others, by means of a petty system of persecution. As soon as Domenichino began his work, he was subjected to all sorts of annoyances; he received letters threatening his life; and though the Viceroy took means to protect him, his colors were spoiled by having ruinous chemicals mixed with them, his sketches were stolen from his studio, and insults and indignities were continually heaped upon him. At length, he was in such despair that he secretly left the city, meaning to go to Rome.

As soon as his flight was discovered, the Viceroy sent for him and brought him back. New measures were taken for his protection, but, just as his work was advancing well, he suddenly sickened and died. It has been said that he was poisoned; be this as it may, there is little doubt that the fear, anxiety, and constant vexation that he had suffered caused his death; and in any case his tormentors must be regarded as his murderers. He died in 1641, when sixty years old.

#### GUIDO RENI.

GUIDO was the next most important painter of the Caracci school. He was born at Bologna, in 1575. His father was a professor of music, and, when a child, Guido played upon the flute; but he early determined to be a painter, and was a great favorite with the elder Caracci. When still a youth, Guido heard a lecture by Annibale Caracci, in which he laid down the rules which should govern the true painter. Guido listened with fixed attention, and resolved to follow these directions closely in his own work. He did so, and it was not long before his pictures attracted so much attention as to arouse the jealousy of other artists; he was accused of being insolent and trying to establish a new system, and, at last, even Ludovico turned against him and dismissed him from the Academy.

He went to Rome, where his fate was but little better. Caravaggio then had so much influence there that he almost made laws for all other painters, and when the Cardinal Borghese gave Guido an order, he directed him to do his work in the manner of Caravaggio. The young painter obeyed the letter of the command; but quite a different spirit from that of Caravaggio filled his picture, and his success was again such as to make other artists hate and endeavor to injure him.

Considering the work of this artist with the cooler and more critical judgment made possible by the lapse of so many years, the truth seems to be that Guido was not a truly great painter, but he had a lofty conception of beauty, and tried to



reach it in his pictures. He really painted in three different styles. His earliest manner was the strongest, and had a force that he outgrew when he came to his second period, where his only endeavor was to make everything bend to the idea of sweetness and grace. His third style was careless, and came to him when his ambition to be a great artist was gone, and only a desire for money remained.

In his best works there is no full depth of meaning, and a great sameness of expression marks them as the pictures of an artist lacking originality and inventive power. His masterpiece in Rome was the "Aurora," on a ceiling in the Rospigliosi Palace. It is much admired, and is familiar to us from the engravings after it. Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, is represented as floating on the clouds before the chariot of Phœbus, or Apollo, the god of the sun. She scatters flowers upon the earth, which is seen in the distance far below. The sun-god holds the reins over four white and piebald horses; just above them floats Cupid, with his lighted torch. The hours, represented by seven graceful female figures, dance along beside the chariot. A question is sometimes asked as to the reason of their number being seven. The hours, or Horæ, have no fixed number; sometimes they were spoken of by the ancients as two; again three, and even ten, are mentioned. Thus an artist has authority for great license in painting them; however, it has always seemed to me, in regard to this picture, that Guido counted them as ten, for in that case three would naturally be out of sight on the side of the chariot which is not seen in the picture.

A second very famous picture by Guido, painted during his best period, is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which is in the gallery of the Barberini Palace at Rome. There are few pictures in the world about which there is so sad an interest. The beautiful young girl whom it represents was the daughter of Francisco Cenci, a wealthy Roman nobleman. The mother of Beatrice died, and her father made a second marriage, after which he treated the children of his first wife in a brutal manner; it is even reported that he hired desperate men to murder two of his sons, who were returning from a journey to Spain. It is said that his cruelty to Beatrice was such that she murdered him, with the aid of her brother and her step-mother. Other authorities say that these three had no hand in the father's murder, but were made to appear as the murderers through the plot of some robbers who were really guilty of the crime. But, guilty or innocent, all three were condemned to death, and were executed in 1599. Clement VII. was the Pope at that time, and would not pardon Beatrice

and her companions in their dreadful extremity, though all the crimes and cruelty of the father were told to him, and mercy was implored for this beautiful girl. It has been stated that the Pope desired to confiscate the Cenci estates, as he had a right to do if the members of the family suffered the penalty of death. The sad face of the girl, as painted by Guido, is so familiar to us, from the many reproductions that have been made from it, that sometimes when we see it suddenly it startles us almost as though it were the face of some one whom we had known.

After a time, Guido left Rome for Bologna. From there he sent his picture of St. Michael to the Cappucini in Rome, and wrote as follows concerning it: "I wish I had the wings of an angel to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beholden the forms of those beatified spirits from which I might have copied my archangel; but not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search for his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination." It is said that this was always his method—to try to represent some ideal beauty rather than to reproduce the actual loveliness of any living model. He would pose his color-grinder, or any person at his command, in the attitude he desired, and, after drawing the outline from them, he would supply the beauty and the expression from his own imagination. This accounts for the sameness in his heads: his women and children are pretty, his men lack dignity; and we feel this especially in his representations of Christ.

It is said that on one occasion a nobleman, who was very fond of the painter Guercino, went to Guido, at the request of his favorite artist, to ask if he would not tell what beautiful woman was the model from which he painted all the graces which appeared in his works. In reply, Guido called his color-grinder, who was a dirty, ugly-looking fellow; he made him sit down and turn his head to look up at the sky. He then sketched a Magdalen in the same attitude, and with the same light and shadow as fell on the ugly model; but the picture had the beauty and expression which might suit an angelic being. The nobleman thought this was done by some trick, but Guido said: "No, my dear count; but tell your painter that the beautiful and pure idea must be in the head, and then it is no matter what the model is."

Toward the end of his life, Guido's love for gaming led him into great distresses, and he multiplied his pictures for the sake of the money of which he stood in great need; and for this reason there are many works said to have been painted



The entire people felt a personal loss in her death, and the day of her burial was one of general mourning. The ceremonies of her funeral were attended with great pomp, and she was buried beside her master, Guido Reni, in the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the magnificent Church of the Dominicans. Poets and orators vied with one another in sounding her praises, and a book published soon after her death, called "*Il Pennello Lagrimato*," is a collection of orations, sonnets, odes, anagrams, and epitaphs in both Latin and Italian, all telling of the love for her which filled the city, and describing the charms and virtues of this gifted artist. Her portrait, representing her when painting that of her father, is in the Ercolani Gallery at Bologna. According to this picture she was very pretty, with a tall and elegant figure.

The two sisters of Elisabetta, called Barbara and Anna Maria, were also artists, but the fame of the first was so great as to overshadow theirs.

#### THE NATURALISTS.

THE character and life of Michael Angelo Amerighi, called Caravaggio, who was the head of the school of Naturalists at Naples, were not such as to make him an attractive study. His manner of painting and his choice of subjects together produced what has been called "the poetry of the repulsive." Caravaggio was wild in his nature and his life. If he painted scenes of a religious character they were coarse, though his vivid color and his manner of arranging his figures were striking in effect. His "*Cheating Gamesters*" is a famous picture, and represents two men playing cards, while a third looks over the shoulder of one, and is apparently advising him how to play.

Next to Caravaggio came Ribera, called *Il Spagnoletto* because of his Spanish origin. It is said that, when very young, he had made his way to Rome, where he was living in miserable poverty, and industriously copying the frescoes which he saw all about the public places of the city. He attracted the attention of a cardinal, who took the boy to his home and made him comfortable. But soon Ribera ran away and returned to the vagrant life of the streets; the cardinal searched for him, and when at last the boy was brought before him he called him an "ungrateful little Spaniard," and offered to receive him into his house once more. Ribera replied that he could not accept, and declared that as soon as he was made comfortable and well fed he lost all his ambition and his desire to work; adding that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

The cardinal admired his courage and resolution, and, the story being repeated, the attention of other artists was attracted to him; and from this time he was known as *Il Spagnoletto*. He made rapid advances in his style of painting, and later, in Naples, he joined with Belisario Corenzio and Gianbattista Caracciolo in the plan, to which we have referred, of keeping all other artists from being employed there. On Ribera rests much of the responsibility of the many crimes which were committed in Naples, even if he did not actually do the deeds himself; and when one sees his works, and the horrible, brutal subjects which he studied and represented, it is easy to understand how all kindness of feeling might have been crushed out of a man whose thoughts were given to such things. He became very rich, and his numerous works are in the famous galleries of the world, from Madrid to St. Petersburg.

### LITTLE GUIDO'S COMPLAINT.

(*Bologna, A. D. 1585.*)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"OH, how shall I bear it? They've taken away  
My brushes, and paper, and pencil, and say  
I must thrum on the harpsichord till I can play.

"My father is fretted, because he foresees  
I have not his marvelous genius to please  
The lute-loving, musical-mad Bolognese.

"My mother—dear heart! there is pain in her  
look  
Whenever she finds me hid safe in some nook,  
Bent over my drawing, instead of my book.

"And so, as it daily is coming to pass,  
She twits me with idleness, chiding: 'Alas!  
They tell me my Guido is dunce of the class.'

"And Friar Tomaso (the stupid old fool!),  
Because on my grammar, instead of the rule,  
I had scribbled his likeness, has whipped me  
in school.

"The boys, leaning over, with shoutings began:  
'Oh, ho! Little Guido Reni is the man  
To step after Raphael, if any one can!'



"I drew on the door of my chamber, in faint,  
Yet delicate outlines, the head of a saint:  
My mother has blotted it over with paint.

"I sketched with a coal, on the vestibule wall,  
Great Cæsar, returning triumphant from Gaul:  
They came with their whitewash and covered  
it all;

"And yesterday, after the set of the sun  
(I had practiced my lute, and my lessons were  
done),  
I went to the garden; and choosing me one

"Of the plots yet unplanted, I leveled it fair,  
And traced, with a stick, the Horatian pair  
Of brothers. To-day, there's no trace of it there.

"If only Caracci one moment could see  
My drawings, and know how I'm thwarted—  
why, he  
Is a painter—and so would be sorry for me.

"Ah, the pictures, the pictures that crowd to my  
eye!  
If they never will let me have brushes to try  
And paint them—Madonna! *I think I will die!*"



AN OLD CROSS-PATCH.



## THE SISTERS THREE AND THE KILMAREE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE were once three sisters, who were nearly grown up. They were of high birth, but had lost their parents, and were now under the charge of a fairy godmother, who had put them on an island in the sea, where they were to live until they were entirely grown up. They lived in a beautiful little palace on this island, and had everything they wanted. One of these sisters was pretty, one was good, and the other had a fine mind. When the Fairy Godmother had settled everything to her satisfaction, she told the sisters to stay on the island and be happy until they were grown up, and then she sailed away in a kilmaree.

A kilmaree is a boat used exclusively by fairies, and is shaped a good deal like a ram's horn, with little windows and doors in various parts of it. The waters between the main-land and the island of the sisters were full of strange, entangled currents, and could be navigated only by a boat like a kilmaree, which could twist about as much as any current or stream of water could possibly twist or turn. Of course these boats are very hard to manage, for the passengers sometimes have to get into one door, and sometimes into another; and the water sometimes comes in at a front window and goes out at a back one, while at other times it comes in at a back window and goes out at a front one; sometimes the boat twists around and around like a screw, while at other times it goes over and over like a wheel, so that it is easy to see that any one not accustomed to managing such boats would have a hard time if he undertook to make a trip in one.

It was not long after the three sisters had been taken to their island that there came riding, on a road that ran along the shore of the main-land, a lonely prince. This young man had met with many troubles, and made rather a specialty of grief. He was traveling about by himself, seeking to soothe his sorrows by foreign sights. It was now near evening, and he began to look for a suitable spot to rest and weep. He had been greatly given to tears, but his physicians had told him that he must weep only three times a day, before meals. He now began to feel hungry, and he therefore knew it was weeping-time. He dismounted and seated himself under a tree, but he had scarcely shed half a dozen tears before his attention was attracted by the dome of a palace on an island in the sea before him. The island was a long way off, and he would not have noticed the palace-

dome had it not been gilded by the rays of the setting sun. The Prince immediately called to a passer-by, and told him to summon the Principal Inhabitant of the adjacent village.

When the Principal Inhabitant arrived, the Prince asked him who lived in that distant palace, the dome of which was gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

"That palace," replied the other, "is the home of three sisters. One is pretty, one is good, and the other has a fine mind. They are put there to stay until they are grown up."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Prince. "I feel interested in them already. Is there a ferry to the island?"

"A ferry!" cried the Principal Inhabitant. "I should think not! Nobody ever goes there, or comes from there, except the Fairy Godmother, and she sails in a kilmaree."

"Can you furnish me with a boat of that kind?" asked the Prince.

"No, indeed!" said the Principal Inhabitant. "I have n't the least idea where in the world you could find a kilmaree."

"Very well, then, sir," said the Prince, "you may go. I am much obliged to you for coming to me."

"You are very welcome," said the Principal Inhabitant, and he walked away. The Prince then mounted his horse, rode to the village, ate his supper, and went to bed.

The next morning the Prince shed barely three tears before breakfast, in such a hurry was he to ride away and find the kilmaree in which he might sail to the distant isle and the sisters three. Before he started, he went to the place whence he had first seen the dome of the palace gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and there he whittled a large peg, on which he cut his initials. This peg he drove down on the very spot where he had seated himself to cry, that he might know where to start from in order to reach the island. If he began his voyage from any other place, and the evening sun did not happen to be shining, he thought he might miss his destination. He then rode away as fast as he could go, but he met nobody until he came to the outskirts of a little village. Here, in a small workshop by the side of the road, was a young man busily engaged in making wooden piggins.

This person was an expectant heir. Among the things he expected to inherit were a large fortune



from an uncle, a flourishing business from his brother-in-law, a house and grounds from his maternal grandfather, a very valuable machine for peeling currants, from a connection by marriage, and a string of camels from an aged relative. If he inherited any one of these things, he could either live in affluence or start himself in a good business. In the meantime, however, he earned a

considered very smart, and now, though quite young, was the head of the family. He had been educated at a large school near by, in which he was the only scholar. There were a great many masters and professors, and there used to be a great many scholars, but these had all finished their education and had gone away. For a long time there had been no children in that part of the



THE PRINCE CATCHES SIGHT OF THE ISLAND OF THE SISTERS THREE.

little money by making piggins. The Prince dismounted, and approached this young man.

"Can you tell me," he said, "if any one in these parts has a kilmaree?"

"I don't so much as know," said the Expectant Heir, sitting down on his work-bench, "what a kilmaree is."

The Prince then told him all he had heard about the kilmaree, and why it was necessary for him to have one to reach the distant isle.

"I expect," said the other, "to inherit a house and grounds. Among the valuable things there I shall find, no doubt, a kilmaree, which I shall be very glad to lend to you; but, perhaps, you will not be willing to wait so long, for the person from whom I am to inherit the house is not yet dead."

"No," said the Prince, "I can not wait at all. I want a kilmaree immediately. Could you not make me one? You seem to work very well in wood."

"I have no doubt I could make one," said the Expectant Heir, "if I only had a model. From what you say, a kilmaree must be of a very peculiar shape, and I would not know how to set about making one. But I know a person who probably understands all about kilmarees. His name is Terzan, and he lives at the other end of this village. Shall we go to him?"

The Prince agreed, and the two then proceeded to the house of Terzan. This individual was a poor young man who lived in a cottage with his mother and five sisters. He had always been con-

sidered very smart, and now, though quite young, was the head of the family. He had been educated at a large school near by, in which he was the only scholar. There were a great many masters and professors, and there used to be a great many scholars, but these had all finished their education and had gone away. For a long time there had been no children in that part of the country to take their places. But the masters and teachers hoped their former pupils would marry and settle, and that they would then send their boys and girls to the school. For this reason the school was kept up, for it would be a great pity if there should be no school when the scholars should begin to come in. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that the teachers and masters took Terzan, when a mere boy, into their school. They were afraid they would forget how to teach if they did not have some one to practice on.

Every day Terzan was passed from professor to professor, from teacher to teacher, each one trying to keep him as long as possible, and to teach him as much as he could. When they were not teaching Terzan, the teachers and professors had nothing to do, and time hung heavy on their hands. It is easy to see, therefore, that Terzan was taught most persistently, and, as he was a smart boy, it is probable that he must have learned a good deal. In course of time he was graduated, and although the professors wished him to begin all over again, so as to make himself absolutely perfect in his studies, his family thought it would be much better for him to come home and work for his living. Terzan accordingly went home, and worked in the garden, in order to help support his mother and sisters. These good women, and indeed nearly everybody in the village, thought Terzan was the smartest boy in the world, and that he knew nearly everything that could be learned. After a time, Terzan



himself believed that this was partly true, but as he was a boy of sense he never became very vain. He was very fond, however, of having his own way, and if people differed with him he was apt to think that they were ignorant or crack-brained.

The Expectant Heir knew what a clever fellow Terzan was considered to be, and he therefore supposed he knew all about the kilmaree.

But Terzan had never seen such a boat. He knew, however, what a kilmaree was. "It is a vessel that belongs to a fairy," said he, "and it is a curly-kew sort of a thing, which will go through the most twisted currents. If I could see a kilmaree, I could easily make a model of it; and I know where there is one."

"Where? oh, where?" cried the Prince.

"It belongs to a fairy godmother, who lives in a mountain not far from here. It is in a little pond, with a high wall around it. When the moon rises to-night we can go and look at it, and then, when I have carefully considered it, I can make a model of it."

"You need not take that trouble," said the Prince. "You and this young man can just lift the boat out of the pond, and then I can take it and sail away to the distant isle."

"No, indeed!" cried Terzan. "That would be stealing, and we will do nothing of that sort."

"We might borrow it," said the Expectant Heir, "and bring it back again. There could be nothing wrong in that. I have often borrowed things."

But Terzan would listen to neither of these plans; so that night, when the moon rose, they all went to the Fairy's pond, that they might see the kilmaree, and that Terzan might have the opportunity of carefully considering it, so that he could make a model of it. Terzan had a good idea about such things, and he studied and examined the kilmaree until he was perfectly satisfied that he could make one like it. Then they went home, and the next morning work was commenced upon the vessel. The Expectant Heir was used to working in wood, having been a piggin-maker for several years, and he, therefore, was expected to do the actual work on the kilmaree, while Terzan planned it out and directed its construction. The Prince was in a great hurry to have the vessel finished, and said that he hoped that they would work at it night and day until it was done.

"And what are you going to do?" said Terzan.

"I shall wait as patiently as I can until it is finished," said the Prince. "I dare say I can find some way of amusing myself."

"But you expect to sail in it when it is finished?" asked Terzan.

"Of course I do," replied the Prince, proudly. "What do you mean by such a question?"

"Then, if you expect to sail in this kilmaree," said Terzan, "you must just go to work and help build her. If you don't do that, you shall not travel one inch in her. And, as you do not appear to know anything about ship-building, you may carry the boards and boil the pitch."

The Prince did not like this plan at all; but, as he saw very plainly that there was no other chance of his sailing in a kilmaree, he carried the boards and he boiled the pitch. The three worked away very hard for several days, until at last their boat began to look something like a kilmaree.

It must not be supposed that the Fairy was ignorant of what was going on. She had sat and watched the three companions while Terzan examined and studied her kilmaree, and she knew exactly what they intended to do, and why they wished to do it. She knew very well they could never build a vessel of the proper kind, but she let them work on until they had nearly finished their kilmaree. She could see, as well as anybody could see anything, that, if that vessel were ever launched upon the water, it would immediately screw itself, with everybody on board, down to the bottom of the ocean. It was not her intention that anything of this kind should happen, and so, at night, after the three workers had gone to bed, she removed their vessel, and had her own kilmaree put in its place in the work-shop of the Expectant Heir.

In the morning, when the three companions came to put the finishing touches to their work, Terzan began to compliment the Expectant Heir upon the excellent manner in which he had built the vessel.

"You really have made a splendid kilmaree," said he. "I don't believe there is anything more to be done to it."

"It does seem to be all right," said the other, "but I never should have built it so well had you not told me exactly how to do it."

The Prince expected one or the other would say something about the admirable manner in which he had carried the boards and boiled the pitch; but, as neither of them said anything of the kind, he merely remarked that it was a very good kilmaree, and the sooner it was launched the better. To this the others agreed, and the same day the vessel was carried down to the shore and placed in the water.

"Now, then," said the Prince, when this had been done, "I shall sail along the coast until I reach the spot where I drove my peg, and then I shall go directly across to the distant isle. I am very much obliged to both of you for what you have done, and when I come back I will pay you something for your trouble."



"Then," asked Terzan, "you expect to sail alone in this kilmaree?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Prince. "I know the direction in which to steer it, and there is no necessity for any one coming with me."

"Indeed!" cried Terzan. "Do you suppose we built this boat just for you to sail to the distant isle? I never heard such nonsense. We, too, are going to sail in this kilmaree, and, as you were good enough to carry the boards and boil the pitch, we will take you with us, if you behave yourself. So, if you want to go, just jump aboard, and clap your hand over the forward spout-hole. It will be your duty to keep that shut, except when I tell you to leave it open. And you," said he to the Expectant Heir, "may sit in the middle, and open and shut the little door on the right where the water runs in, and open and shut the little door on the left where it runs out. I'll steer. All aboard!"

There was nothing else for the Prince to do, and so he jumped on the kilmaree, and clapped his hand over the forward spout-hole. The Expectant

times, when the boat rolled over, the Prince tumbled overboard, and then the kilmaree dipped down and scooped him up, making the others just as wet as he was. The Expectant Heir, at his post in the middle of the vessel, found the waters sometimes rush in so fast at one little door, and rush out so fast at the other, that he thought it would wash all the color out of him. Sometimes the kilmaree would stand up on one end and then bore itself far down into the water, rubbing against sharks and great, fat turtles, and darting about as if it were chasing the smaller fish; then, just as Terzan and his companions feared they were going to be drowned, it would come to the surface and begin to squirm along on top of the water. The others thought that Terzan did not know how to steer, and he admitted that perhaps he did not guide the kilmaree in exactly the proper way, but he hoped that after some practice he would become more skillful.

It began to be dark; but, as there was no stopping the kilmaree, which sailed by some inward



"THE BOAT BEGAN TO LOOK SOMETHING LIKE A KILMAREE."

Heir went to his duties in the middle of the vessel. And Terzan sat in the stern to steer. But he did not steer at all. The Fairy was there, although he did not see her, and she made the kilmaree go just where she pleased.

Off they started, and very soon the three companions found that sailing in a kilmaree was no great fun. Just to amuse herself, the Fairy made it twist and turn and bob up and down in the water in the most astonishing manner. Several

power of its own, they were obliged to keep on. Terzan thought he could steer by the stars, and so they all tried to be as well satisfied as possible. But the Fairy knew very well how to steer, and as soon as it became dark she steered right away from the distant isle of the sisters three, and sailed toward a large island far out in the ocean. About midnight they arrived there, and the three companions immediately jumped on shore.

"I am glad to be out of that horrible kilma-



ree!" said the Prince, "but how in the world am I to find the palace and the sisters three? It is as dark as pitch."

"You will have to wait till morning," said Terzan, "when we will go and help you look for it."

who does not know how well off he is. What I want you to do with these three persons, who are all very young men, is to take the nonsense out of them."

"I 'll undertake the task with pleasure," said



"THEY SAW THE GREAT, BLACK AFRITE SITTING ON THE SAND BEFORE THEM."

"You need not go at all," said the Prince. "I can easily find it when it is light."

"We shall certainly go with you," said Terzan, "for we want to find the palace as much as you do. Don't we?" said he, addressing the Expectant Heir.

"Indeed, we do," replied that individual.

"The palace I am looking for," said the Prince, "is occupied by three sisters of very high degree, and why a poor young gardener and a pigginist should wish to call upon such ladies, I can't, for the life of me, imagine."

"We will show you that when we get there," said Terzan; and he laid himself down on the sand and went to sleep. The two others soon followed his example.

As for the Fairy Godmother, she left the three young men, and went to a castle near by, which was inhabited by an Afrite. This terrible creature had command of the island, which belonged to the Fairy Godmother, and was tenanted by many strange beings. "I have brought you," said she to the Afrite, "three very foolish persons: one of them is a poor young gardener, who thinks he is a great deal better off than he is; one of them is an expectant heir, who expects to be much better off than he ever will be; and the other is a Prince,

the Afrite, with what was intended to be a bland and re-assuring smile.

"Very well," said the Fairy, "and when the nonsense is entirely out of them, you can hoist a copper-colored flag on the topmost pinnacle of your castle, and I will come over and take charge of them."

And then she left the castle, and sailed away in her kilmaree.

The next morning, when the three young men awoke, they saw the great black Afrite sitting on the sand before them. Frightened and astonished, they sprang to their feet. The Prince first found courage to speak.

"Is this the island of the sisters three?" he asked.

"No," replied the Afrite, with an unpleasant grin; "it is my island. There are plenty of sisters here, and brothers, too; but we don't divide them up into threes."

"Then we have made a mistake," said Terzan. "Let us go back. Where is our kilmaree?"

"Your kilmaree is not here," said the Afrite, sternly, rising to his feet; "you have n't any, and you never had one. The thing you made would not work, and the Fairy Godmother brought you here in her own kilmaree."



The three companions looked at each other in astonishment.

"Yes," continued the Afrite, "she sat in her little cranny in the stern, and steered you to this island. She has told me all about you. You are three young men who don't know how to take care of yourselves. How did you ever dare to think of going to the island of the sisters three, and of stealing the model of the Fairy's kilmaree?"

"I wanted to see the beautiful palace and the three sisters," said the Prince. "It seemed a novel and a pleasant thing to do."

"That was my case also," said Terzan.

"And mine," said the Expectant Heir.

"And so, just to please yourselves," said the Afrite, "you were going to a place where you knew you were not wanted, and where, by going, you would interfere with kind and beneficent plans. You need say no more. You are not fit to take care of yourselves, and what you need is a guardian apiece. Come along, that I may put you under their care."

The three young men mournfully followed the Afrite to his castle. He led them through its gloomy halls to a great court-yard in its center. This yard was filled with all sorts of unnatural creatures. Here were two or three great, grim giants chained together; here and there sat a sulky-looking genie surrounded by mischievous elves and fairies, while, scattered about, were gnomes, and dwarfs, and imps, and many other creatures which our friends had never seen nor heard of. The island seemed a sort of penal colony for such beings, every one of whom looked as if he or she had been sent there for some offense.

"Now, then," said the Afrite to the young men, "I will give you the privilege of choosing your own guardians. Go into that yard, and each pick out the one you would like to have take care of you."

The young men did not want to have anything to do with these strange beings, but there was no disobeying the Afrite. So they went into the court-yard and looked about them. In a short time each had selected a guardian. The Prince chose a malignant fay. The Afrite told him what she was, but the Prince said she was such a little thing, and had such a pleasing aspect, that he would prefer her to any of the others. So the Afrite let him take her. The Expectant Heir selected a spook, and Terzan chose a dryad.

"Now, then," said the Afrite, "begone! And I hope it will not be long before I have a good report of you."

The Malignant Fay led the Prince to the seashore. As he walked along he remembered that for several days he had forgotten to weep before

meals. The sisters three and the kilmaree had entirely filled his mind. So he wept copiously to make up for lost time.

"Now, then," said the Fay, with a smile, "sit down on the sand and tell me all about yourself. How do you live when you are at home?"

Then the Prince sat down and told her all about the beautiful palace, the fine kingdom, and the loving subjects he had left in order to find something novel and pleasant that would make him forget his grief.

"What is it you would like more than anything else?" she asked.

"I think I would rather go to the isle of the sisters three than to do anything else," he said.

"All right!" said the Malignant Fay. "You shall go there. Pick up that ax and that bag of nails you see lying there, and follow me into the forest."

The Prince picked up the ax and the nails, and followed his guardian. When, after a long and toilsome walk, he reached the center of the forest, the Malignant Fay pointed out to him an enormous tree.

"Cut down that tree," she said. "And when that is done you shall split it up into boards and planks, and then you shall build a boat in which to sail to the distant isle of the sisters three. While you are working, I will curl myself up in the heart of this lily and take a nap."

The poor Prince had never used an ax in his life, but he felt that he must obey his guardian. And so he began to chop the tree. But he soon became very tired, and sat down to rest. Instantly the Fay sprang from her lily, and pricked him in the face with a sharp bodkin. Howling with pain, the Prince seized his ax, and began to work again.

"There must be no stopping and resting," cried his guardian. "You must work all day, or the boat will never be built."

And so the Prince worked all day, and for many, many days. At nightfall, his guardian allowed him to stop and pick some berries for his supper. And then he slept upon the ground. He now not only wept before each meal, but he shed a tear before each berry that he ate.

As the Expectant Heir and his guardian left the castle, the Afrite beckoned the Spook to one side, and said:

"Do you think you can manage him?"

The Spook made no answer, but opening his eyes until they were as wide as tea-cups, he made them revolve with great rapidity. He then grinned until his mouth stretched all around his head, and his lips met behind his ears. Then he lifted his right leg, and wound it several times around his



neck; after which he winked with his left ear. This is a thing which no one but a spook can do.

The Afrite smiled. "You 'll do it," said he.

"Now, then," said the Spook to the expectant heir, after they had gone some distance from the castle, "I am famishing for exercise. Will you hold this stick out at arm's length?"

The Expectant Heir took a stick about a yard long, which the Spook handed him, and he held it out horizontally at arm's length. The Spook then stood on tiptoe, and stuck the other end of the stick into the middle of his back. He was a smoky, vapory sort of being, and it did not seem to make any difference to him whether a stick was stuck into him or not. Throwing out his legs and arms, he began to revolve with great rapidity around the stick. He went so fast he looked like an enormous pin-wheel, and, as his weight was scarcely anything at all, the Expectant Heir held him out without difficulty. Soon he began to go so fast that, one after another, his arms, legs, and

arms and legs. I wear them only because it is the fashion. Come along!"

They then proceeded up a steep and stony hill, and paused under a tall tree with a few branches near the top. The Spook languidly clambered up the trunk of this tree, and hitched his right foot to the end of one of the limbs. Then, hanging head downward, he slowly descended, his legs stretching out as he gradually approached the ground. When his head was opposite that of the Expectant Heir, he turned up his face and gazed steadily at him, revolving his eyes as he did so. Had the Expectant Heir been a little boy, he would have been very much frightened.

"What do you want most in this world?" asked the Spook.

"A large fortune, a flourishing business, a house and grounds, a machine for peeling currants, and a string of camels," answered the expectant heir.

"Do you want them all, or would two or three of them do?" asked the other.

"Two or three would do very well, but I would not object to have them all."

"Would you like to have them now?" asked the Spook, "or are you disposed to postpone the fulfillment of your wishes until some indefinite period, when you may actually come into possession of what you desire?"

"Wait till I get them, you mean?" said the Expectant Heir.

"Precisely," answered the other.

"I have been doing that for a long time,"

said the Expectant Heir, rather pensively.

"Indeed!" observed the Spook; and turning away his head, he began to try to unhitch his foot from the limb. Finding he could not do this, he climbed up his leg, hand over hand, and unfastened his foot. Then he dropped to the ground, and, drawing his leg in to its ordinary size, he started off again up the hill, the Expectant Heir closely following. When they reached the top of the hill, the Spook stopped before five small trees which grew close together in a row.

"I want you to stay here and watch these trees," said the Spook to the Expectant Heir. "One of them bears plums, another peaches, another dates,



head flew off, and fell to the ground at some distance. Then the body stopped whirling.

"Hello!" said the head. "Will you please pick me up, and put me together?"

So the Expectant Heir gathered up the arms, legs, and head. "I hope," said he, "that I shall be able to stick you together properly."

"Oh, it does n't matter much," said the Spook, whose head was now on his body. "Sometimes I have a leg where an arm ought to be, and sometimes an arm in a leg's place. I don't really need



another pomegranates, and the last one bears watermelons."

"Watermelons don't grow on trees!" cried the Expectant Heir.

"There is no knowing where they will grow," said the Spook. "You can't be sure that they

Another day, the Spook said: "Would you like some peppered peppers?"

"Peppered peppers!" exclaimed the Expectant Heir in horror.

"They are red peppers stuffed with black pepper," said the Spook. "I expect they are hot, but you 'll have to eat them, for they are all I have got."

So the Expectant Heir had to eat the peppered peppers, for the fruit-trees had barely begun to blossom.

"Would you like some ice-cream?" the Spook said, another time. "I 've only the kind which is flavored with mustard and onion-juice, but you 'll have to eat it, for it is all I have got."

Day after day the Spook brought such disagreeable food to the Expectant Heir, who was obliged to eat it, for these fruit-trees were just as slow as any other trees in bringing forth their fruit, and the poor young man could not starve to death.

The Afrite told the Dryad to take Terzan and be a guardian to him. "You can take him about all day," he said, "but at night you must go to your tree and be shut up."

As they went out of the castle, the Dryad explained to Terzan that she had been sent to that island as a punishment for abandoning the tree she should have inhabited. "I now spend the days in this castle," she said, "and the nights in a tree over there in the forest. I am glad to get out. Come along, and I will show you something worth seeing."

As they went along, they passed a little garden in which some gnomes were working, and Terzan stopped to look at them.

"What do you see there?" asked the Dryad, impatiently.

"Oh, I take great interest in such things," replied Terzan. "I have a little garden myself, and it is one of the best in all the country round. When I am at home, I work in it all day."

"I thought you had a good education," said the Dryad, "and could do better things than to dig and hoe all day."

"I have a good education," said Terzan, "and, what is more, no man can dig potatoes or hoe turnips better than I can."

"Humph!" sneered the Dryad. "A fellow could do those things who had no education at all. I'd as soon be shut up in a tree as to spend my life digging and hoeing, when I knew so much about better things. Come along."



"THE HERMIT'S LIBRARY WAS ALWAYS OPEN TO THE DRYAD AND HER WARD."

will never grow on trees until you see they don't. You must watch these trees until they have each borne ripe fruit. There are no buds yet, but they will soon come; then the blossoms will appear; and then the green fruit; and after a while, in the course of time, the fruit will ripen. Then you will have something to eat."

"Oh, I can't wait so long as that!" cried the Expectant Heir. "I am hungry now."

"You can wait easily enough," said the Spook; "you are used to it. Now, stand under these trees and do as I tell you. I will bring you something now and then to take off the edge of your appetite."

So the Expectant Heir stood and watched, and watched. It was weary work, for the buds swelled very slowly, and he did not know when the blossoms would come out.

One day, the Spook came to him and asked: "Do you like pickled lemons?"

"They must be dreadfully sour," said the Expectant Heir, screwing up his face at the thought.

"That is all I have got for you to-day," said the Spook, "therefore you 'll have to eat them or go hungry."

So he had to eat the pickled lemons, for he was very hungry.



Day after day the Dryad led Terzan to lofty mountain-tops, whence he could see beautiful landscapes, with lakes and rivers lying red and golden under the setting sun, and whence he could, sometimes, have glimpses across the waters of distant cities, with their domes and minarets sparkling in the light.

"Do you not think those landscapes are lovely?" said the Dryad. "And there are lovelier views on earth than these. And, if you ever visit those cities, you will find so many wonderful things that it will take all your life to see and understand them."

On other days she took him to the cell of a hermit. The good man was generally absent looking for water-cresses, but his extensive library was always open to the Dryad and her ward. There they sat for hours and hours, reading books which told of the grand and wonderful things that are found in the various parts of the earth.

"Is n't this better than being shut up in a tree, or a little garden?" said the Dryad.

quilly, pursuing their studies, and enjoying the recreations and healthful exercises for which the Fairy Godmother had made the most admirable arrangements. Their palace was furnished with everything they needed, and three happier sisters could nowhere be found.

In the course of time the Afrite went to look into the condition of the young men who had been intrusted to him. He first visited the Prince, and found him still chopping away at his tree.

"How do you feel by this time?" said the Afrite.

"I feel," said the Prince, leaning wearily upon his ax, for he was not afraid of the Malignant Fay now that the Afrite was by, "that I wish I had never left my kingdom to seek to soothe my sorrows by foreign sights. My troubles there were nothing to what I endure here. In fact, from what I have seen since I left my home, I think they were matters of slight importance, and I am very sure I did not know how well off I was."

"Ha! ha!" said the Afrite, and he walked away.

He next went to the hill-top where the Expectant



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER INTRODUCES THE YOUNG MEN TO THE SISTERS THREE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Perhaps it is," said Terzan, "but my garden was a very good one, and it helped to support my mother and sisters."

"He'll have to see a good many more things," said the Dryad to herself.

All this time the three sisters on the distant isle had no idea that three young men had ever thought of visiting them in a kilmaree. They lived tran-

Heir was watching the fruit-trees. "How do you feel now?" said the Afrite to the young man.

"I am sick of expecting things," said he. "If I ever get back to my old home, I am never going to expect any good thing to happen to me unless I can make it happen."

"Then you don't like waiting for this fruit to ripen?" said the Afrite.



"I think it is the most tiresome and disagreeable thing in the world," said the Expectant Heir.

"I thought you were used to expecting things," said the Afrite.

"Oh, I was a fool!" said the other. "I had no right to expect to be as well off as I thought I would be."

Just then the Spook came up with a gruel of brine-water thickened with salt.

"You need not give him that," said the Afrite.

When the Afrite came to the hermit's cell, where he found Terzan and the Dryad, he asked the young man how he felt now.

"I feel," said Terzan, looking up from his book, "as if I had wasted a great deal of valuable time. There are so many wonderful things to be seen and to be done in this world, and I, with a good education, have been content to dig potatoes and hoe turnips in my little garden! It amazes me to think that I should have been satisfied with such a life! I see now that I thought myself a great deal better off than I was."

"Oh, ho!" said the Afrite, and he walked away to his castle, and hoisted a copper-colored flag upon the topmost pinnacle.

The Fairy immediately came over in her kilmaree. "Is the nonsense all out of them?" she said, when she met the Afrite.

"Entirely," he replied.

"All right, then!" she cried. "Dismiss the guardians, and send for the boys."

The three young men were brought to the castle, where they were furnished with a good meal and new clothes. Then they went outside to have a talk with the Fairy.

"I think you are now three pretty sensible fellows," said she. "You, Terzan, have not been punished like the other two, because, although you wasted your time and talents, you worked hard to help support your mother and sisters. But you two never did anything for any one but yourselves, and I am not sorry that you have had a pretty hard time of it on this island. But that is all over, and, now that the nonsense is entirely out of you all, how would you like to sail in my kilmaree, and visit the isle of the sisters three?"

"We should like it very much, indeed!" they answered all together.

"Then come along!" she said. And they went on board of the kilmaree.

This time the Fairy steered the vessel swiftly and smoothly to the distant isle. The kilmaree turned and screwed about among the twisted currents; but the motion was now so pleasant that the passengers quite liked it. The three young men were taken into a beautiful room in the palace, and there the Fairy made them a little speech.

"I like you very much," she said, "now that the nonsense is out of you; if you don't object, I intend you to marry the sisters three."

"We don't object at all!" they replied.

"Very well," said the Fairy. "And Terzan, I will give you the first choice. Will you take the pretty one? the good one? or the one with a fine mind?"

Terzan really wanted the pretty one, but he thought it was proper to take the one with a fine mind; so he chose her. The Expectant Heir also thought he would like the pretty sister, but, under the circumstances, he thought it would be better for him to take the good one, so he chose her. The pretty one was left for the Prince, who was well satisfied, believing that a lady who would some day be a queen ought to be handsome.

When the sisters came in, and were introduced to their visitors, the three young men were very much astonished. Each of the sisters was pretty, all were good, and each of them had a fine mind.

"That comes of their all living together in this way," said the Fairy. "I knew it would be so, for good associations are just as powerful as bad ones, and no one of these sisters was either ugly or bad or stupid to begin with." And then she left them to talk together and get acquainted.

In about an hour the Fairy sent for a priest and had the three couples married. After the weddings they all sailed away in the kilmaree, which would accommodate any number of people that the Fairy chose to put into it. The Prince took his bride to his kingdom, where his people received the young couple with great joy. The Expectant Heir took his wife to his native place, where he went into a good business, and soon found himself in comfortable circumstances. Before long his connection by marriage died, and left him the valuable machine for peeling currants, after which he became quite rich and happy.

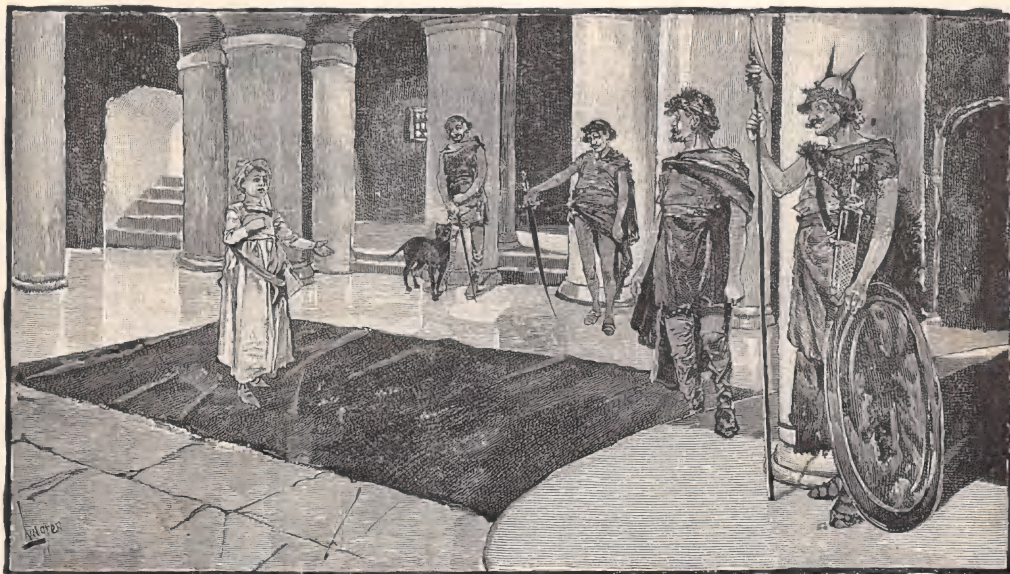
Terzan and his wife went to a great city, where he studied all sorts of things, wrote books, and delivered lectures. He did a great deal of good, and made much money. He built a comfortable home for his mother and sisters, and lived in a fine mansion with his wife. When his children were old enough, he sent them to the school where he had been educated.

Every year the three friends took a vacation of a month. They all went, with their wives, to the spot on the shore where the Prince had driven down his peg; then the Fairy took them over to the distant isle in her kilmaree. There they spent their vacation in pleasure and delight, and there were never any six persons in the world who had so little nonsense in them.



## THE RIDDLE.

By M. P. D.



"WOULD YOU HAVE A TRAITOR SERVE US?" [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FIERCE and bitter was the struggle,  
 But the strife at length was o'er,  
 And the joyful news went ringing,  
 Ended is the cruel war.  
 Proudly homeward rode his lordship,  
 Bold Sir Guy of Atheldare;  
 Flashed his eyes with pride and triumph  
 As his praises filled the air.

Every heart was full of gladness.  
 Said I, every heart? Ah, no!  
 Here, amidst this joyful people,  
 One heart ached with speechless woe:  
 'T was the little captive stranger,  
 Claude, the vanquished Norman's son—  
 Taken prisoner, brought a trophy  
 Of the victory they had won.

Bravely fought he for his freedom,  
 And, when taken, smiled disdain  
 As his captors stood around him,  
 Bound his arms with gyve and chain;  
 Smiled defiance when they told him  
 That Sir Guy his life would spare,  
 Should he serve and swear allegiance  
 To the house of Atheldare,—

Spurned their offer, while his dark eyes  
 Spoke the scorn he could not tell,  
 As he followed, without murmur,  
 To his dreary prison-cell.  
 Then they left him, and his young heart  
 Bowed beneath its weight of pain  
 For a moment. But he rose up,  
 Calm and cold and proud again.

From without the grated window,  
 In the pleasant court below,  
 He could see the little princess,  
 As she wandered to and fro.  
 Long and eagerly he watched her;  
 Like a cloud the golden hair  
 Glanced and rippled in the sunlight,  
 Framing in her face so fair.

And the little Highland princess,  
 As if by a magic spell,  
 Seemed to feel her eyes drawn upward  
 To the dreary prison-cell;  
 And the sad, pale face she saw there  
 Caused the ready tears to start,  
 While a woman's gentlest pity  
 Filled the tender, childish heart.



Then a firm resolve rose in her—  
Lit the troubled little face.  
Not a moment to be wasted;  
Breathless, hurrying from the place  
On an errand fraught with mercy,  
Straight she to her father sped;  
Humbly kneeling down before him,  
Lowly bowed the dainty head,

"But we pardon this, and tell you  
Of our wise and just decree:  
If this captive swear to serve us,  
We will spare and set him free."  
Then up rose the little maiden  
Dauntlessly, without a fear.  
"Would you have a traitor serve us?"  
Rang her voice out, sweet and clear.



"HE FOLLOWED, WITHOUT A MURMUR, TO HIS DREARY PRISON-CELL."

While the sweet lips, red and quivering,  
Falterd out her anxious plea,  
Told her pity for the captive,  
Begged Sir Guy to set him free.  
But he answered, sternly gazing  
On the downcast face so fair:  
"Can our daughter doubt the justice  
Of the house of Atheldare?"

And Sir Guy paused for a moment,  
All his anger from him fled,  
As he watched her, flushed and eager,  
While her cause she bravely plead.  
Gravely smiled he as she ended,  
Drew her gently on his knee:  
"You have conquered, little pleader—  
You have gained the victory."



"But your prince must earn his freedom:  
Not with bow or spear in hand—  
We are weary of the bloodshed  
Spread so long throughout the land.  
Let him ask our court a riddle:  
Six days' grace to him we give,  
And the court three days to guess it;  
If it fail, he then may live."

Once more in the pleasant court-yard  
Danced the little maid in glee;  
Surely he could find a riddle  
That would save and set him free.  
But five long days and five nights passed,  
And the prince no riddle gave:  
To his brain, all dazed with sorrow,  
Came no thought his life to save.

And the little blue-eyed princess  
Pondered sadly what to do,  
Till at last she sought the counsel  
Of her old nurse, tried and true.  
"Go," her nurse said, as she finished,  
"Go, and search the green fields over,  
Never stopping for an instant  
Till you find a four-leaf clover.

"Take and put it in a nosegay,  
In the center, full in sight,  
Throw it to the little captive;  
All I promise will come right."  
Out into the merry sunshine,  
While her feet scarce touched the ground,  
Went the princess, never stopping  
Till the treasure she had found.

Threw it, with the pretty nosegay,  
In the window, barred and grated.  
Then, and only then, she paused—  
Paused, and hoped, and feared, and waited.  
Through the window, barred and grated,  
In the dreary prison-cell,  
Like a ray of happy sunshine  
At his feet the nosegay fell.

As he raised and held it gently,  
While the burning tears brimmed over,  
Through the mist he caught a glimpse  
Of the little four-leaf clover.  
Thoughts went dashing through his brain,  
And, before the evening dew  
Kissed the flowers of the land,  
All the court this riddle knew:

*Fourteen letters am I made of.  
Over countries fair and bright,  
Under many different heavens,  
Raise we flags, both red and white.*

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*Living with my many brothers,  
Ever in the long, sweet grass,  
As we play, the happy zephyrs  
Fan us gently as they pass.  
Chanced you e'er to find me out,  
Luck I 'd surely bring to you.  
Often of me have you heard,  
Very often seen me, too;  
Ere you turn away from me,  
Read me well—my name you 'll see.*

Three days passed, unguessed the riddle,  
And the sun rose joyfully,  
Turned the prison bars all golden,  
Told the captive he was free.  
Life had never looked so radiant,  
Earth had never seemed so fair;  
Sang the birds and played the fountain,  
Sweetest fragrance filled the air.

But the day wore slowly on,  
Sank the sun from out the sky  
Ere the waited summons came,  
And he stood before Sir Guy.  
In the stately council there  
Knelt he down, with peerless grace;  
Not a tinge of doubt or fear  
In the proud patrician face.

To him, then, began Sir Guy:  
"You have earned your freedom well,  
And, we pray you, speak the answer  
That our court has failed to tell."  
Then up rose the little captive,  
While his eyes with fun danced over:  
"If you read its letters downward,  
You will find a four-leaf clover."

And Sir Guy laughed long and loud,  
As he read the riddle through,  
That the court had failed to guess  
With the answer in full view.  
So the little prince was saved,  
And ere many days were o'er,  
Happily he sailed away  
Toward his longed-for home once more.

But he carried back a memory  
Of a court-yard fresh and fair,  
Where there walked a little princess  
Radiant with her golden hair.  
So my story 's almost finished,  
And the end I need not tell,—  
For of course 't is in the ringing  
Of a joyful wedding-bell.



## A SURPRISE PARTY.

(A Drama for Children.)

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

## CHARACTERS:

ESTHER, a girl of fifteen.	MAUD.
GEORGE, her younger brother.	LIZZIE.
DELIA, his younger sister.	OTIS.
CLARENCE, their cousin.	FREDDIE.
TOM, his older brother.	BRIDGET, a servant.

TIME: Evening. SCENE: A sitting-room.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR DRESS.

ESTHER.—Red and blue skirt; white waist, with yellow stars; liberty cap or helmet; carries small flag; wears a number of very small flags.

GEORGE.—Gilt crown, cut in points; hair and whiskers of yarn ravelings or curled hair; dressing-gown edged with ermine (ermine made of cotton flannel spotted with black paint or cloth); vest covered partly or wholly with red; long stockings (over trousers); buckled shoes (buckles made of tinsel or silver paper); carries scepter.

MAUD.—Plaid skirt (short); white waist; bright or plaid scarf over right shoulder; stockings criss-crossed with two colors; plaid Scotch cap, edged with dark binding or with fur.

OTIS.—Dark jacket; plaid skirt, ending above the knees, and belted over the jacket with black belt; criss-crossed stockings; plaid scarf with long ends, clasped together on left shoulder; Scotch cap, edged with plaid, with cock's feather in front; carries bow and arrows; dagger in belt.

LIZZIE.—High comb, with hair of jute or yarn, done high; a narrowish cape, made long on the shoulders; dress, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, or an old-fashioned small shawl may cover waist and sleeves; carries work-bag.

FREDDIE.—Felt hat, turned up, with a large feather; a skirt; a large cape, opening at the right shoulder; wide ruffle, edged with points or lace; long stockings, with bows at the knees.

DELIA.—Light dress, with garlands of flowers; hat trimmed with flowers; basket of flowers on arm; carries bouquet.

CLARENCE.—Red flannel jacket or shirt; dark trousers; belt; long boots; cap, with large visor and a cape at the back of it; carries slender cane.

BLIND MAN.—Very shabby clothes; hair of gray curled hair or ravelings.

If these articles of dress are not easy to procure, different ones may be used; also, if desirable, other characters may be substituted for those here designated. Feathers are easily made of tissue-paper and wire.

[Enter GEORGE, dressed as a King. Walks pompously about the room.

[Enter ESTHER, as America; courtesies to GEORGE.

ESTHER. The Goddess of America, at your Majesty's service.

GEORGE (*extending his hands*). You have our royal blessing.

E. (*earnestly*). It took me so long to find these little flags that I was afraid Clarence would arrive before I could get them arranged.

G. I think the cars are not in yet. Is Delia ready?

E. Yes; she makes a darling flower-girl; and Otis and Maud have come in their Highland costumes. I'll go for them—Oh! here they are, with Delia.

[Enter MAUD and OTIS, followed by DELIA.

G. (*advancing*). Welcome, my Highland subjects!

MAUD (*clapping her hands*). Oh, splendid! Why,

George, you make a splendid king! Wont it be larks!

Wont it be larks! I wonder if the cars are in?

OTIS. Is it a sure thing that he will be here to-night?

DELIA. Our mother wrote so.

M. Does Lizzie know all about it?

E. Not yet; I had time only to scribble a note and ask her to come this evening in that old-fashioned dress, you know, and bring her little brother as page, and to be sure and get here before seven, for something very particular. She may not come at all. (*A knock at the door.*) I do believe she has come! (*Steps quickly to open door. Enter LIZZIE and FREDDIE.*) Oh, I am so glad to see you!

THE OTHERS (*coming forward and speaking nearly at the same time*). And so am I.

M. (*looking at LIZZIE's dress*). Now, is n't that dress too funny for anything? And Freddie's is just capital! Oh, what larks! what larks!

LIZZIE (*breathing hard*). Oh, we did have to hurry so! I thought surely we'd be late!

FREDDIE (*looking at his feet*). And I almost jumped into a mud-puddle.

G. (*taking out watch*). It is time for the cars.

O. Lizzie should be told before he gets here.

G. Let's all sit down. (*They seat themselves.*) In the first place (*turning to LIZZIE*), our Cousin Clarence is coming to-night.

D. And we have n't seen him for three years!

O. Is he a boy, or a young fellow?

E. When he was here three years ago, with his brother Tom, he was about a year older than I.

M. I dare say he is more than that much older now.

E. Yes, living in the city, and being a boy (*to LIZZIE and FREDDIE*). You know our father and mother went to Aunt Margaret's, and left us three to keep house. Well, this morning I got a letter from my mother, written yesterday—stop! I'll read that part of the letter. (*Takes long letter from pocket, and reads hurriedly.*) "If your dress needs——" Oh, that's not it! (*Looks farther on.*) "If that stove gets red-hot——" Pshaw! (*Turns the sheet.*) Oh, here it is! "If a tramp comes to the house to-morrow evening, do not be afraid to let him in. Your Cousin Clarence is home on his vacation. He thinks you will be having fine times there by yourselves, and wants to come down, if only for a day; and I tell his mother he ought to, it is so long since you have seen him. There is one thing I think I must tell you. Perhaps George and Delia need not be told of it, but if Clarence does as he is planning to do, I think one of you should have a hint of it, for fear you might be really frightened. Clarence has been with Tom to masquerade parties and surprise parties lately, and his head is full of costumes and odd pranks, and he has spoken of taking some old clothes along and coming to



the door as a tramp and surprising you. I thought that if he should, and should insist on entering the house, you or Delia might be alone, and might be badly frightened, and that one of you ought to be told of it. Clarence will bring his violin, and you can have family concerts. Give him the best the house affords, for he is remarkably fond of goodies. When you go—" Oh, that 's something else.

M. So, instead of being surprised yourselves, you are going to surprise him?

E. I thought of it almost as soon as I read the letter.

O. A bright thought, Esther; I 'm glad it occurred to you.

D. And she has told Bridget, and asked her to send him in here.

G. And we are going to ask him questions, to hear what he will say.

F. (*speaking quickly*). What questions shall we ask? [Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET. There 's an ould man at the door, Miss, an' he says he 's an ould blind man, Miss, an' he axes a morsel o' food.

E. (*excitedly*). That 's the one! Send him in, Bridget.

[Exit BRIDGET.

[GIRLS and BOYS look at each other; clap hands softly; rise; sit down; rise again; go toward the door; listen; tiptoe back to seats.

MAUD (*raising forefinger*). Hush! hush! Let 's keep sober faces.

O. So he 's coming in a blind way!

L. When we ask questions, we must not let him suspect we know who he is.

F. (*more loudly than before*). What questions shall we ask?

G. Oh—ask him how he lost his eyesight.

D. (*motioning to others with her hand*). Hark! I hear him!

[All look toward the door. BRIDGET shows in an old blind beggar with bundle and a cane, with which he feels his way. He wears a green blinder.

BLIND MAN (*pulling at the rim of his hat*). Good evening. Pretty cold weather we 're having. Bless ye all, and may ye never lack for a friend in need!

G. (*placing chair near him*). Wont you sit down? There are seven of us here, all young people.

[GEORGE remains standing.

O. And all dressed in costume—if you could only see us!

E. Would you like something to eat?

B. M. Yes, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

E. I will fetch you something immediately.

[Exit ESTHER.

L. (*pitifully*). Do you feel very, very, very tired?

B. M. (*with heavy sigh*). I 'm ready to drop, Miss.

D. Have you come far to-day?

B. M. A long, long way, Miss.

G. Have you much farther to go?

B. M. (*sighs*). I hope to beg a night's lodging somewhere hereabout (*mournfully*)—if anybody will take me in.

M. Poor old man! Are these the best shoes you 've got?

B. M. I 've a pair a trifle better, given to me to-day, Miss.

L. (*pitifully*). Sometimes I suppose you can hardly get any food at all?

B. M. (*sadly*). I often go hungry, Miss.

F. (*speaking up loudly*). How did you lose your eyesight?

B. M. Ah, little boy, little boy! (*Shakes head sadly*.) Do you want to hear my story?

[Enter ESTHER with tray, on which is bread and water.

E. Here is something for you to eat. (*Smiling at the others*.) I suppose you are used to living on bread and water?

[ESTHER remains standing.

B. M. An' may I always be able to get that, is my humble prayer.

[Eats bread.

M. (*to L., aside*). How well he acts his part! (*To B. M.*) Good stranger, have n't you a fiddle outside?

L. That you could play us a tune on, by and by?

D. If we want to dance?

G. I 'll fetch my flute, and we 'll play a duet.

B. M. Ah, children, I 've only my bits o' duds tied up here in my bundle to put on when these drop off o' me.

[Continues eating and drinking.

M. (*to E., aside*). It is too bad to make him eat that dry bread! Let 's tell him we know him.

E. Would you?

M. and O. (*aside*). Yes, yes!

E. (*coming toward B. M.*). Come, Mr. Blind Man, you may as well give up; we know who you are.

D. (*rising*). Mother gave us a hint, for fear we 'd be frightened.

G. Yes, Clarence, take off your duds and your blinder, and get your fiddle, and we 'll play a tune, and then have some supper.

B. M. Children, don't make a jest of me! Don't!

F. He seems exactly like a blind man.

O. So he does. Things are not what they seem.

L. (*to M., aside*). He seems to mean to keep up the joke.

G. Come now, Clarence, don't keep it up any longer; we want to have some fun, you know. I 'll agree to restore your sight in ten seconds, and not charge a cent.

B. M. (*shakes head sadly*). It may be a joke to you, but, ah! if you knew the reality! (*Sighs*.) If you only knew!

M. (*to L., aside*). He knows how to disguise his voice, does n't he?

[Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET. There 's a fireman come to the house, Miss. He says he was sent by the Fire Brigade to expect the chimbleys.

[Enter CLARENCE, as Fireman. Exit BRIDGET.

CLARENCE. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the Fire Brigade think there may be danger that this house will take fire.

[All look at CLARENCE in astonishment.

G. Our house? Why, it never did!

C. Very likely; but that is no reason why it never will.

E. (*anxiously*). What do they think is the danger?



C. They think one of the stoves stands too near the chimney-piece.

M. (to E., *anxiously*). Do you really suppose there is any danger?

L. (to E., *in alarm*). Is there very much fire in it now?

O. (*hastily*). We boys will take hold and pull it forward.

G. Then the pipe would be too short.

E. We should have to put out the fire.

D. Why, Mother wrote about that stove, in her letter.

C. Yes, she's one of the Fire Brigade which sent me; your father is the other one. (*Takes off cap, false hair, and whiskers; bows to G. and E.*) I have the honor to be your Cousin Clarence, supposed by this cruel maiden to be regaling himself on bread and water. (*Briskly, and shaking hands.*) How do you do, Cousin Esther? How do you do, Cousin George? How do you do, my little flowery maiden, with bright flowers laden? (*Shakes hands with DELIA.*) And are all these my cousins, too?

E. (*laughing*). Oh, no; this is my friend, Miss Maud Somers, and this is my friend, Miss Lizzie Bond.

[MAUD and LIZZIE rise.

G. (*quickly, and laughing*). And this is my friend, Mr. Otis Somers, and this is my friend, Mr. Freddie Bond.

[OTIS and FREDDIE rise. All shake hands, with much merriment.

OTIS (*suddenly*). But who is this? (*Points to Blind Man.*)

G. Yes! Who? If it is not—— (*Looks at Clarence.*)

C. (*briskly*). No, it is not I. "I've a little dog at home, and he knows me." Clarence Cahoon, at your service (*bows*), Fireman and Letter-carrier. This is from your mother. (*Gives E. a letter.*)

E. So we were cheated, after all!

M. How strange that this real blind man should happen in here to-night!

C. Pardon me, Miss Maud, he did not happen in; he was sent in.

M. (*with a roguish smile*). By the Fire Brigade?

C. Oh, no; by the Fireman.

D. You mean you, Cousin Clarence?

F. (*speaking up loud*). We thought that blind man was you.

G. Do tell us all about it, Clarence.

E. We may as well be seated. [They take seats.

L. (to M.). Did you ever know anything so funny?

M. Truly, I never did.

C. My first idea was to come to the door as a tramp, but I suspected, from questioning your mother, that she had given you a hint of this, and decided to come in my fireman's costume. I really was requested to see about the stove. Your father and mother both seem to think that some calamity will befall the family while they are away.

E. But where did you find this poor, unfortunate man?

C. At the station. I knew that you were expecting something of the kind, and thought I might play a trick upon you, and get him a good supper at the same time.

[Blind Man coughs, putting handkerchief to his mouth.

G. Perhaps he'll play for his supper; blind men usually can handle a fiddle. Of course you brought yours, Clarence?

E. (*starting up*). And we'll have a dance! (*Counting.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight; just enough!

B. M. (*starting up, to CLARENCE*). And I thought I might play a little trick upon you!

[Pulls off hat, wig, beard, and blinder, showing brown hair and mustache. The others start and stare.

CLARENCE, } My brother Tom!

GEORGE, } Cousin Tom!

ESTHER. } [GEORGE goes toward him.

CLARENCE (*clutching his own hair*). Beaten! cheated! done for! fooled! bamboozled! humbugged! (*Clasps hands theatrically.*) I'm a dunce! an idiot! a goose! an owl! a bat!

TOM. Neither of the last two, or you'd have seen better in the dark.

C. (*sitting down*). I'll go to the school for feeble-minded youth! (*Rising.*) But, say, Tom, how did you ever think of anything so bright?

TOM. Oh, I never like to be left out of a good time, you know; and I thought it would be fun to appear here in disguise and cheat the cheater. My plan was to come to the house *after* you. Your help in bringing me here was unexpected; so unexpected that when you stepped up and spoke to me I very nearly betrayed myself. Luckily the cotton in my mouth kept you from recognizing my voice. But, how do you do, cousins? (*Shaking hands with G., E., and D.*) Please, ladies and gentlemen (*bowing to the others*), I am my brother's brother. My brother's brother is not so stout as he seems; it is *clothes* which make the man.

E. (*comically*). Shall I take your hat and coat?

TOM. No, thanks; I prefer being in costume, like the rest. (*Puts on hat, wig, etc.*)

G. But can you see through that green silk?

TOM. Oh, yes; it is thin silk, just stretched over a wire. Now, I'll get the fiddle, and play for you.

[Steps briskly out, followed by GEORGE and CLARENCE.

E. So we were all cheated.

O. And a jolly cheat it was!

M. The whole thing is perfectly splendid!

L. Oh, I am so glad I came!

D. I'm glad I've learned the grand right and left. Freddie, can you dance?

F. I can *sash-ay*, and all promenade, and cross over, and do some of the other things.

L. He'll need a little help from his partner—just a little.

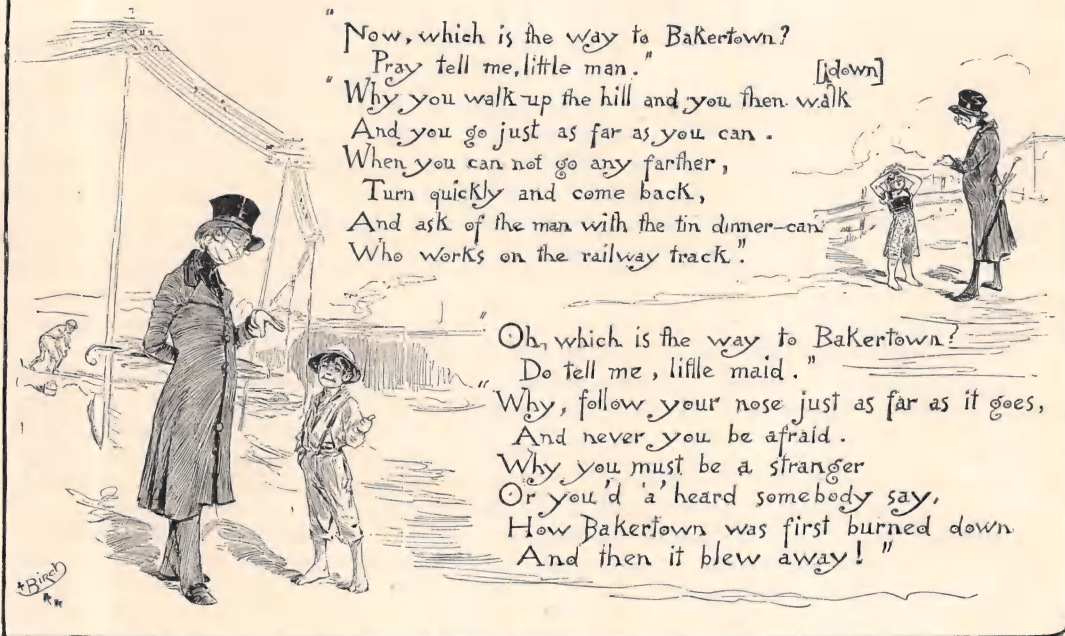
[Enter TOM, GEORGE, and CLARENCE, with fiddle.

G. We'll have one dance before supper.

[TOM tries the bow on the strings, tightens keys, and then starts off into a lively tune. CLARENCE takes ESTHER, GEORGE takes MAUD, OTIS takes LIZZIE, FRED takes DELIA. They go through several changes, CLARENCE calling. (Curtain falls.) Or they can form into a march (if there is no curtain), and march out. An accordion, or even a jew's-harp, can take the place of a fiddle.



. Bakertown .



DONALD AND DOROTHY.\*

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

DONALD, going to his room, laid the three Ellen Lee letters upon the table before him and surveyed the situation. That only one of them could be from the right Ellen Lee was evident; but which one? That was the question.

"This can not be it," thought Donald, as he took up a badly written and much-blotted sheet. "It is English-French, and evidently is in the handwriting of a man. Well, this brilliant person requests me to send one hundred francs to pay *her* expenses to Aix-la-Chapelle, and *she* will then prove *her* identity and receive the grateful reward. Thank you, my good man!—not if the court knows itself. We'll lay you aside for the present."

The next was from a woman—a *bonne*—who stated that by good nursing she had saved so many babies' lives in her day that she could not be sure which two babies this very kind "D. R." alluded to, but her name was Madame L. N. Lit. A wise friend had told her of this advertisement, and explained that as L. N. Lit in French and Ellen Lee in English had exactly the same sound, the inquirer probably was a native of Great Britain, and had made a very natural mistake in writing her name Ellen Lee. Therefore she had much pleasure in informing the kind advertiser that at present her address was No. — Rue St. Armand, Rouen, where she was well known, and that she would be truly happy to hear of something to her advantage. Donald shook his head very doubtfully, as he laid this letter aside. But the next he read twice, and even then he did not lay it down until he had read it again. It was a neatly written



little note, and simply stated, in French, that D. R. could see Ellen Lee by calling at No. — Rue Soudière, Paris, and making inquiry for Madame René.

"An honest little note," was Donald's verdict, after carefully scrutinizing it, "and worth following up. I shall go to Paris and look up the writer. Yes, this Madame René shall receive a visit from his majesty."

Don was in high spirits, you see, and no wonder. He already had accomplished a splendid day's work in visiting M. Bajeau, and here was at least a promising result from this advertisement. He longed to rush back at once to the quaint little shop, but he had been asked to come in the evening, and the old gentleman had a certain dignity of manner that Don respected. He felt that he must be patient and await the appointed hour.

It came at last, and by that time Donald had enjoyed a hearty meal, written to Mr. Wogg, and made all needed preparations to take the earliest train for Paris the next day.

M. Bajeau — good old man! — was made happy as a boy by the sight of Ellen Lee's letter.

"It is great good luck, my friend, that it should come to you," he said, in rapid French, his old cheeks fairly flushing with pleasure. "Now, you take my word, if she is tall, dark, fine-looking — this Madame René, eh? — you have found the very *bonne* who came to my little shop with the widow lady. Ask her about me — if she remember, eh? how I engraved the two letters with my own hand, while she stood by, holding the pink-faced baby — ha! ha!" (Here Monsieur rubbed his hands.) "She will remember! She will prove what I say, without doubt. She will know about the key to the necklace — yes, and the lock that has the air of a clasp. Let me see it again. You have it with you?"

Donald displayed the treasure promptly.

"Stay," said Monsieur. "I will, with your permission, try and open the little lock for you. I shall be very careful."

"No, no — thank you!" said Donald, quickly, as M. Bajeau took up a delicate tool. "I would rather wait till I have tried to find the key, and until my uncle and — and sister have seen it again just as it is. My uncle, I am positive, never suspected that the top of the clasp could be slid around in this way. The key itself may come to light yet — who knows? Now, Monsieur, will you do me a great favor?"

"Name it," replied the old man, eying him not unkindly.

"Will you allow me to cut that page out of your order-book?"

"Certainly, my boy; certainly, and with pleasure," said M. Bajeau.

No sooner said than done. Donald, who had his penknife ready, delighted M. Bajeau with his clever way of cutting out the page, close to its inner side and yet in a zigzag line, so that at any time afterward the paper could be fitted into its place in the book, in case it should be necessary to prove its identity.

Next the story of the chain was retold with great care, and written down by Don as it came from Monsieur's lips, word for word, and signed by M. Bajeau with trembling nicety. "Stay!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the pen. "It will be right for me to certify to this in legal form. We can go at once to my good neighbor the notary. We shall soon know whether this Madame René is Ellen Lee. If so, she will remember that hour spent in the shop of the watch-mender Bajeau, ha! ha!"

Monsieur could afford to laugh, for, though he still repaired watches, he had risen somewhat in worldly success and dignity since that day. An American, under the same circumstances, would by this time have had a showy bric-à-brac establishment, with a large sign over the door. But Monsieur Bajeau was content with his old shop, well satisfied to know the value of the treasures of jewelry and rare furniture which he bought and sold.

The visit to the notary over, Donald took his leave, promising the old man to come and bid him good-by before sailing for America, and, if possible, to bring Ellen Lee with him.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, after a dusty seven-hours' ride in a railway coach, he found himself in Paris, on the way to the Rue Soudière, in search of Madame René.

It was something beside the effort of mounting five flights of stairs that caused his heart to beat violently when, after inquiring at every landing-place on his way up, he finally knocked at a small door on the very top story.

A short, middle-aged woman, with pale blue eyes and scanty gray hair, opened the door.

"Is this Madame René?" asked Donald, devoutly hoping that she would say "No."

The woman nodded, at the same time regarding him with suspicion, and not opening the door wide enough for him to enter.

"You replied to an advertisement, I believe?" began Donald again, bowing politely; but noting the woman's blank reception of his English, he repeated the inquiry in French. The door opened wide; the woman smiled a smile that might have been agreeable but for the lonely effect of her solitary front tooth, and then courteously invited her visitor to enter and be seated.

Poor Donald, wishing that he were many miles away, and convinced that nothing could come of



an interview with this short, stout, pale-eyed "Ellen Lee," took a chair and waited resignedly for Madame to speak.

"I have advertised," she said in French, "and am ready to begin work."

Donald looked at her inquiringly.

"Perhaps Madame, the young gentleman's mother," she suggested, "wishes a fine pastry-cook at once?"

"A pastry-cook!" exclaimed Donald, in despair. "I came to see Ellen Lee, or rather to inquire for Madame René. Is your name René?"

"I am Madame René," answered a woman, in good English, stepping forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had been sitting, unobserved by Donald. "Who is it wishes to see Ellen Lee?"

"The boy whose life you saved!" said Donald, rising to his feet and holding out his hand, unable in his excitement to be as guarded as he had intended to be. A glance had convinced him that this was Ellen Lee, indeed. The woman, tall, dark-eyed, stately, very genteel in spite of evident poverty, was about thirty-five years of age. There was no mistaking the sudden joy in her care-worn face. She seized his hand without a word; then, as if recollecting herself, and feeling that she must be more cautious, she eyed him sharply, saying:

"And the other? the brother? There were two. Is he living?"

For a second Donald's heart sank; but he quickly recovered himself. Perhaps she was trying tricks upon him; if so, he must defend himself as well as he could. So he answered, carelessly, but heartily, "Oh! he's alive and well, thank you, and thanks to you."

This time they looked into each other's eyes—she, with a sudden expression of disappointment, for would-be shrewd people are apt to give little credit to others for equal shrewdness.

"Did you never have a sister?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "but I must ask you now to tell me something of Ellen Lee, and how she saved us. I can assure you of one thing—I am alive and grateful. Pray tell me your story with perfect frankness. In the first place: Are you and Ellen Lee the same?"

"Yes."

"And do you know *my* name?" he pursued.

"Indeed I do," she said, a slow smile coming into her face. "I will be frank with you. If you are the person I believe you to be, your name is Donald Reed."

"Good!" he exclaimed, joyfully; "and the other—what was——"

"His name?" she interrupted, again smiling. "His name was Dorothy Reed, sir! They were twins—a beautiful boy and girl."

To the latest day of his life Donald never will forget that moment, and he never will understand why he did not jump to his feet, grasp her hand, ask her dozens of questions at once, and finally implore her to tell him what he could do to prove his gratitude. He had, in fancy, acted out just such a scene while on his hopeful way to Paris. But, no. In reality, he just drew his chair a little nearer hers,—feeling, as he afterward told his uncle, thoroughly comfortable,—and in the quietest possible way assured her that she was right as to the boy's name, but, to his mind, it would be very difficult for her to say which little girl she had saved—whether it was the baby-sister or the baby-cousin.

This was a piece of diplomacy on his part that would have delighted Mr. Wogg. True, he would prefer to be entirely frank on all occasions, but, in this instance, he felt that Mr. Wogg would highly disapprove of his "giving the case away" by letting the woman know that he hoped to identify Dorothy as his sister. What if Madame René, in the hope of more surely "hearing of something greatly to her advantage," were to favor his desire that the rescued baby should be Dorothy and not Delia?

"What do you mean?" asked Madame René.

"I mean, that possibly the little girl you saved was my cousin and not my sister," he replied, boldly.

Ellen Lee shrank from him a moment, and then almost angrily said:

"Why not your sister? Ah, I understand!—you would then be sole heir. But I must tell the truth, young gentleman; so much has been on my conscience all these years that I wish to have nothing left to reproach me. There was a time when, to get a reward, I might, perhaps, have been willing to say that the other rescued baby was your cousin, but now my heart is better. Truth is truth. If I saved any little girl, it was Dorothy—and Dorothy was Donald Reed's twin sister."

Donald was about to utter an exclamation of delight, but he checked himself as he glanced toward the short, light-haired Madame, whose peculiar appearance had threatened to blight his expectations. She was now seated by the small window, industriously mending a coarse woollen stocking, and evidently caring very little for the visitor, as he was not in search of a pastry-cook.

"We need not mind her," Madame René explained. "Marie Dubois is a good, dull-witted soul, who stays here with me when she is out of a situation. She can not understand a word of English. We have decided to separate soon, and to leave



these lodgings. I can not make enough money with my needle to live here; and so we must both go out and work—I as a sewing-woman, and she as a cook. Ah me! In the years gone by, I hoped to go to America and live with that lovely lady, your poor mother."

"Do you remember her well?" asked Donald, hesitating as to which one of a crowd of questions he should ask first.

"Perfectly, sir. She was very handsome. Ah me! and so good, so grand! The other lady—her husband's sister, I think—was very pretty, very sweet and gentle; but *my* lady was like a queen. I can see a trace of her features—just a little—in yours, Mr.—Mr. Reed. I did not at first; but the likeness grows on one."

"And this?" asked Donald, taking a photograph from his pocket. "Is this like my mother?" She held it up to the light and looked at it long and wistfully.

"Poor lady!" she said at last.

"Poor lady?" echoed Donald, rather amused at hearing his bright little Dorry spoken of in that way; "she is barely sixteen."

"Ah, no! It is the mother I am thinking of. How proud and happy she would be now with this beautiful daughter! For this *is* your sister's likeness, sir?"

Ellen Lee looked up quickly, but, re-assured by Donald's prompt "Yes, indeed," she again studied the picture.

It was one that he had carried about with him ever since he left home—tacking it upon the wall, or the bureau of his room, wherever he happened to lodge; and it showed Dorothy just as she looked the day before he sailed. He had gone with her to the photographer's to have it taken, and for his sake she had tried to forget that they were so suddenly to say "good-by."

"Ah, what a bright, happy face! A blessed day indeed it would be to me if I could see you two, grown to a beautiful young lady and gentleman, standing together——"

"That you *shall* see," responded Donald, heartily, not because he accepted the title of beautiful young gentleman, but because his heart was full of joy to think of the happy days to come, when the shadow of doubt and mystery would be forever lifted from the home at Lakewood.

"Is she coming? Is she here?" cried Madame René, who, misinterpreting Donald's words, had risen to her feet, half expecting to see the young girl enter the room.

"No. But, depend upon it, you will go there," said Don. "You must carry out the dream of your youth, and begin life in America. My uncle surely will send for you. You know, I promised

that you should hear of something greatly to your advantage."

"But the ocean," she began, with a show of dread, in spite of the pleasure that shone in her eyes. "I could never venture upon the great, black ocean again!"

"It will not be the black ocean this time. It will be the blue ocean, full of light and promise," said Donald growing poetic; "and it will bear you to comfort and prosperity. Dorothy and I will see to that——"

"Dorothy!" cried Ellen Lee. "Yes, I feel as if I could cross two oceans to see you both together, alive and well, so I would."

At this point Madame Dubois, rousing herself, said, rather querulously, in her native tongue: "Elise, are you to talk all night? Have you forgotten that you are to take me to see the lady on the Rue St. Honoré at six?"

"Ah, I did forget," was the reply. "I will go at once, if the young gentleman will excuse me."

"Certainly," said Donald, rising; "and I shall call again to-morrow, as I have many things yet to ask you. I'll go now and cable home."

Ellen Lee looked puzzled.

"Can I be forgetting my own language?" she thought to herself. But she had resolved to be frank with Donald—had not he and Dorothy already opened a new life to her? "Cable home?" she repeated. "I do not understand."

"Why, send a cable message, you know—a message by the ocean telegraph."

"Oh, yes. Bless me! It will be on the other side, too, before one can wink. It is wonderful; and Mr. Donald, if I may call you so, while you're writing it, would you please, if you would n't mind it, send my love to Miss Dorothy?"

"Good!" cried Donald. "I'll do exactly that. Nothing could be better. It will tell the story perfectly."

Donald, going down the steep flights of stairs soon afterward, intending to return later, longed to send a fine supper to Ellen Lee and her companion, also beautiful new gowns, furniture, pictures, and flowers. He felt like a fairy prince, ready to shower benefits upon her, but he knew that he must be judicious in his kindness and considerate of Ellen Lee's feelings. Poor as she evidently was, she had a proud spirit, and must not be carelessly rewarded.

Before another night had passed, Uncle George and the anxious-hearted girl at Lakewood received this message:

*Ellen Lee Sends Love to Dorothy.*



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## MADAME RENÉ TELLS HER STORY.

ON the following day, when Donald again climbed the many flights of stairs and knocked at her door, he found Madame René alone. The

self had brushed her threadbare gown with care, and, by the aid of spotless white collar and cuffs, given herself quite a holiday appearance. Very soon she and Donald, seated by the shining little window, were talking together in English and like old friends, as indeed they were. The reader shall hear her story in her own words, though not



DOROTHY AT SIXTEEN.

pastry-cook advertisement had succeeded: Marie was gone to exercise her talents in behalf of a little hotel on the Seine, where, as she had assured her new employer, she would soon distinguish herself by her industry and sobriety. The almost empty apartment was perfectly neat. Madame René her-

self with all the interruptions of conversation under which it was given.

“It’s no wonder you thought me a Frenchwoman, Mr. Donald. Many have thought the same of me from the day I grew up. But, though



I look so like one, and speak the language readily, I was born in England. I studied French at school, and liked it best of all my lessons. In fact, I studied little else, and even spoke it to myself, for there was no one, excepting the French teacher, who could talk it with me. I never liked him. He was always pulling my ears and treating me like a child when I fancied myself almost a woman. Then I took to reading French stories and romances, and they turned my head. My poor home grew stupid to me, and I took it into my heart to run away and see if I could not get to be a great lady. About that time a French family moved into our neighborhood, and I was proud to talk with the children and to be told that I spoke 'like a native' (just as if I did!), and that, with my black hair and gray eyes, I looked like a Normandy girl. This settled it. I knew my parents never would consent to my leaving home, but I resolved to 'play' I was French and get a situation in some English family as a French nurse—a real Normandy *bonne* with a high cap. I was seventeen then. The *bonne* in the latest romance I had read became a governess and then married a marquis, the eldest son of her employer, and kept her carriage. Why should not some such wonderful thing happen to me? You see what a silly, wicked girl I was.

"Well, I ran away to another town, took the name of Eloise Louvain (my real name was Elizabeth Luff), and for a time I kept up my part and enjoyed it. The parents who engaged me could not speak French, and as for the children—dear, what a shame it was!—they got all they knew of it from me. Then I went to live with a real Parisian. The lady mistrusted my accent when I spoke French to her, and asked me where I was born; but she seemed to like me for all that, and I staid with her until she was taken ill and was ordered to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle for cure. I had the name of being quieter than I was by nature, for I always spoke French or broken English, and it was not always easy. At last I saw in the newspaper that a lady in Aix wanted a French maid to go with her to America. Here was my chance. Why, Mr. Donald, if you'll believe me, I was n't sure but that if I went I'd in time be the bride of the President of America himself! You need n't laugh. Many's the silly girl—yes, and boy, too, for that matter—who gets ridiculous notions from reading romantic books. My French lady was sorry to lose me, but she let me go, and then, sir, I became your mother's maid. By this time my French was so good that she need n't have found me out; but she was so lovely, so sweet and sharp withal, that I one day told her the whole truth, and it ended in my writing a letter home by

her advice, sending my parents fifty francs, asking their forgiveness, begging them to consent to my going to America with my new lady, and telling them that I would send presents home to them whenever I could. When the answer came, with love from my mother, and signed, 'Your affectionate and forgiving father, John Luff,' I laughed and cried with joy, and forgot that I was a Normandy *bonne*. And a *bonne* I was in earnest, for my lady had the prettiest pair of twins any one could imagine, if I do say it to your face, and such lovely embroidered dresses, more than a yard long, the sleeves tied with the sweetest little ribbon-bows——"

Here Donald interrupted the narrative: "What color were they, please?" he asked, at the same time taking out his note-book.

"Pink and blue," was the prompt reply. "Always blue on the boy and pink on the girl—my lady's orders were very strict on that point."

"Did—did the other baby—little Delia, you know—wear pink bows?"

"Not she, never anything but white, for her mamma insisted white was the only thing for a baby."

"What about their hair?" Donald asked, still holding his note-book and looking at this item: "*Girl's hair, yellow, soft, and curly. Boy's hair, pale brown, very scanty.*"

"Their hair? Let me see. Why, as I remember, you had n't any, sir, at least, none to speak of—neither had the poor little cousin; but my little girl—Miss Dorothy, that is—had the most I ever saw on so young a child; it was golden-yellow, and so curly that it would cling to your fingers when you touched it. I always hated to put a cap on her, but Mrs. Reed had them both in caps from the first. I must hurry on with the story. You know the other baby was never at Aix. We met it and its parents at Havre, when my lady went there to take the steamer to America. You twins were not two months old. And a sad day that was indeed! For the good gentleman, your father—Heaven rest his soul!—died of a fever before you and Miss Dorothy had been in the world a fortnight. Oh, how my lady and the other lady cried about it when they came together! I used to feel so sorry when I saw them grieving, that, to forget it, I'd take you two babies out, one on each arm, and walk the street up and down in front of the hotel. I had become acquainted with a young Frenchman, a traveling photographer, and he, happening to be at Havre, saw me one morning as I was walking with the babies, and he invited me to go to his place, hard by, and have my picture taken, for nothing. It was a willful thing to do with those two infants, after I had been allowed only to walk



a short distance by the hotel; but it was a temptation, and I went. I would n't put down the babies, though, so he had to take my picture sitting on a rock, with one twin on each arm. If you'll believe it, the babies came out beautifully in the picture, and I was almost as black as a coal. It was like a judgment on me, for I knew my lady would think it shocking in me to carry the two helpless twins to a photographer's."

"But the picture," said Donald, anxiously, "where is it? Have you it yet?"

"I'll tell you about that soon," Madame René answered, hurriedly, as if unwilling to break the thread of her story. "The dear lady was so kind that I often had a mind to own up and show her the picture, but the thought of that ugly black thing, sitting up so stiff and holding the little innocents, kept me back. It's well it did, too—though it's rare any good thing comes out of a wrong—for if I had, the picture would have gone down with the ship. Well, we sailed a few days after that, and at first the voyage was pleasant enough, though I had to walk the cabin with the babies, while my lady lay ill in her berth. The sea almost always affects the gentry, you know. The other lady was harder, though sometimes ailing, and she and her husband tended their baby night and day, never letting it out of their arms when it was awake. Poor little thing, gone these fifteen years!"

"Are you sure the little cousin was lost?" asked Donald, wondering how she knew.

"Why, Mr. Donald, I drew it from your not saying more about the child. Was she ever found? And her mother, the pretty lady, Mrs. Robbins—no, Robertson—and my lady, your mother? I heard people saying that all were lost, except those of us who were in our boat. And I never knew to the contrary until now. Were they saved, sir?"

Donald shook his head sadly.

"Not one of them saved!" she exclaimed. "Ah me! how terrible! I had a sight of Mr. Robertson with their baby in his arms—just one glimpse in the dreadful tumult. It all came on so suddenly—every one screaming at once, and not a minute to spare. I could not find my lady, yet I fancied once I heard her screaming for her children; but I ran with them to the first deck, and tried to tie them to something—to a chair, I think, so they might float—I was frantic; but I had no rope—only my gown."

"Yes, yes," said Donald, longing to produce the pieces of black cloth which he had brought with him, but fearing to interrupt the narrative then. "Please go on."

"I tore long strips from my gown, but I could not do anything with them; there was not time. The men were filling the boats, and I rushed to the

side of the sinking vessel. No one could help me. I prayed to Heaven, and, screaming to the men in a boat below to catch them, I threw the babies out over the water. Whether they went into the boat or the water I could not tell; it seemed to me that some one shouted back. The next I knew, I was taken hold of by strong arms and lifted down into one of the boats. My lady was not there, nor the babies, nor any one of our party—all were strangers to me. For days we drifted, meeting no trace of any other boat from the ship, and living as best we could on a few loaves of bread and a jug of water that one of the sailors had managed to lower into our boat. We were picked up after a time and carried to Liverpool. But I was frightened at the thought of what I had done—perhaps the twins would have been saved with me if I had not thrown them down. I was afraid that some of their relatives in America would rise up and accuse me, you see, sir, and put me in disgrace. I had acted for the best, but would any one believe me? So when they asked my name, I gave the first I could think of, and said it was 'Ellen Lee,' and when they wondered at such a strange name for a French girl, as I appeared to be, I told them one of my parents was English, which was true enough. Not having been able to save a bit of my luggage, I was fain to take a little help from the ship's people. As I had been entered on the passenger-list only as Mrs. Wolcott Reed's maid, they were satisfied when I said I was Ellen Lee. After getting safe ashore I kept my own counsel and hid myself. To this day I never have breathed a word about the shipwreck or my throwing out the babies—no, not to a living soul, save yourself, sir. Well, a woman gave me another gown, which was a help, and I soon found a place with a family in the country, fifteen miles from Liverpool, to sew for the family and 'tend the children. Of course I dropped the name of Ellen Lee the moment I left Liverpool, and I hoped to settle down to a peaceful life and faithful service. But I grew sadder all the time; nothing could cheer me up. Night and day, day and night, I was haunted by the thought of that awful hour."

"Yes, awful indeed," said Donald. "I have often thought of it and tried to picture the scene. But we will not speak of it now. You must comfort yourself with knowing that, instead of losing the babies, you saved them. Only don't forget a single thing about the twins and their mother. Tell me all you can remember about them. Have n't you some little thing that belonged to them or to any of the party? A lock of hair or a piece of a dress—*anything* that was theirs? Oh, I hope you have—it is so very important!"

"Ah, yes, sir! I was just coming to that.



There 's a few things that belonged to the babies and the poor mother—and, to tell you the truth, they 've pressed heavy enough on my conscience all these years."

Donald, with difficulty, controlled his impatience to see the articles, but he felt it would be wisest to let Madame have her way.

"You see how it was: a young man—the same young man who had taken the picture—came to the ship to bid me good-by, and stood talking apart with me a minute, while the ladies were looking into their state-rooms and so on; and somehow he caught hold of my little satchel and was swinging it on his finger when Mrs. Reed sent for me. And before I could get back to him, the ship was ready to start; all who were not passengers were put ashore; somebody shouted an order, and we began to move. When at last I saw him, we were some distance from shore and he was standing on the dock looking after me, with my satchel in his hand! We both had forgotten it—and there was nothing for me to do but to sail on to America without it."

"Were the things in that satchel?" cried Don. "Where is the man? Is he living?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "No, I shall never see him again in this world," she said.

Her grief was so evident that Donald, whose disappointment struggled with his sympathy, felt it would be cruel to press her further. But when she dried her eyes and looked as if she were about to go on with the story, he could not forbear saying, in a tone which was more imploring than he knew: "Can't you tell me what was in the satchel? Try to think."

"Yes, indeed, I can," she said, plaintively. "There was the picture of the babies and me; the baby Dorothy's dress-ribbon; my purse and the key——"

"A key!" cried Donald. "What sort of a key?"

"Oh, a little bit of a key, and gloves, and my best pocket-handkerchief, and—most of all, Mrs. Reed's letter——"

"Mrs. Reed's letter!" echoed Don. "Oh, if I only could have had that and the picture! But do go on."

"You make me so nervous, Mr. Donald—indeed you do, begging your pardon—that I hardly know what I'm saying; but I must tell you first how each of the things had got into my hands. First, the picture was my own property, and I prized it very much, though I had not the courage to show it to Mrs. Reed; then the pink ribbon was for baby Dorothy. My lady had handed it to me at the hotel when we were dressing the twins, and in the hurry, after cutting off the right lengths to

tie up the dear little sleeves, I crammed the rest into my satchel."

"And the key?"

"Oh, you see, baby Dorothy had worn a chain from the time she was a week old. It fastened with a key. Mr. Reed himself had put it on her little neck and locked it the very day before he was taken down, and in the hurry of dressing the babies, as I was telling you, Mrs. Reed let fall the speck of a key; it was hung upon a bit of pink ribbon, and I picked it up and clapped it into the satchel, knowing I could give it to her on the vessel. But the letter—ah, that troubles me most of all."

She paused a moment and looked at Donald, before beginning again, as if fearing that he would be angry.

"It was a letter to a Mr. George Reed, somewhere in America—your uncle, is n't he?—and your mother had handed it to me a week before to put in the post. It would then have gone there in the steamer before ours, but—ah, how can I tell you? I had dropped it into my little satchel (it was one that I often carried with me), and forgotten all about it. And, indeed, I never thought of it again till we had been two days out, and then I remembered it was in the satchel. I don't wonder you feel badly, sir, indeed I don't, for it should have gone to America, as she intended, the poor, poor lady!"

"Heaven only knows what trouble it might have spared my uncle, and now he can never know," said Donald in a broken voice.

"Never know? Please don't say that, Master Donald, for you'll be going back alive and well, and giving the letter to him with your own hands, you know."

Donald could only gasp out, "With my own hands? What! How?"

"Because it's in the satchel to this day. Many a time, after I was safe on shore again, I thought to post it, but I was foolish and cowardly, and feared it might get me into trouble in some way, I did n't know how, but I had never the courage to open it when the poor lady who wrote it was dead and gone. May be you'll think best to open it yourself now, sir——"

So saying, Madame René stepped across the room, knelt by an old trunk, and opening it, she soon drew forth a small leather hand-bag.

Handing it to the electrified Donald, she gave a long sigh of relief.

"There it is, sir, and it's a blessed day that sees it safe in your own hands!"

Yes, there they were—the ribbon, the picture, the tiny golden key, and the letter. Donald, looking a little wild (as Madame René thought), examined them one after the other, and all together,



with varying expressions of emotion and delight. He was bewildered as to what to do first: whether to take out the necklace, that he now always carried about with him, and fit the key to its very small lock; or to compare the group with the babies' photographs which his uncle had intrusted to him, and which he had intended to show to Madame René during the present interview; or to open and read his mother's letter, which the nature of his errand to Europe gave him the right to do.

The necklace was soon in the hands of Madame René, who regarded it with deep interest, and begged him to try the key, which, she insisted, would open it at once. Donald, eager to comply, made ready to push aside the top of the clasp, and then he resolved to do no such thing. Uncle George or Dorry should be the first to put the key into that long silent lock.

Next came the pictures. Don looked at the four little faces in a startled way, for the resemblance of the babies in the group to those in the two photographs was evident. The group, which was an ambrotype picture of Ellen Lee and the twins, was somewhat faded, and it had been taken at least three weeks before the New York photographs were. But, even allowing for the fact that three weeks make considerable change in very young infants, there were unmistakable points of similarity. In the first place, though all the four heads were in baby caps, two chubby little faces displayed delicate light locks straying over the forehead from under the caps, while, on the other hand, two longish little faces rose baldly to the very edge of the cap-border. Another point which Ellen Lee discovered was that the bald baby in each picture wore a sacque with the fronts rounded at the corners, and the "curly baby," as Donald called her, displayed in both instances a sacque with square fronts. Donald, on consulting his uncle's notes, found a mention of this difference in the sacques; and when Madame René, without seeing the notes, told him that both were made of flannel, and that the boy's must have been blue and the girl's pink,—which points Mr. Reed also had set down,—Don felt quite sure that the shape of the actual sacques would prove, on examination, to agree with their respective pictures. Up to that moment our investigator had, in common with most observers of the masculine gender, held the easy opinion that "all babies look alike," but circumstances now made him a connoisseur. He even fancied he could see a boyish look in both likenesses of his baby self; but Madame René unconsciously subdued his rising pride by remarking innocently that the boy had rather a cross look in the two pictures, but that was "owing to his being the weakest of the twins at the outset."

Then came the pink ribbon—and here Donald was helpless; but Madame René came to the rescue by explaining that if any ribbons were found upon baby Dorothy they must match these, for their dear mother had bought new pink ribbon on purpose for her little girl to wear on shipboard, and this was all they had with them, excepting that which was cut off to tie up the sleeves when the baby was dressed to be carried on board the ship. And now Madame recalled the fact that after the first day the twins wore only their pretty little white night-gowns, and that, when it was too warm for their sacques, she used to tie up baby Dorothy's sleeves loosely with the bits of pink ribbon, to show the pretty baby arm.

Next came the letter. Donald's first impulse was to take it to Uncle George without breaking the seal; but, on second thoughts, it seemed probable that for some yet unknown reason he ought to know the contents while he was still in Europe. It might enable him to follow some important clew, and his uncle might regret that he had let the opportunity escape him. But—to open a sealed letter addressed to another!

Yet, all things considered, he would do so in this instance. His uncle had given him permission to do whatever, in his own judgment, was necessary to be done; therefore, despite his just scruples, he decided that this was a necessary act.

Madame René anxiously watched his face as he read.

"Oh, if you had only posted this, even at any time during the past ten years!" he exclaimed, when half through the pages. Then, softening, as he saw her frightened countenance, he added: "But it is all right now, and God bless you! It is a wonderful letter," said Donald, in a tone of deep feeling, as he reached the last line, "and one that Dorothy and I will treasure all our lives. Every word seems to confirm Dorry's identity, and it would complete the evidence if any more were needed. How thankful Uncle George will be when he gets it! But how did you ever get all these treasures again, Ellen Lee?"

Madame René started slightly at hearing her old name from Donald's lips, but replied promptly:

"It was by neither more nor less than a miracle. The satchel was given back to me not very long after I found myself in Europe again."

"Not by that same young man!" exclaimed Donald, remembering Madame René's tears.

"Yes, Mr. Donald, by that same young man who took it on the vessel—the photographer."

"Oh!" said Donald.

"I may as well tell you," said Madame René, blushing, and yet looking ready to cry again, "that I had his address, and, some months after



the shipwreck, I sent him a line so that he might find me if he happened to pass my way. Well, you may believe I was glad to get the purse and some of the other things, Mr. Donald, but the picture and the key were a worriment to me. The picture did not seem to belong to me any longer. Sometimes I thought I would try to send them to the ship's company, to be forwarded to the right persons, and so rid my mind of them; but I had that foolish, wicked fear that I'd be traced out and punished. Why should I, their *bonne*, be saved and they lost? some might say. Often I was tempted to destroy these things out of my sight, but each time something whispered to me to wait, for some day one who had a right to claim them would be helped to find me. I little thought that one of the very babies I threw down over the waves would be that person——"

"That's so," said Donald, cheerily.

Hearing a doleful sound from the alley far below them, he opened the window wider and leaned out.

A beggar in rags stood there, singing his sad story in rhyme.

Verse after verse came out in mournful measure, but changed to a livelier strain when Don threw down a piece of money, which hit the ragged shoulder.

"Well," said Donald, by way of relief, and again turning to Madame René, "that's a sorry-looking chap. You have all kinds of people here in Paris. But, by the way, you spoke of tearing strips from your gown on the night of the shipwreck. Do you happen to have that same gown, still?"

"No, Master Donald—not the gown. I made it into a skirt and wore it, year after year, as I had to, and then it went for linings and what not; yonder cape there on the chair is faced with it, and that's ready to be thrown to the beggars."

"Let *this* beggar see it, please," said Donald, blithely; and in a moment he was by the window, comparing his samples with the cape-lining as knowingly as a dry-goods buyer.

"Exactly alike!" he exclaimed. "Hold! let's try the flavor."

This test was unsatisfactory. But, after explanations, the fact remained to the satisfaction of both, that the "goods" were exactly the same, but that Madame René's lining had been washed many a time and so divested of its salt.

Here was another discovery. Donald began to feel himself a rival of the great Wogg himself. Strange to say, in further corroboration of the story of the buxom matron at Liverpool, Madame René actually gave Donald a fragment of the gown that had been given to her so long ago; and it was

identical, in color and pattern, with the piece Mr. Wogg had lately sent him.

"How in the world did you ever get these pieces, Master Donald?" asked Madame René.

Whereupon Donald told her all about his Liverpool friend and her rag-bag—much to Madame's delight, for she was thankful to know that the good woman who had helped her long ago was still alive and happy.

"And now," said Donald, pleasantly, "let me hear more of your own history, for it interests me greatly. Where have you lived all these years?"

"Well, Master Donald, I went on keeping my own counsel, as I told you, and never saying a word about the wreck or the two dear babies, and living with Mr. Percival's family as seamstress and nursery governess, under my old French name of Eloise Louvain. I was there till, one day, we said we'd just get married and seek our fortunes together."

"We!" repeated Donald, astonished and rather shocked; "not you and Mr. Percival?"

"Oh, no, indeed!—I and Edouard René," she said, in a tone that gave Don to understand that Edouard René was the only man that any girl in her senses ever could have chosen for a husband.

"What! The photographer?"

"Yes, Mr. Donald, the photographer. Well, we married, and how many nice things they gave me—and they were not rich folk, either!"

"They? Who, Madame René?"

"Why, Mrs. Percival and the children—gowns and aprons and pretty things that any young wife might be proud to have. She had married a fine gentleman, but she had been a poor girl. Her little boy was named after his grandfather, and it made such a funny mixture,—James Wogg Percival, but we always called him Jamie."

"Wogg!" exclaimed Don. "I know a James Wogg—a London detective——"

"Oh, that's the son, sir, Mrs. Percival's brother; he's a detective, and a pretty sharp one, but not sharp enough for me."

She said this with such a confident little toss of her head that Don, much interested, asked what she meant.

"Why, you see, Mr. Wogg often came to see his sister, Mrs. Percival, as I think, to borrow money of her, and he was always telling of the wonderful things he did, and how nothing could escape him, and how stupidly other detectives did their work. And one day, when I was in the room, he actually told how some people were looking for one Ellen Lee, a nursemaid who had been saved from shipwreck, and how one of the survivors was moving heaven and earth to find her, but had n't succeeded; and how, if the case had



been given to him he would have done thus and so—for she never could have escaped him. And there I was, almost under his very nose!—yes, then and many a time after!”

“It’s the funniest thing I ever heard!” cried Donald, enjoying the joke immensely, and convulsed to think of Mr. Wogg’s disgust when he should learn these simple facts.

“Poor old Wogg!” he said. “It will almost kill him.”

“I tell you, Mr. Donald,” continued Madame René, earnestly, though she had laughed with him, “I listened then for every word that man might say. I longed to ask questions, but I did not dare. I heard enough, though, to know they were looking for me, and it frightened me dreadfully.

“Well, as soon as we were married,—Edouard and I,—we went to my old home, and I made my peace with my poor old parents, Heaven be praised! and comforted their last days. Then we went about through French, Swiss, and German towns, taking pictures. I helped Edouard with the work, and my English and French served us in many ways. But we found it hard getting a living, and at last my poor man sickened. I felt nothing would help him but the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. He felt the same. We managed to work our way there, and, once safe at Aix, I found employment as a *doucheuse* in the baths.

“What is that, please?” asked Don.

“The *doucheuse* is the bath-woman who gives the douche to ladies. My earnings enabled my poor husband to stay and take the waters, and when he grew better, as he did, he got a situation with a photographer in the town. But it was only for a while. He sickened again—Heaven rest and bless his precious soul!—and soon passed away like a little child. I could n’t bear Aix then, and so I went with a family to Paris, and finally became a visiting dress-maker. My poor husband always called me Elise, and so Madame Elise René could go where she pleased without any fear of the detectives finding her. At last, only the other day, I picked up a French newspaper, and there I chanced to see your notice about Ellen Lee, and I answered it.”

“Bless you for that!” said Donald, heartily. “But had you never seen any other? We advertised often for Ellen Lee in the London and Liverpool papers.”

“No, I never saw one, sir; and, to tell the truth, I hated to remember that I had ever been called Ellen Lee, for it brought back the thought of that awful night—and the poor little babes that I thought I had killed. If the notice in the paper had not said that I saved their lives, you never would

have heard from me, Mr. Donald. That made me happier than I ever had been in all my life—mostly for the babies’ sake, though it seemed to lift a load of trouble off my mind.”

Several times, during the long interview with Elise René, Donald found himself wondering how he could manage, without hurting her pride in any way, to give her the money which she evidently needed. For she was no pauper, and her bright, dark eyes showed that time and trouble had not by any means quenched her spirit. The idea of receiving charity would shock her, he knew; but an inspiration came to him. He would not reward her himself; but he would act for Dorothy.

“Madame René,” he said, with some hesitation, “if my sister had known I was coming here to talk face to face with the friend who had saved her life, I know what she would have done: she would have sent you her grateful love and—and something to remember her by; something, as she would say, ‘perfectly lovely.’ I know she would.”

Madame had already begun to frown, on principle, but the thought of Dorry softened her, as Donald went on: “I know she would, but I don’t know what to do about it. I’d buy exactly the wrong article, if I were trying to select. The fact is, you’ll have to buy it yourself.”

With these words, Donald handed Elise René a roll of bank-notes.

“Oh, Mr. Donald!” she exclaimed, flushing, “I can’t take this—indeed, I can not!”

“Oh, Madame René, but indeed you can,” he retorted, laughing. “And now,” he added hastily (to prevent her from protesting any longer), “I am not going to inflict myself upon you for the entire day. You must be very tired, and, besides, after you are rested, we must decide upon the next thing to be done. I have cabled to my uncle, and there is no doubt but he will send word for you to come at once to America. Now, can’t you go? Say yes. I’ll wait a week or two for you.”

Elise hesitated.

“It would be a great joy,” she said, “to go to America and to see little Dorothy. She is a great deal more to me—and you, too, Mr. Donald—than one would think; for, though you were both too young to be very interesting when I was your *bonne*, I have thought and dreamed so often of you in all these long years, and of what you both might have lived to be if I had not thrown you away from me that night, that I——” her eyes filled with tears.

“Yes, indeed; I know you take an interest in us both,” was his cordial reply. “And it makes me wish that you were safe with us in America, where you would never see trouble or suffer hardship any more. Say you will go.”



"Could I work?" she said, eagerly. "Could I sew, make dresses, do anything to be useful to Miss Dorothy? My ambition of late has been to go back to England and set up for a dress-maker, and some day have a large place, with girls to help; but that would be impossible—life is so hard for poor folk, here in Europe. I feel as if I would do anything to see Miss Dorothy."

"But you can have America, and Miss Dorothy, and the dress-making establishment, or whatever you please," Don pursued with enthusiasm; "only be ready to sail by an early steamer. And, since you go for our sakes and to satisfy my uncle, you must let us pay all the cost and ever so much more. Think what joy you give us all in proving, without a doubt, that Dorothy is—Dorothy."

"I will go," she said.

That same day Donald, who had found a letter waiting for him on his return to the hotel at which he had that morning secured a room, flew up the long flights of stairs again, to ask if he might call in the evening and bring a friend.

"A friend?" Madame René looked troubled. Donald, to her, was her own boy almost; but a stranger!—that would be quite different. She glanced anxiously around, first at the shabby apartment and then at her own well-worn gown—but Mr. Donald, she thought, would know what was best to do. So, with a little Frenchy shrug of her shoulders, and a gesture of resignation, she said, Oh, certainly; she would be much pleased.

The evening visit was a success in every way, excepting one. The *bonne* of former days did not at first recognize the "friend," M. Bajeau, though at the first sight he was certain that this tall, comely woman was the veritable person who had come with Mrs. Reed and the pink-faced twins into his little shop. But she remembered the visit perfectly, and nearly all that happened on that day. She recalled, too, that Mrs. Reed had intended to have the baby's full name, Dorothy, engraved upon the clasp, and that, on account of the smallness of the space, the initials D. R. were decided upon. Still it was annoying to M. Bajeau, and, consequently, rather embarrassing to Donald, that the woman did not promptly recognize him as the same jeweler.

The simple-hearted and somewhat vain old gentleman, who felt that this would be a very important link in the chain of evidence, had recognized Madame René; and why could she not return the compliment?

Donald, by way of relieving the awkwardness, remarked, during a rather stiff moment, that it was unusually warm, and begged leave to open the door. At this, Monsieur, hinting delicately that a

draught would in time kill an angel, produced a skull-cap, which he deftly placed upon his head; and no sooner was this change effected than Madame René grew radiant, clasped her hands in honest rapture, and declared that she would now recognize M. Bajeau among a million as the very gentleman who engraved that blessed baby's dear little initials upon the clasp.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A DAY OF JOY.

WHILE the great ship that bears Donald and Madame René to America still is plowing its way across the ocean, we who are on dry land may look into the home at Lakewood.

Uncle George and the two girls have just come in from a twilight walk, the glow of exercise is on their faces, and they are merry, not because anything funny has been seen or said, but because their hearts are full of joy. Donald is coming home.

Down-stairs, in the cozy sitting-room, are a pair of old friends, and if you could open the door without being seen you would hear two familiar voices.

"Where 's the use," Mr. Jack is saying confidentially, "in Master Donald's bein' away so long? The place aint natteral, nothing 's natteral, without that boy. And there 's Miss Dorothy, the trimmest little craft that ever was, here she 's been tossin' about and draggin' anchor, so to speak, all because he haint here alongside. He 's gone to find out for certain! Is he? Where 's the use in findin' out? One clipper 's as good as another, if both are sound in the hull and full-rigged. To my mind, the capt'n 'd better took what the Lord 's giv him, and be thankful accordin'. You can make any sea rough by continyally takin' soundin's. I tell you, messmate—"

He stops short as Lydia raises a warning finger:

"You 're forgetting again, Mr. Jack!" she pleads, "and after all the grammar me and Miss Dorry have taught you. Besides, you might be just as elegant in talking to me as to the family."

"Eleganter, Mistress Blum—eleganter," is the emphatic rejoinder, "but not when a chap 's troubled—'t aint in the order o' things. A cove can't pray grammatic and expect to be heard, can he? But, as I was sayin', there 's been stormy times off the coast for the past three days. That boy ought t' have been kept at home. Gone to find out. Humph! Where 's the use? S'pose, when them two mites was throwed out from the sinkin' ship, I 'd 'a' waited to find out which babies they



were; no, I ketched 'em fur what they was. Where 's the use findin' out? There *aint* no use. I 'm an old sailor, but somehow I 'm skeery as a girl to-night. I 've kind o' lost my moorin's."

"Lost what, Mr. Jack?" said Liddy, with a start.

"My moorin's. It seems to me somehow 's that lad 'll never come to land."

"Mercy on us, Jack!" cried Lydia, in dismay.

"What on earth makes you say a thing like that?"

"'Cos I 'm lonesome. I 'm upsot," said Jack, rising gloomily, "an' that 's all there is about it; an' there 's that wall-eyed McSwiver——"

"Mr. Jack," exclaimed Lydia, suddenly, "you 're not talking plain and honest with me. There 's something else on your mind."

"An' so there is, Mistress Lydia, an' I may as well out with it. Ken you pictur' to yourself a craft tossed about on the sea, with no steerin' gear nor nothin', and the towin'-rope draggin' helpless alongside—not a floatin' thing to take hold of it. Well, I 'm that craft. I want some one to tow me into smooth waters, and then sail alongside allers—somebody kind and sensible and good. Now, do you take the idee?"

Lydia thought she did, but she was not quite sure; and as we can not wait to hear the rest of the conversation that followed, we will steal upstairs again and see Mr. George lock up the house, bid Dorothy and Josie good-night, and climb the softly carpeted stair-way, followed by a pretty procession of two.

Later, while the girls are whispering together in their room, the long letter is written to Eben Slade, which tells him at the close that he may now come on with "legal actions" and his threats of exposure; that Mr. George is ready to meet him in any court of law, and that his proofs are ready. Then at the last follows a magnanimous offer of help, which the baffled man will be glad to accept as he sneaks away to his Western home—there to lead, let us hope, a less unworthy life than of old.

The letter is sealed. Now the lights are out.

Mr. Jack, tranquil and happy, has tiptoed his way to his bachelor-room above the stable, and Watch settles himself upon the wide piazza to spend the pleasant midsummer night out-of-doors.

Sleep well, good old Watch! To-morrow will be a busy day for you. A trim young man will come with a letter from the telegraph office, and you will have to bark and howl as he approaches, and slowly subside when Dorothy, after calling from the window, "Be quiet, Watch!" will rush down to receive the telegram. Then affairs at the stable will occupy you. Jack, getting out the carriage in a hurry, and harnessing the horses with trembling hands, never heeding your growls and caresses, will drive to the house, and (while you are wildly threading your way between wheels and the horses' legs) Uncle George, Josie, and Dorothy, radiant with expectation, will enter the vehicle, Jack will mount to the box, and off they will start for the station!

Lydia, happy soul! will scream for you to come back, and then you may amuse yourself with the flies that try to settle on your nose, while she makes the house fairly shine for the welcoming that is soon to be, and rejoices that, after their wedding, she and Jack are to continue living on the old place just the same, only that they are to have a little cottage of their own. Yes, you may doze away your holiday until the sunset-hour when Lydia, Jack, and all the Danbys stand waving handkerchiefs and hats, as two carriages from the station come rolling up the shady avenue.

Hurrah! Bark your loudest now, old Watch! Ed. Tyler, his father, and Josie Manning jump out of one carriage; Uncle George, leaping like a boy from the other, helps a tall, bright-eyed woman, dressed in black, to alight, and then, amid a chorus of cheers and barking, and joyous cries of welcome, happiest of the happy, follow the brother and sister—Donald and Dorothy!

THE END.





## WHAT CAN BE MADE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

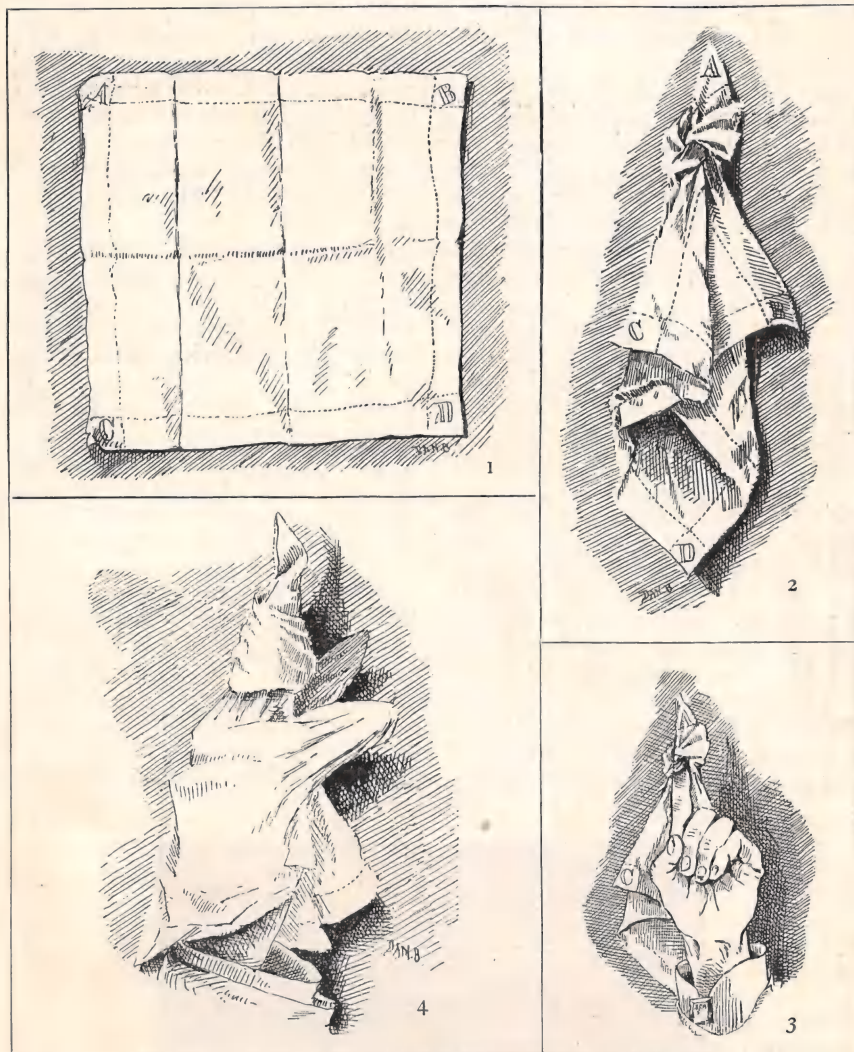
If a folder of handkerchiefs folds as he's told,  
Rolling and folding the folds he has rolled,  
The folder unfolds, from folds he has rolled,  
Amusing amusement both for young and for old.

A PLAIN white handkerchief would hardly appear a very promising object from which to derive any great amount of amusement, but, as the complicated and intricate steam-engine was evolved from

make from an ordinary pocket-handkerchief. As the conjurer says, after surprising you with some marvelous trick, "It's quite easy when you know how."

"The Orator" (Fig. 4) is one of the most simple, and, in the hands of a clever exhibitor, one of the most amusing, of all the handkerchief figures.

To "make up" the Orator, tie a common knot



"THE ORATOR."

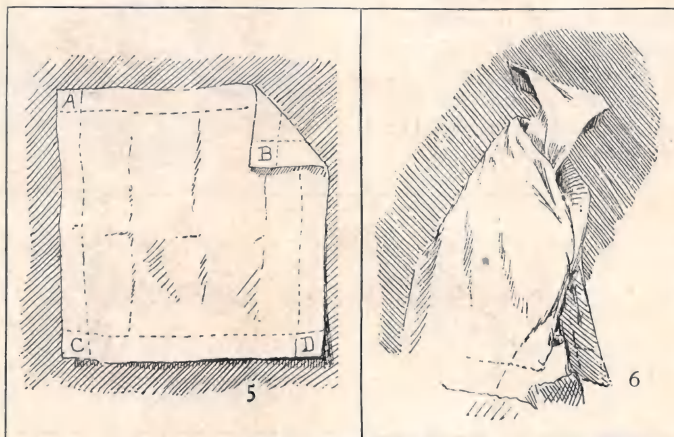
the boiling tea-pot, you need not be astonished when you see what curious and interesting things we can in the corner A (Fig. 1). (See Fig. 2.) Fit the knot on the forefinger of the left hand, as in Fig.



3, draw the sides B and C over the thumb and middle finger to form the arms, and our orator stands forth (Fig. 4) ready to entertain his audience. If, now, the speech of Othello, beginning "Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors," be repeated, accompanied with appropriate gestures of its arms and solemn nods of its head, the ludicrous effect will cause great fun and many a merry laugh.

"The Father Confessor and the Repentant Nun" properly come next, as the Orator will serve for the Priest. To form the Nun, another handkerchief is required. As you know, the dress of a nun is very simple. You have but to turn the corner B (Fig. 5) and place it over the forefinger of the right hand with the fold uppermost, so as to form the cap; then draw the handkerchief over the hand, using the thumb and middle finger as arms, as in the Orator, and the Nun is complete (Fig. 6). With the left

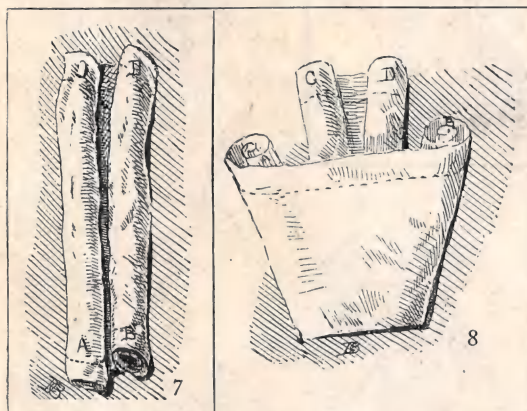
appropriate for the little folks. The first thing which suggests itself as a toy for a child is almost invariably a doll. Almost all children have a natural curiosity to



"THE REPENTANT NUN."

discover the mechanism of their playthings, otherwise toys would last much longer than they do; so, to stand and watch the manufacture of the doll will prove a new source of pleasure to our little ones. "The Doll-baby" is a little more complicated than the preceding figures, but, after one or two trials, is not difficult to make. First, roll the two sides of the handkerchief until they meet in the middle; next, fold the two ends, A and B (Fig. 7), as shown in Fig. 8; then fold the upper ends, C and D, over and down, as in Fig. 9. The rolled ends, C and D, are then brought around the middle of the handkerchief and tied, the ends of the knot forming the arms; then, with a little pulling and arranging, you have a pretty fair doll (Fig. 10).

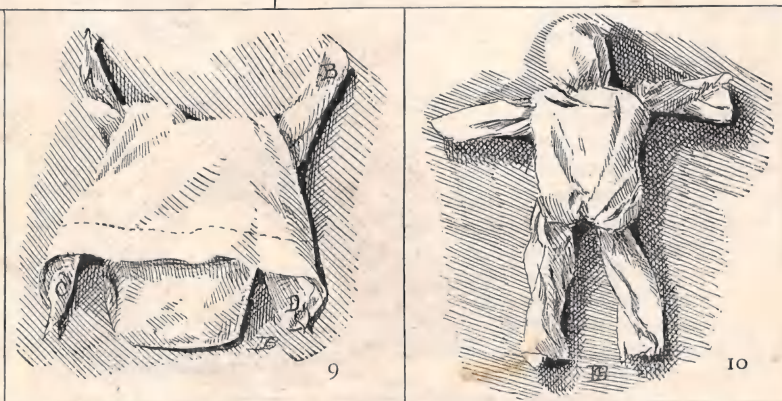
We know that some little boys will disdain to play with dolls, as belonging exclusively to



hand dressed as the Priest, and the right as the Nun, any dialogue that suggests itself may be repeated.

If the proper gestures, nods, and bows be introduced, this will prove very laughable to those who have never seen it before.

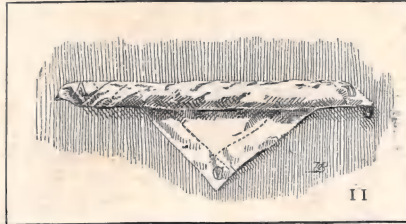
Now, let us see if the handkerchief cannot produce something more especially appro-



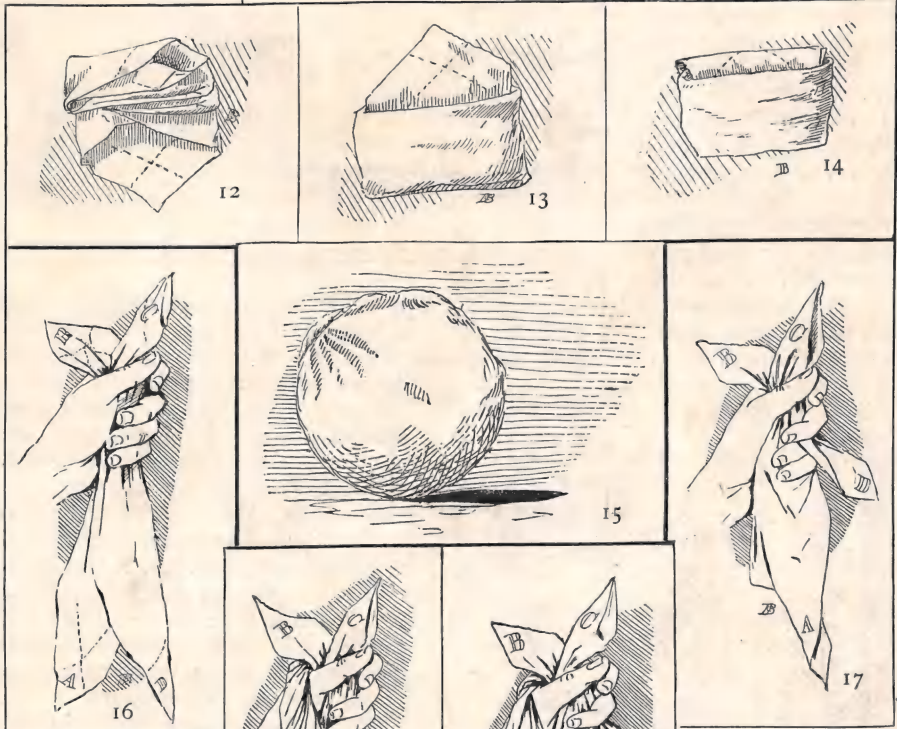
"THE DOLL."



the girls. Such little fellows can be pacified at once by the production of a very creditable ball, (Fig. 1), holding them as shown in Fig. 16, while

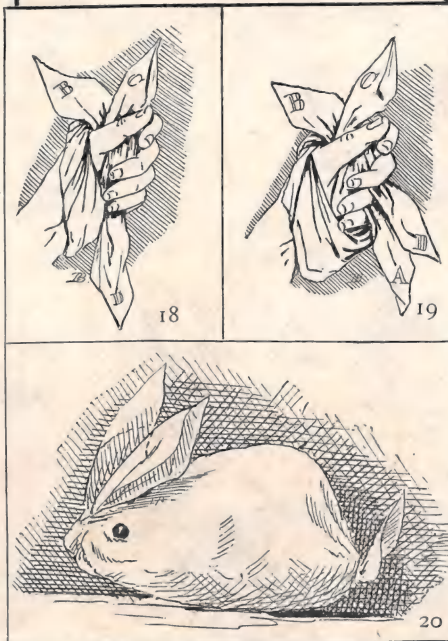


you bring the end D over the back of the hand, and hold it down with the second finger (Fig. 17). Draw the end A over the front of the hand, and hold it down as seen in Fig. 18. Still holding these tightly, fold the end A,



D (Fig. 12),—the reverse side is represented in Fig. 13,—and turn the point C back over A and D; then the pocket (Fig. 14) formed by the sides should be turned inside out, and this process of turning kept up (being always careful to take hold at the corners when turning) until a firm ball is formed (Fig. 15). The first attempt may not produce as round a ball as might be desired, but practice will make perfect.

You can further delight the children with "Bunny,"



"THE BALL."—"THE RABBIT."

and bring the corner D through the hand, clasping it as in Fig. 19. The portion of the handkerchief covering the back of the hand must then be turned over that in front, taking heed, however, to prevent the ends B, C, and D (which are to form the ears and the tail respectively) from being wrapped in with the body; keep turning (after the manner in making the ball) until the body is firm; then spread out the ears and arrange the tail, and you

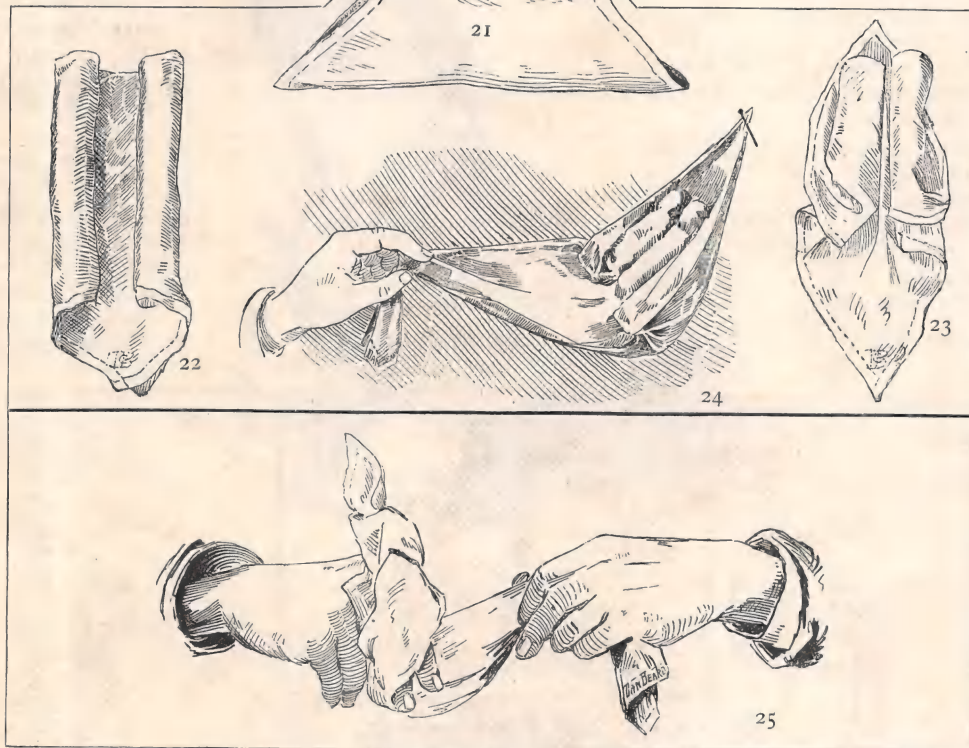


have "Bunny," as shown in Fig. 20. A pink button fastened on makes an effective eye.

"The Twins" are not so difficult to make as the preceding, but would be quite odd, if they were not

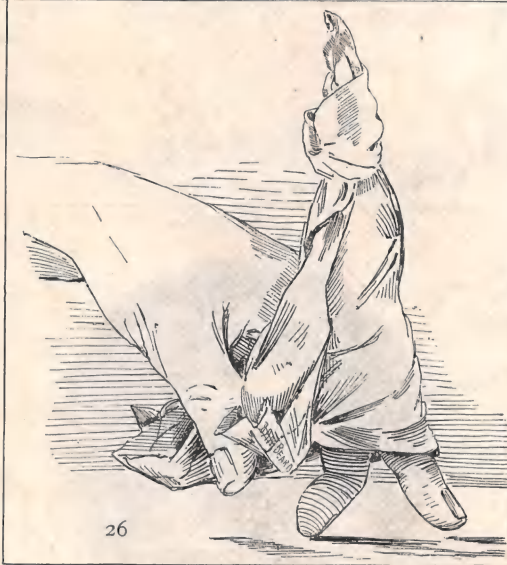
tied loosely in one corner; the remainder of the handkerchief is then wrapped around the two first fingers, as shown in Fig. 25.

Call the attention of the spectators to the comical appearance that a man



even. Fold the handkerchief as in Fig. 21; roll up the two folded ends as in Fig. 22; then take the handkerchief by the two lower corners and gently pull them in opposite directions. (See Fig. 23.) A doll's head may then be placed in each of the rolls, or a string tied around them a little below the upper ends, which will give the appearance of heads. The hammock, with the twins in it, will then appear, as in Fig. 24.

The Bather is simple in construction, consisting of a handkerchief with an ordinary knot



"THE TWINS."—"THE BATHER."

cuts in a bathing-dress, and then run the handkerchief figure (Fig. 26) rapidly toward the company. He is sure to create a laugh, if made properly.

"Oh, you have left out Little Red Riding Hood!" exclaimed a young friend of mine, after she had carefully examined the foregoing sketches.

"And, pray, how is Little Red Riding Hood made?" I asked.

She answered by running into the next room, and, returning with a bright red silk pocket-



handkerchief, she proceeded to fold it in the manner shown in Fig. 27. Then, at the places marked by the dotted line, she folded the corners back, and, reversing the handkerchief, the opposite side appeared folded as shown in Fig. 28. At each fold, she patted the handkerchief, and said: "There, you see how that's done?"

"Yes, but that looks like a soldier's hat," said I.

"Now, you wait a moment," she

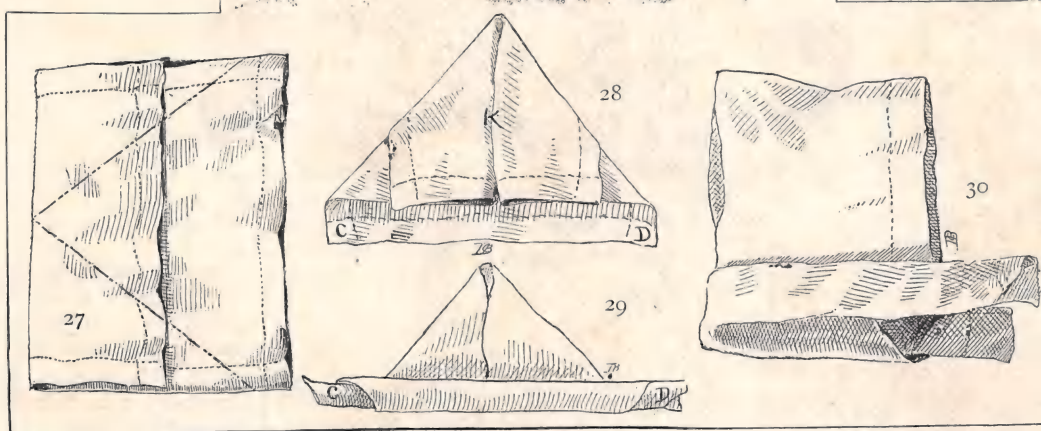


Sure enough, here was the hood (Fig. 30).

Putting it upon her head, and deftly tying the ends under her chin, she exclaimed: "And here is Little Red Riding Hood!"

A more simple but very cunning little cap may be made for baby (see final illustration), by tying knots in the four corners of a handkerchief, and fitting it closely to the head.

Of course, these are only a few of the curious and



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

answered, and, as she spoke, she folded the bottom margin, C D, over, until it had the form of Fig. 29.

"Now, what do you call that?" I asked.

"Why, that" (here she picked it up by the corners C and D and bent the corners back, making a fold at K) "is the hood!"



interesting things that can be manufactured from a handkerchief. And now that the girls and boys have seen how easily these have been made, they can exercise their own ingenuity in devising other methods of using their handkerchiefs for the amusement of their friends in the coming winter evenings.



## THE POOR DOL-LY.



THE POOR DOL-LY.

It was a good while af-ter Christ-mas, when Su-sie and Jen-nie, two lit-tle girls who had en-joyed the hol-i-days ver-y much, made up their minds that they would let their doll-ba-bies have the same pleas-ure that they had had, and that they would give them a Christ-mas of their own. So they set up a lit-tle tree, and got out the dolls' stock-ings to hang up, and did ev-ery-thing that lit-tle girls do for dolls when they give them hol-i-days of this kind. But Su-sie thought they ought to do some-thing more than this.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said she to Jennie. "We 'll have a poor dol-ly. She shall be hun-gry and

cold and wear rag-ged clothes, and then our dolls, who have ev-ery-thing they want, shall in-vite her to their Christ-mas par-ty, and give her some of their clothes and good things, and hang some pres-ents for her on their tree, and nev-er say one word to hurt her feel-ings."

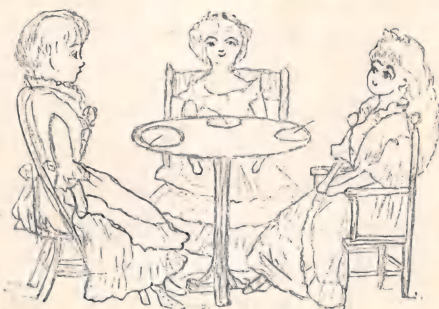
"Oh, that will be splen-did!" said Jen-nie, and the two lit-tle girls hurried off to find a poor dol-ly. They had three good dolls, whose names were Hen-ri-et-ta, Lau-ra, and Car-min-a-tive. The oth-er name of this last doll was Bal-sam. They had read the whole name on a bot-tle, and they thought it ver-y pret-ty. They once had an-oth-er doll, who lost her arms, and so she had been put a-way in a clos-et. They thought she would make a good poor dol-ly, and so they brought her out and called her Ann. They tore her clothes, which were pret-ty old, any-way, and made her look ver-y rag-ged and cold.

Ann was in-vit-ed to the Christ-mas par-ty, and she came. The tree was all read-y, the dolls' ta-ble was spread with their best chi-na, and there was can-dy, cake, and jel-ly, be-sides al-monds and rai-sins.

"Now then," said Su-sie, "I will speak for our dolls, and you must speak for Ann."

Jen-nie a-greed, and then Su-sie said, speak-ing for Hen-ri-et-ta:

"How do you do, lit-tle girl? Are you ver-y cold? Come up close



HEN-RI-ET-TA, LAU-RA, AND CAR-MIN-A-TIVE.



to the fire, and eat some of this jel-ly. It will warm you." And then Su-sie took a small spoon-ful of the jel-ly, and af-ter put-ting it to Ann's mouth, she of course ate it her-self.

"Thank you ver-y much," said Jen-nie, speak-ing for Ann. "I think



I will take some of this can-dy as well as the jel-ly." And Jen-nie put a piece of can-dy to Ann's mouth and then in-to her own.

"Are you ver-y poor?" said Su-sie, speak-ing for Lau-ra. "Is your fa-ther dead? Do you like al-monds?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jen-nie, speak-ing for the poor dol-ly, and each of the lit-tle girls gave her an al-mond, and then ate them themselves.

"Have you any lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters?" said Su-sie, speak-ing for Car-min-a-tive Bal-sam. "Do they have to go out and work?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jen-nie, for Ann. "They go out to work at five o'-clock ev-ery morn-ing. They are ver-y young."

"What do they work at?" asked Su-sie, speak-ing for Hen-ri-et-ta.

"They make but-tons," said Jen-nie, af-ter think-ing a-while.

Then all the dolls were set up at the ta-ble, and Su-sie and Jen-nie ate for all of them, giv-ing the poor dol-ly just as much as the rest. Af-ter sup-per the pres-ents were tak-en down from the tree, and Ann had a lit-tle sil-ver thim-ble which had once be-longed to Jen-nie.

It was now time to hang up the stock-ings, and Su-sie said that Ann must hang up her stock-ing just the same as the rest.

Then all the dolls were laid on their fac-es on the floor, so that they should not see, while Su-sie and Jen-nie played they were San-ta Claus



and his wife, and filled the four stock-ings with small bits of can-dy and pieces of ap-ple cut quite small. As Ann was so poor, a rai-sin was al-so crammed in-to her stock-ing. When the dolls were tak-en up and seat-ed in a row, and af-ter they had looked at the stock-ings long e-nough to won-der what was in them, each one's stock-ing was placed in her lap.

It was now quite time for Ann to go home, but be-fore she went a-way Hen-ri-et-ta gave her a frock; Lau-ra gave her a lit-tle straw hat, while Car-min-a-tive gave her a red shawl, which was much bet-ter for her than a cloak, as she had no arms. Some cake, and some of the jel-ly that was left, was wrapped up in a piece of pa-per for her to car-ry home to her moth-er and her lit-tle broth-ers and sis-ters, and then, be-ing made just as hap-py as it was pos-si-ble for a poor dol-ly to be, she was tak-en back to the clos-et, which was now sup-posed to be her moth-er's home, up a lit-tle al-ley.

"Those chil-dren of ours," said Su-sie, in a thought-ful tone, "ought to be much hap-pi-er for hav-ing been kind to that poor dol-ly."



"I think they look hap-pi-er al-read-y," said lit-tle Jen-nie, who looked hap-py her-self for e-ven hav-ing played at kind-ness.

When the old-er sis-ter of these two lit-tle girls has time to make arms for poor Ann, Susie and Jen-nie in-tend to a-dopt her in-to their fam-i-ly, and be moth-ers to her, as they are to the oth-er dolls.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LITTLE squirrels, crack your nuts;  
 Chip your busy tune;  
 Sound your merry rut-a-tuts—  
 Boys are coming soon!  
 Hide to-day, and pile to-day,  
 Hoard a goodly store;  
 When the boys are gone away,  
 You may find no more.  
 Hear you not their merry shout,  
 Song, and happy laughter?  
 Sure as leaping, boys are out!  
 Girls are coming after.  
 Hide and pile, then, while you may,  
 Hoard a goodly store;  
 If the children come this way,  
 You may find no more.

#### THE TROUBLES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

I HAVE told you before of the way in which my birds look at the telegraph wires. The little rascals truly believe them to be hanging in mid-air just for their benefit—a sort of perching ground, you know. But some birds are wiser—either because they have traveled more, or because they number traveled birds among their intimate acquaintances. What stories, now, some of those gay foreign songsters and talkers might tell of far-away telegraph lines; and who knows what the sea-gulls may hear of the trials of the ocean cable! Think of the fish that gnaw its covering; the heavy shell-animals that cling to it and weigh it down; the whales that bump against it! And as for overland wires, it would astonish you to hear the birds tell secrets about that telegraph in Sumatra, which, you know, is one of the East India Islands. Think of it there, helpless and alone among the jungles! The dear Little School-ma'am says that at first, within three years, there were over fifty serious interruptions on

this Sumatra telegraph, on account of elephants. They actually pulled down the wires, in some instances, and hid them away in the cane-brakes! Probably they mistook them for a sort of trapping apparatus. Imagine a suspicious elephant (with a young family growing up about him) wrenching up poles and dragging down wires, by way of precaution! Think, too, of the tigers and bears that gently rub their sides against the poles, and the monkeys that delight in finding such grand tightropes all ready for their performances! Ah, the telegraph in that region has a hard time of it, and the men who have to go and repair it are certainly not to be envied. How would you like to be in that service, my hearers?

Very much? Well, well! Go and tell your mothers at once, then, and we'll see what can be done about it.

#### THE SQUIRREL AND HER CHILDREN.

DEAR JACK: Here is another letter about squirrels. A lady that we know tamed a squirrel, and it became so tame that it would sit in her lap and eat out of her hand. One day, after it had been with her about two months, it disappeared, and the lady was much troubled to know what had become of it. One day, after it had been missing about a month, she was out on the piazza; she saw the squirrel running toward her with five little squirrels, the body of each being about as long as a boy's finger. The mother brought them forward, one at a time, as if to introduce them. They were very timid at first, but they soon got bolder, for their mother was ashamed of them for being so much afraid. When they ran away, she would run after them and scold at them.—Yours, sincerely,  
 M. AND W.

#### THE LAST OF THE SEVEN WONDERS.

A YOUNG friend, fourteen years of age, sends me this account of a big pyramid, and when I ask the dear Little School-ma'am whether it is exactly correct or not, she says: "Ask the children." So, why not?

DEAR JACK: I have been reading a good deal about the Great Pyramid of Cheops. It is the only one remaining of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It stands on a bluff on the edge of the desert across the Nile from Cairo. It is 460 feet high and 793 feet square—all built of large blocks of stone. I have some pieces of it. They are yellowish-white, and somewhat harder than chalk. There is no rain or frost in Egypt. It is said there are as many solid feet of rock in the pyramid as it is miles to the sun. If this pyramid was converted into paving stones two feet wide and one and a half inches thick, it would make a pavement around the earth twice, and then leave enough to pave from New York to the principal cities of the Union. You or your "chicks" can make the estimate.  
 J. M.

#### A TRICYCLE JOURNEY.

WHAT think you, young bicyclers, of a three-wheeled, no-horse journey of over two thousand miles? The dear Little School-ma'am has just given me the particulars of precisely such an exploit. M. Somebody, Vice-President of a French Bicycling Club, and his wife, started from Lyons lately on a two-seated machine. They went on into Italy, through Nice, Genoa, and Rome, to Naples. On their way back to France, they took in Florence and Turin, making, in fact, a total journey of 2300 miles, and at an average rate of fifty to sixty miles a day.

Exactly. And your Jack has an idea that the worthy but enterprising couple have been resting at the rate of fifty to sixty days a mile ever since.

But then, what can a poor Jack-in-the-Pulpit know of the charms of bicycle travel?



## A SHARP TRICK IN SELF-DEFENSE.

THE Deacon is fond of an old adage which hits off the way some persons have of punishing themselves pretty badly in their efforts to punish somebody else. These people, he says, are apt to "cut off their nose to spite their face." But, did ever you hear of an animal that cut off its own tail to help itself?

No? Well, it appears that on the European side of the ocean is a plucky little fellow, known as the blind-worm or slow-worm. It is a little mite of an animal, a snake-like lizard, that when frightened has a way of suddenly contracting its muscles so as to snap its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. Then what does this fragment of tail do but dance about in a lively way, so as to attract the notice of the enemy, while the lizard himself slinks off unobserved. Then, after awhile, he

grows a fresh tail, and is ready to resort to the same trick whenever an enemy puts him to his self-defense.

## A FABLE WITH A MORAL.

ONE of my old owls lately put this question in arithmetic to his children: If one swallow does not make a summer, how many swallows will it not take to make an autumn?

The poor little things very naturally replied that, so far as they could see, it was the square of the difference. Whereupon the swallows declared that, if they were going to be talked about in that manner, they would leave.

Moral: *Do not leave that thing done to-morrow which you can undo to-day.* Neglect of this principle, dear little children, has caused much trouble in this careless world.





## "OH, THAT COMPOSITION!"

AN OFFER TO YOUNG WRITERS.

THE most acceptable one-or-two-page story embodying this picture, written and composed entirely by a girl or boy under sixteen years of age, and received at this office before November 1st, shall be printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and paid for at the rate of five dollars a page. The stories sent in possibly may be useful to their respective writers as school compositions. Should this sug-

gestion meet with the approbation of teachers and pupils, similar offers shall be made by this magazine from time to time, and FOUR ST. NICHOLAS SUBJECTS for composition shall be given out each month, so that school-boys and school-girls all over the land may, if they choose, work in concert—thus giving new interest to a duty which to many young folk is often a dreary task.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

"WHEN WE WERE BOYS."—The two old gentlemen standing there in the orchard, and talking over their young days, have changed so very much since they were boys—their hair has grown so much whiter, and their eyes so much dimmer, and their shoulders so much more bent—and, altogether, so much has happened to them, that you 'd think they must have forgotten that they ever *were* boys. But no, indeed! They may have been sobered by all they have passed through in those long years—the trouble and sorrow they have had to face and the difficulties they have had to conquer in becoming the dignified land-owners that you see them now. But that does not mean that they have put away their boyhood forever; and the truth is that, while they have changed so

greatly in outward appearance and estate, yet the boy-hearts within them have n't changed so much by any means. And we cannot help suspecting, from the queer smiles they wear, that among the incidents they are recalling with so much zest, there must have been one or two that had a spice of mischief in them. How would they feel, we wonder, if they knew that our artist had caught them slyly enjoying, out in the solitude of the orchard, the memory of one of their boyish frolics, and had suddenly brought them, smiles and all, before the multitude of boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS?

Ah well, good readers, they would find gentle judges in you, we are sure. For you now are in the full enjoyment of scenes very like those that they are remembering with pleasure. And then, besides,



who knows but you, too, may yet smile through your spectacles at gray-haired Master Tommy or Miss Sue, your present chum, when (in the year nineteen hundred and something) you call to mind that picnic near the melon-patch last month, or yesterday's fine trick upon Cousin Jack?

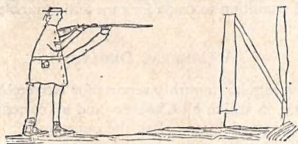
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read the article in the November number about some curious birds'-nests, and thought I would tell you of one which I saw near Muscatine, Iowa.

The Cedar River, though quite wide at Muscatine, is very shallow, and each ferry-boat is run across by means of a wire rope stretched from one bank to the other. A block and pulley slips along the wire, and from each end of the boat comes a rope, which is fastened to the block; by means of these ropes the boat is inclined to the current in such a manner that the force of the stream drives the boat across without the use of oars, paddles, or screw-propeller.

On this traveling block, a pair of birds built their nest, and successfully reared a brood of young. The boat crossed at all times of the day and night, and every time the block, with the nest on it, would go rattling across on the iron cable, above the water. The nest was well guarded by the ferry-man, and was the marvel of all who passed by.—Yours,  
I. M.

THE following bright little puzzle is from a seven-year old reader of ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR ST NICHOLAS.  
I HAVE MADE A REBUS.  
CAN THE CHILDREN GUESS.  
IT I AM SEVEN YEARS OLD  
AND I LIKE TO DRAW  
PICTURES. I AM ONE OF YOUR  
LITTLE FRIENDS.  
ARTHUR W. DAVIS.  
THE ANSWER IS AMEN



THE following are the most important existing works of the artists mentioned in this month's "Art and Artists" paper:

DOMENICHINO: Communion of St. Jerome, Vatican, Rome; Martyrdom of St. Agnes, Pinacotheca, Bologna; St. Mary Magdalen, Pitti Gallery, Florence; Portrait of a Cardinal, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; the Cumæan Sibyl, Borghese Palace, Rome; Six Pictures in the Louvre, Paris; Tobias and the Angel, National Gallery, London; St. Jerome and the Angel, National Gallery, London; many frescoes in the Churches of Rome, Fano, and Naples.

GUIDO RENI: Aurora, Rospigliosi Palace, Rome; Portrait of Beatrice Cenci, Barberini Palace, Rome; Madonna della Pietà, and seven other pictures, Pinacotheca, Bologna; Sts. Paul and Anthony, Berlin Museum; Cleopatra, Pitti Gallery, Florence; Virgin and

Child, Uffizi Gallery, Florence; Sts. Paul and Peter, Brera, Milan; Fortune, Academy of St. Luke, Rome; Bacchus and Ariadne, Academy of St. Luke, Rome; and many others in European galleries and churches.

ELISABETTA SIRANI: St. Anthony Adoring the Virgin and Child, Pinacotheca, Bologna; Charity, Sciarra Palace, Rome; Martha and Mary, Belvedere, Vienna; Cupids, Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna; Infant Christ, Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

CARAVAGGIO: Beheading of St. John, Cathedral, Malta; Entombment of Christ, Vatican, Rome; Holy Family, Borghese Gallery, Rome; Cheating Gamester, Sciarra Palace, Rome; Geometry, Spada Palace, Rome; Fortune-teller, Capitol Gallery, Rome; Earthly Love, Berlin Museum; Portrait of Vignacourt, Louvre, Paris.

IL SPAGNOLETTI: Flaying of St. Bartholomew, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Ixion on the Wheel, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Jacob's Dream, Queen of Spain's Gallery, Madrid; Jacob Watering the Flock, Escorial, Spain; Adoration of the Shepherds, Cathedral of Valencia; Cato of Utica, Louvre, Paris.

#### THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—NINETEENTH REPORT.

DURING the summer months many, if not most, of our Chapters have been scattered. But the objects of the society have not been forgotten. Indeed, freed from city limits and roaming by the seashore and among the mountains, we have all enjoyed the best opportunities for collecting and observing. And now the tide has turned, and the town-bound trains have been the full ones, and our dispersed naturalists have gathered together again, and are busily comparing the fruits of their various expeditions. Your President lately had the pleasure of visiting Chapter 283, of Greenfield, Mass., and was greatly surprised and delighted. There are now thirty members, and all are wide-awake and enthusiastic. Every day, during vacation, excursions were made for flowers, eggs, or insects, or time was spent in classifying and arranging the specimens. They have built three elegant cases, and have in one of them over one thousand insects, many of which are accurately labeled. We hope that the Secretary will be willing to write for us a complete description of their entomological and botanical cases, for they are the best adapted to the wants of the A. A. of any we have seen. They have eggs to exchange. Other requests for exchanges follow.

#### EXCHANGES.

Oregon and Washington Ter. Plants, for eggs, minerals, fossils, and shells.—H. W. Cardwell, White Salmon, Klkital Co., Washington Ter.

Sandwich Islands. Shells, for insects or living chrysalids.—Miss Isabel P. Cooke, Concord, Mass.

Petrified wood, for sea-beans, buck-eyes, ores, or Florida moss; also desired, a foreign correspondent.—Jacob Gaddis, Fairfield, Iowa.

Insects and birds' eggs. Please write before sending specimens.—Fred. W. Hatch, Box 338, Nashua, N. H.

Copper ore, for fossils.—Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Eggs, for eggs and sea-mosses.—C. W. Sprague, Hodges' Block, Twenty-second St., Chicago, Ill.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
312.	New York, N. Y. (G).....	4.	Geo. Wildey, 249 W. 26th St.
313.	Chicago, Ill. (H).....	13.	O. J. Stein, 51 S. Sheldon St.
314.	Lancaster, Pa. (A).....	6.	E. R. Heitschu,
			322 W. James St.
315.	Syracuse, N. Y. (A).....	6.	E. J. Carpenter,
			222 Montgomery St.
316.	Palmyra, N. Y. (A).....	8.	Jarvis Merick.
317.	Buffalo, N. Y. (E).....	10.	W. L. Koester, 523 Main St.
318.	Sweetland, Cal. (A).....	7.	Miss K. M. Fowler.

#### CHAPTER REPORTS.

##### JEFFERSON, OHIO.

We have an aquarium almost finished. On a piece of fresh cocoon I saw what I took to be a mold, but it was very strange. All over it were tiny crimson sacs. Will some one tell me what it was? I have analyzed twenty-four flowers.

We have heard essays on chalk, the echinus, reindeer, etc. The boys are going to make a cabinet.

CLARA L. NORTHWAY, Sec.



One of our members found a petrified mushroom. We think it a wonderful specimen. DAVID K. ORR, Allegheny City, Pa.

H. U. Williams, of Buffalo (B), writes: We know Number 14. We try to have the subject of every paper something which has fallen under the writer's personal observation. I think it will please you to know that the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences allows us to meet at its rooms. We also have the benefit of its library and museum.

SYCAMORE, ILL.  
The cat-birds have held a grand concert in our cherry-trees this morning. Is n't it a pity that, when they are such fine songsters, they condescend to squall as they usually do? I have a little garden with twelve varieties of wild flowers. It is ever so much better than an herbarium, for I can watch the flowers grow. I love the A. A. work more and more. PANSY SMITH.

[It will be new to many that the cat-bird is a "fine songster," but he is little inferior to the mocking-bird. How many have heard him do his best?]

GALVESTON, TEXAS.  
This city is on an island of the same name, in the Gulf of Mexico. It is low and flat, not being more than six feet above the gulf in the highest part. It is formed of sand from South American rivers, brought over by the gulf current. It was settled in 1836, after the battle of San Jacinto, which secured the independence of Texas. Before this it was covered with tall grass, and the only trees upon it were three small groups of stunted oaks. The nearest rocks are three hundred feet below the surface of the island, and therefore there is no way of collecting them. I have sea-shells and "sand-dollars" to exchange for ores. PHILIP J. TUCKER.

MALDEN, MASS.  
Our Chapter was organized early in June, with six members. We now have nine. Being in a region rather unfavorable to research in natural history, it is more difficult for us than for some of the more favored Chapters. Nevertheless, the difficulty of acquiring knowledge and obtaining specimens will make us value more highly the results of our exertions. CHAS. C. BEALE.

[Nothing is more true. If a large collection were given to any Chapter, it would be nearly worthless.]

ST. CLAIR, PA.  
Allow me to offer a suggestion as to the possible formation of geodes. Water, we know, sinks into the ground until it comes to some thick rock, and then stands, and is reached by artesian wells. The water, standing thus in pools, may have had a hard crust formed around it, and afterward the water may have dried, leaving a crystallized surface. Large caves are formed by the action of water on limestone, and my thought is that geodes are only miniature caves, and formed in the same way. GEO. POWELL.

LEVERETT, MASS.  
One day I saw this: At the base of the stalk of an herb was a web extending entirely around the stalk, and within it a mass of life which, on examination, proved to be small green spiders. I think I am not exaggerating when I say there were not less than ten thousand of them. Are spiders ever gregarious, laying their eggs so that the young form vast communities? One morning I noticed that our fly-trap, which had been full of flies the evening previous, was nearly empty. Soon I saw, to my astonishment, a line of black ants enter the trap, where each one seized a fly, whirled it rapidly around a few times, and then tugged it off to its nest. I calculated that several hundred flies had been carried off during the night. EDITH S. FIELD.

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS.  
We have eighteen members, and we are trying to improve our minds in natural history. The prairies are covered with wild flowers, and we are learning to analyze them. We have a large room, with a picture of Prof. Agassiz hung up in it. We have had essays read on different subjects. The next will be on serpents. We gave an entertainment recently, and took in enough money to buy a good microscope (magnifies 1000 times), and had some left besides. We are trying to be one of the Banner Chapters. WILLIE H. PLANK, Sec.

FORT WAYNE, IND.  
I have prepared a number of microscopic objects in Canada balsam, between glass slips, such as blood-corpuscles, bees'-wings, sulphur (which looks very beautiful under the condensing lens at night), scales of butterflies, etc. I have three dainty humming-birds' nests, and a humming-bird and egg from Southern California. The bird (*Chrysomitris moschitensis*) is three and a quarter inches long, including the bill. The back is brilliant green, and the throat a bright ruby, that sparkles in the sunlight like gems. The nests are about the size of small walnuts. They are made of sage-leaves, cotton, wool, seeds of grasses, down, feathers, and cobwebs. One has pale

green lace-moss woven in and streaming out. The egg is like a small white bean. I have also an oriole's nest from California, made of straw and lined with hair and wool. The straw is woven in and out of eucalyptus leaves, and looks as if it had been sewed. The egg is white, with scrawls on it, which look as if made with a pen. JOHN L. HANNA, 219 Madison Street.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.  
Chapter 189 has been analyzing minerals. We have been given the use of a small room. It has been freshly papered and we are now painting it. We are to have a press in the club-room, and each is to bring her flowers and press them there. EDITH LAMSON, Sec.

LANSING, MICH.  
The interest increases, and we have added four new members. Our work has been mainly on the questions from ST. NICHOLAS. We have quite a number of specimens for our cabinet. MRS. N. B. JONES.

GERMANTOWN, PA.  
We like the following method of preparing a paper on any subject: First, think of all the questions you can on the subject; write them down and number them; then read up on each of these, and write the answers from memory. ELLISTON J. PEROT.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.  
Peekskill Chapter has made a fort on a small rocky island in the Hudson, and christened the island Agassiz Island, and the fort Fort Agassiz. GEO. E. BRIGGS.

#### CONDENSED REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS ASSIGNED TO JNO. F. GLOSSER, BERWYN, PA.

Linville H. Wardwell, Secretary Beverly, Mass., Chapter, reports appropriation of \$14.00 for instruments, etc. Among those purchased is a microscope. The question whether all animals are useful to man was discussed, but remained undecided at date of report. Three keepers were appointed, one each to have charge of the herbarium, minerals, and insects. A vacation of two months was taken by this Chapter.

The report of Chapter 126, E. Philadelphia, Pa., through its Secretary, Raymond P. Kaighn, says a vacation, extending through July and August, is taken. Many specimens are contributed, among which are two nicely mounted red-wing blackbirds.

[In reading this letter to our Berwyn Chapter, one bright member, of about twelve years, took exception to the name "red-wing blackbird," and said the proper name is "starling." Whether he is right or not, I leave to you, but judging from the number of specimens he brings in at a meeting he has fallen madly in love with natural history.]

Report from Chapter 109, Washington, D. C., states that all rules are suspended from June to September, and that a picnic will be held each week during that time. The President sends the report this time, and says the Secretary will be abroad for several years. While we regret losing her pleasantly written reports, the Chapter, no doubt, will gain numerous specimens from the countries she may visit.

Charles W. Sprague, Secretary Chapter 108 (D), Chicago, Ill., says they have obtained a great number of birds' eggs, and have a variety in good condition to trade for rare and valuable specimens of any kind.

#### A GENERAL DEBATE.

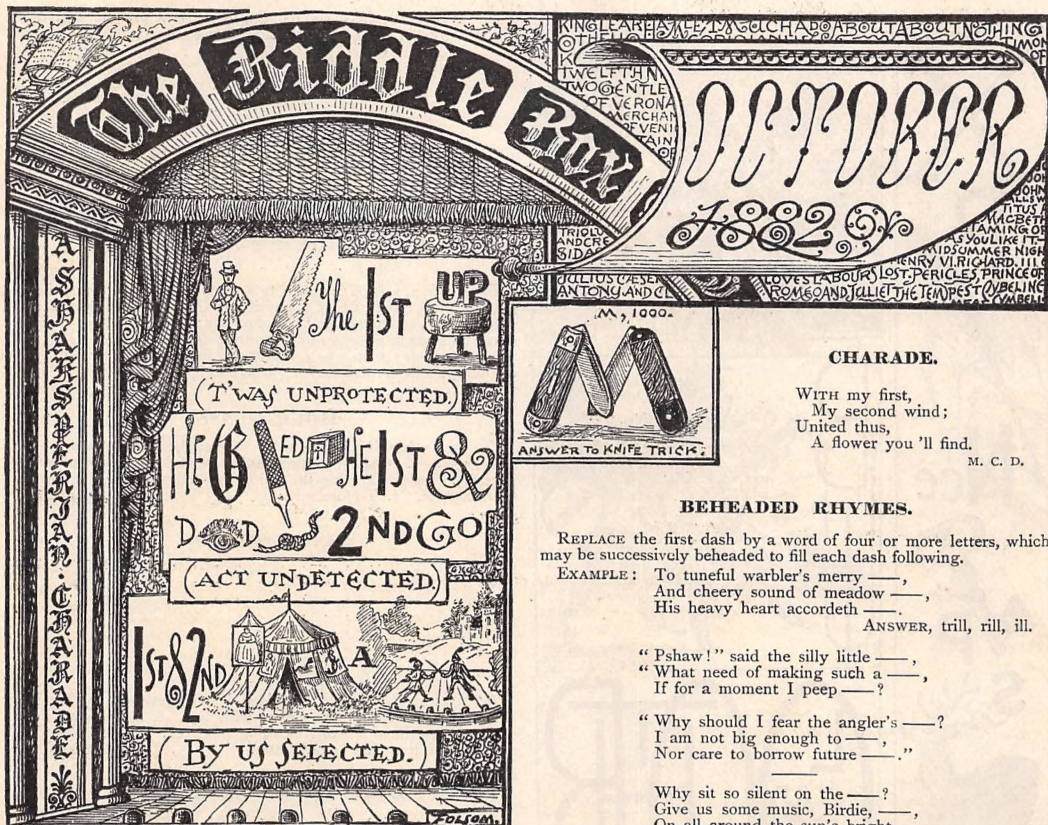
Instead of the regular monthly reports for November, we propose a general debate, in which all Chapters and all corresponding members are invited to participate. Let the question be:

*Resolved*, That geodes are formed without the intervention of animal or vegetable life.

We hope that the President of each Chapter will interest himself to appoint some one who can worthily represent his Chapter (the person might be determined by competitive papers in the Chapter), or that he will cause the Chapter, as a whole, to prepare a paper on this subject. The best arguments on both sides shall be printed. All papers must reach us by the first of January, 1883. The usual reports will be resumed again in December. Let us get all the information possible on this subject. Consult books, papers, and friends. Examine specimens and localities, if possible; reason out your own conclusions, and let us see whether we can not settle the question.

Address all communications to HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.





### A SHAKESPEARIAN CHARADE.

THE above should first be read as a rebus. The answer will be a charade consisting of six lines, of which the second, fourth, and sixth are in parentheses. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The answer will be the name of a Shakespearian play.

### PATCHWORK.

In each of the following sentences find the letters necessary to spell the implied word:

EXAMPLE: Generous, bountiful, enlarged. ANSWER: Liberal. "Benevolent" would not answer the requirements, as the letter v is not in the three words given.

1. To give leave. 2. Learning, knowledge. 3. Things useless and cumbersome. 4. Lump, assemblage. 5. A strong leather thong. 6. To cause to slide into water, to dispatch. 7. To slip away imperceptibly. 8. To work and mix with the hands. 9. A transparent case for a light. AUNT SUE.

### ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. Htaaccnnonii.—Loud laughter.
2. Ronnamideett.—Resolution.
3. Cajoifusiint.—Vindication.
4. Utooeppnass.—Voluntary.
5. Laeerttsirr.—Pertaining to the earth.
6. Taacenniipom.—Deliverance.

ETHEL.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals form the name of a famous musician, now living, who was born the twenty-second of October.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A festive celebration. 2. A Jewish title of respect. 3. A collection of maps. 4. A city in Mississippi. 5. An enthusiast. J. F. M.



### CHARADE.

WITH my first,  
My second wind;  
United thus,  
A flower you'll find.

M. C. D.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

REPLACE the first dash by a word of four or more letters, which may be successively beheaded to fill each dash following.

EXAMPLE: To tuneful warbler's merry —,  
And cheery sound of meadow —,  
His heavy heart accordeth —.

ANSWER, trill, rill, ill.

"Pshaw!" said the silly little —,  
"What need of making such a —,  
If for a moment I peep —?"

"Why should I fear the angler's —?  
I am not big enough to —,  
Nor care to borrow future —."

Why sit so silent on the —?  
Give us some music, Birdie, —,  
On all around the sun's bright —  
Is gayly shining.  
The gloomy shades of darkness —,  
Earth, with a flood of sunshine —,  
Finds many a voice to welcome —;  
Why, then, still pining?

A. B. C.

### SINGLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials, placed in the order here given, spell a city which once belonged to the French, but now belongs to the English.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Tranquillity. 2. Customary. 3. A church-officer. 4. Tied together. 5. Ashes. 6. A beverage. WILLIE H. B.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first in evergreen, not in ash;  
My second in money, but not in cash;  
My third is in elder, but not in box;  
My fourth is in rosebud, but not in phlox;  
My fifth is in snow-drop, but not in rue;  
My sixth is in orchid, but not in yew;  
My seventh in nosegay, sweet to me,  
And a poet's name in my whole you will see.

EVERELD SIMPSON.

### METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change FAIR to FOUL, in three moves. 2. Change JUTE to SILK, in five moves. 3. Change FLOUR to BREAD, in six moves. 4. Change WET to DRY, in five moves. 5. Change CARDS to WHIST, in ten moves. 6. Change HAIR to WIGS, in eight moves. ESOR.



## PROVERB REBUS.



THE answer to the accompanying rebus is a proverb describing the fate which will overtake the headstrong.

## CUBE.

1	.	.	.	2
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3	.	.	.	4
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.	.	5	.	6
.	.	.	.	.
7	.	.	.	8

FROM 1 to 2, a flood; from 2 to 6, to make more beloved; from 5 to 6, a racer; from 1 to 5, a physician; from 3 to 4, a church festival; from 4 to 8, to release from captivity; from 7 to 8, any church music adapted to passages of Scripture; from 3 to 7, a puzzle; from 1 to 3, a cupola; from 2 to 4, a pitcher; from 5 to 7, a South American bird, similar to the ostrich; from 6 to 8, an apartment. M.

## HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS (reading downward): One of the United States.

ACROSS: 1. Boastful or threatening behavior. 2. An article of food. 3. Anger. 4. One thousand. 5. A bulky piece of timber. 6. A caprice. 7. To forebode.

CLARA J. C.

## HALF-SQUARE.

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ACROSS: 1. Relating to a garrison. 2. Refreshing. 3. Eluding. 4. Goes sideways. 5. Overgrown with ivy. 6. Stuns with noise. 7. Three-fourths of a word meaning monarch. 8. Two-fifths of a word meaning nimble. 9. A letter.

"ALCIBIADES."

## EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1	.	2
.	2	.
3	.	3

READING ACROSS: 1. A personal pronoun. 2. An animal. 3. A measure. Diagonals, from left to right, and from right to left, give the initials of two illustrious poets who died recently.

HELEN R. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

GERMAN COUSINS. 1. Ei; I. 2. Feind; find. 3. Lohn; lone. 4. Noth; note. 5. Bild; build. 6. Lied; lead. 7. Mehl; mail. 8. Bauer; bower. 9. Ruhm; room. 10. Breit; bright.

Pi.

The wind shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmy weather.

—"September," by George Arnold.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Which. 2. Hydra. 3. Idler. 4. Creep. 5. Harpy. II. 1. Royal. 2. Omega. 3. Yearn. 4. Agree.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Sap. 3. Eagle. 4. Ply. 5. E. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Arm. 3. Error. 4. Mow. 5. R. Central Diamond: 1. E. 2. Yam. 3. Eager. 4. Met. 5. R. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. E. 2. Aim. 3. Eider. 4. Men. 5. R. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. R. 2. Top. 3. Roman. 4. Pan. 5. N.

ANSWERS TO ALL OF THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Guy Faucit—John Pyne—Two Subscribers—John C. and William Moses—J. G. K.—Effie Banta.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Maude J. Lawrence, 10—Elizabeth, 6—Fred L. Rhodes, 3—Mamma and I, 3—"Pewee," 5—Anna J. Davison, 2—Mabel Thompson, 5—"The D's," 6—Ruth and Sam Camp, 2—Albert L. Taylor, 6—Scrap, 11—Frederica and Andrew Davis, 12—"Jinks and Pops," 9—Mary C. Burnam, 4—Vera, 8—Theodore H. Piser, 1—J. S. Tennant, 12—"Ed. U. Cation," 8—"We Four," 5—Effie K. Talboys, 10—R. W. and L. F., 3—Fannie L. Tunis, 1—Helen W. Merriam, 3—Laura Woodward and Maude Alston, 5—Aulino, 6—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Professor and Co., 11—Florence G. Lane, 2—Minnie B. Murray, 12—Patience, 7—"Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig," 7—"Brookhouse Farm," 11—Hallie Ondley, 9—Helen's Mamma, 10—Louise Gilman, 6—Clara and her Aunts, 10—Three Robins, 7—Emma D. Andrews and Helen S. Woodworth, 4—Gertrude Lansing and Julia Wallace, 8—Amy Elliott, Edith and R. Townsend McKeever, 8—Sara, Eliza, and Anne Blake, 11—Bessie C. Rogers, 5—Clara J. Child, 11—Daisy W. Bisland, 1—Vin and Henry, 8—Sadie L. Rhodes, 2.